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MEMOIR OF MRS. URQUHART

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THE

PRISON LIFE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE

AND HER CHILDREN

THE DAUPHIN AND THE DUCHESSE D'ANGOULÊME

By M. C. BISHOP

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MEMOIR OF MRS. URQUHART

BY

M. C. BISHOP

AUTHOR OF

"THE PRISON LIFE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE AND HER CHILDREN"

"A MEMOIR OF MRS. AUGUSTUS CRAVEN

LONDON

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MEMOIR OF MRS. URQUHART

CHAPTER I.

MEMOIRS have been multiplied of late, but for the most part they have been anecdotical. We have learnt little of the writers of them except that they were acquainted with many people more or less notorious, whose sayings and doings whet a somewhat ignoble curiosity. If this sketch of a marked character possessed of virtues, that seem to grow rarer with every year, has been written, it is hardly with the intention to amuse the ordinary reader and to help him or her to pass a vacuous hour. Yet some may be interested by this record—a few may find their conceptions of life widened and ennobled, while if one or two really take to heart the fine lessons and high aims taught by Mrs. Urquhart's life, that will sufficiently justify this imperfect record of her.

Of the considerable mass of letters and other documents put at the disposition of the writer of these pages, only a small part can be used within the limits

prescribed; but they are sufficiently typical, it is hoped, of Mrs. Urquhart's mental and spiritual attitude to supply at least an outline of her character and work. It has been difficult, indeed almost impossible, to disengage her share of her husband's labour from his, during the years of her married life. Half her articles in his paper, the *Free Press*, and her many other writings were by him, and half of his by her. "Generally speaking," writes their elder son, "the argumentative work, the collating of extracts from despatches, treaties, &c., was done by her first, and then my father dictated the introduction and conclusion." Even to enumerate the long catalogue of the subjects he treated and the world-wide interests he discussed would fill several pages. His life has yet to be written; his convictions deserve a respect they did not secure during his life, though many of them have filtered into "public opinion"—that voice of Demos which he so despised. At least, he amply proved his wisdom in his choice of a wife. Their early lives and associations had been widely different, though each found a counterpart and complement in the other when they met. Yet she had been reared in the quiet refinement of her country home in Ireland, while he had worked out the ideas which governed his life and found their echo in hers by an active, indeed an adventurous, career.

Harriet Angelina Fortescue was the second daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Chichester Fortescue, of Drom-

isken, County Louth, and was the sister of the late Lord Clermont and of Lord Carlingford.

If race can influence indefinitely the tendencies and gifts of individuals, Miss Fortescue would seem to have inherited some of her distinctive characteristics. Without looking further than the great ancestor of the Fortescues, Chief Justice of England in 1442, and author of the Treatise *De laudibus legum Angliae*, we cannot be surprised if an almost exaggerated respect for law should reappear in one of his descendants, woman though she was. A direct heir of his married a sister of Sir Arthur Chichester, Lord Deputy of Ireland in the reign of James I., and founded the Irish branch of the Devon stem. A son of the marriage was knighted by his uncle the Lord Deputy, and, as Sir Faithful Fortescue, was appointed a joint governor of Carrickfergus. He could hardly help acquiring large properties during the Stuart efforts to establish a loyal population in Ulster, for the King's subjects were otherwise eyed askance, and Sir Faithful was above all things loyal. He distinguished himself at Worcester and followed Charles II. to the Continent, returning with him in as much favour as the young King showed to any of the old cavaliers, which was not excessive. On the failure of a younger branch of the Irish Fortescues, on which an Irish Earldom had been conferred in the last century, the eldest brother of Harriet Fortescue, the subject of this memoir, was created Baron Clermont in the Peerage of Ireland, and

afterwards in that of the United Kingdom, while the political services of her brother Chichester earned for him a peerage as Lord Carlingford, in 1874.

From her Chichester descent it is possible that Miss Fortescue derived as distinguished qualities as from the great Chief Justice. Sir Arthur Chichester was one of the best and most successful Irish Lords-Deputy. It was he who established circuits in Munster and Connaught, and foreshadowed the better union of England and Ireland by obtaining the addition of the Irish Harp to the Arms of England. Seen in the light of his sister's descendant two centuries later, it is interesting that he should have been sent on a peace-making Embassy to the Imperial Court, and still more interesting that being besieged at Mannheim he should have invoked the Law of Nations violated in his person.

Born in 1825, Harriet Fortescue was of an age in 1845 to measure the calamity of the Irish Famine, that dreadful time which gave a certain seriousness to the generation which witnessed it. Her mother had died at her birth, and she had spent her girlhood with her aunt, Mrs. Parkinson Ruxton,* at Red House, near Ardee; a bright and eager girl, loving her horse as a friendly companion

* Daughter of Thomas Fortescue, Esq., and the Hon. Mary Pakenham, daughter of the first Lord Longford. She married William Parkinson Ruxton, Esq., member for the Borough of Ardee at the Union. She died in 1865 at the age of 92, a beautiful and delightful character.

in her long rides; an enthusiastic friend, but not particularly fond of society for society's sake. The chief devotion of her unmarried life was to her brother Chichester. She made the interests of his career at Oxford and in Parliament her own, and she lived a larger life in them than she could otherwise have done in an Irish country place. From her youth she thought much and seriously of politics and political economy, and had clear conceptions, at least, of the problems which were pressing for solution at that time of hunger and pestilence and social disturbance. Miss Fortescue was one of the few who succeeded in her effort to do permanent good at that moment when even statesmen lost their heads and their economic sense, and set useless tasks and raw Indian meal before a population which had no heart or strength for navvies' work, and no knowledge how to cook the food dispensed to them or vital power to digest it uncooked.

Miss Fortescue was well acquainted with the poor of Ardee, the little town of the County Louth adjacent to Red House. She had been a regular and kindly visitor in its lanes and schools, and had won the people's confidence—a necessary preliminary to all plans to do good to Irish folk. She started an industry which had a complete and self-supporting success. Her scheme of shirt-making as employment was of more permanent benefit to the women engaged in it than the crochet or embroidery which depends on

fashion, but which was almost mischievously promoted in most parts of Ireland. The instruction in plain and neat needlework is in itself an education for wives and daughters. The cleanliness and neatness required for accurate use of materials, and punctuality in fulfilling orders, have a moral effect independent of the pence or shillings paid to the workers. Now Ireland is taking a creditable place among countries where small domestic labour is practised; but in Miss Fortescue's time all the conditions—and they are complicated—necessary to create supply and demand of what the Irishwomen could produce were obscure. Zeal, perseverance, good sense, and some knowledge at least of the principles of trade were necessary.

In October, 1849, Miss Fortescue wrote to her brother, then M.P. for Louth, from Ardee Work School:—

"You can see by my direction the school is begun, which it did yesterday. I got a very nice room in Mrs. Pepper's house, which I have fitted up, and a niece of hers is come on trial as Mistress. We have begun with 48, but now my only difficulty is to get girls enough able to make shirts, for my patterns, as far as the work is concerned, are approved of, and the great outfitter 'Silver' offers to send over one of his man shirtmakers to set up a sort of factory here; but then he wants a large supply of labour, and my object now is to get him to wait till I have 100 girls taught, which I think in three months I should have. In that case I will take another room. Luckily Mrs. Pepper has another

equally large. Will it not be delightful! How I do hope you are in London. Your last letter was very pleasant; you seem to have been enjoying yourself very much, and I hope you will return as strong and well as myself, for I feel up to anything, and have been taking a great deal of exercise lately. Johnnie* being here makes us ride more than usual. In fact we have been, as he would say, knocking a good deal of fun out of his stay here. He keeps me alive and plays chess, &c. On Saturday we rode to Slane and walked about for three hours. It was such a lovely day and it looked so pretty. To-day we are bound for Oriel Temple, and as the hounds meet at Collon have some slight hopes of seeing them; at all events, Johnnie is having a good luncheon and seeing some of the world there. N—— wrote me a most melancholy account of their affairs; the reduction of rent necessary makes his estate this year worth nothing, and he seemed not sure of keeping at college. But this must not be allowed surely. I am now so sorry I thought of buying a horse, or I could have done something good for him; as it is I have just offered to pay the college expenses for this half, but the living in Dublin is the most expensive part of the business. Garry Owen† is not positively bought, but conditionally on his being cured of a trick he has in the stable of licking things, which might lead to crib-biting. I should now be very glad to get off the bargain, but except for this reason it would not be fair. He is at Red House now, certainly a beautifully made beast. I am longing to get a letter with London postmark on it. By the way, you might bring over a volume of Jean Paul."

* A nephew, son of her sister, Mrs. E. Hamilton, and the Rev. Edward Hamilton. He became an engineer in the service of the Government of India, where he died young from hardship incurred during the Mutiny.

† Her horse.

This letter indicates the writer's character in its balance of duty lovingly done, pleasure in a free and refined country life, in which there is place for Jean Paul Richter beside "Johnnie" and "Garry Owen."

Other letters from Miss Fortescue to her brother of the same year will show her affectionate interest in his success and the just estimate she could form of his work, even though her love for him was almost idolatry.

"My dearest Chichester,

"What have you been doing? Neither writing, nor speaking, nor making your bow at the Levee! I suppose your cold has made you too hoarse to speak; but seriously, I hope it is well again, and I do wish very much you would soon make a speech on the Poor Law, for one thing. Don't you think it is very important indeed? So many practical people agree on the principle that there ought to be some stimulus to exertion given by a Poor Law—to make it more *profitable* for proprietors to employ labourers instead of supporting them in idleness in the Workhouse. That it is more profitable to the community at large there can be no doubt. Every acre thoroughly drained or better cultivated is adding to the national resources, while the money paid for inmates of the Poorhouse is so much paid by the land to support unprofitable or worse than unprofitable consumers, for no one can doubt the bad moral effect on the pauper himself—degradation of mind, loss of self-respect and self-exertion; and these bad effects, which I should fear in some degree attend all *giving*, are not counterbalanced as in private charity by gratitude on the part of the poor person, and kindness and compassion

encouraged in the giver. The more I think of it the worse it seems. What are they, in fact, at the best but well-managed hospitals, which one is glad to see if you know there are sick people, but you would much rather see them well in their own homes. I send you Mr. Hamilton's plan, as I don't think you have seen it, and it has struck me so much—I mean the *principle* of it—which I think it is not presumptuous to have an opinion about, though one has no practical experience. The objection made to small areas of taxation or property areas I think is that some would by this be swamped, while the advantage is allowed that it makes it more directly the interest of people to prevent pauperism—this is in fact the thing wanted—to prevent disease, not merely to have hospitals to hold its victims. Now does not Mr. H.'s plan appear to join this advantage without the defect, because he would merely allow any district, however small or large, whether belonging to one or many proprietors, to combine, so as to escape the rating—taking with them the proper *proportion* of paupers for the Union, the Poorhouse still remaining as the Hospital, ready to receive every patient and every pauper from the district.

"Lord Stanley's speeches I liked, did you? I have written a regular essay, but I have been thinking about it so much, and I do want you to speak on it, for I think you might be of use; you know you are much more clear headed and independent than many who talk a great deal. Mr. H. is going to be examined by the Lords' Committee, and I hope you will meet him and have a talk about it, for I know you will agree with me that it is worth while. He goes to the bottom of things, basing his opinions on *human nature*. He would work the plan thus: the paupers assigned to him besides his own tenants, and

if his property was under the proportion, must have been paupers for a certain time before (two years, I think). They would be certain individuals put down to him *by name*. These he would most likely find it the best plan to send to America, and thus get rid of the charge for ever. If you spoke against the rate in aid, as well as voted, you would please your constituents, and you could then bring in the principle of allowing this escape from the Poor Law; which also agrees with the wish for local arrangement rather than one general plan for a whole country, however differently circumstanced, and then this would give the proprietor such a direct interest in the well-being and moral and intellectual improvement of his people to raise them in the scale of humanity and prevent over-population, and—this after all is the great end—improvement of character. This is God's 'World Plan'; should we not work with Him and not against Him?"

In her next letter Miss Fortescue continues:—

"After sending my lucubrations on the Poor Law, I feel rather ashamed and guilty of sending coals to Newcastle, and bad coals too. I mean that I really know very little about it: perhaps small rating districts would answer the purpose better; but it is plain, Union rating has only the effect of preventing the giving of employment instead of urging it on, but when people cannot combine to make arrangements it is their interest to eject and put their tenants on the rates; and that if the money at present spent on paying rates for people who are not producing were spent on employment, Ireland would become richer, which is certainly what we want. . . . We have delicious weather. I wish you could be sitting as I am now at the open window, where every breath and sound is positive

enjoyment; my eyes are resting on delicious green grass and the old Spanish chestnut. At such moments. one loathes the very idea of a dusty, noisy town. It is well, is it not, that habit does so much, and one can accommodate oneself to circumstances. Yesterday I finished laying the laurels in the Pond Wood—you know, where the new walk is—and worked very hard to do your honour's best commands. Now I am not afraid of seeing you. Tell me beforehand the day you leave town, for I have a few choice new plants you could bring over for me from Knight's."

These letters supply some idea of Miss Fortescue's life at home at that time; her practical interest in what were pressing public questions; a certain largeness of aim and action making itself felt even in the management of her garden and pleasure ground, where she planned to replace larch and elder by cedar trees; a purpose in her rides and village walks that was a faint shadow of her earnestness about all she did in later life; an ideal friendship for her brother and sympathy in his career, a sympathy which she at all times gave to high purposes and aims. Ireland in 1849 was at perhaps its lowest ebb of discouraged suffering—just recovering from the horrors of famine in a dense population. The best and wisest Irishmen believed that emigration was the true cure for congested districts, at that time not confined to the west coast. Clearings and creations of larger holdings were advised by sincerest philanthropists, not for the profit of landlords, but at considerable expense to them. As a rule country gentlemen were actuated by the spirit

in which Miss Fortescue wrote, for it was mainly by the legislation of 1851 that the relations between landlords and tenants were impaired. It swept away many good traditions with the "encumbrances" that the bad times had largely increased. Miss Fortescue's letters show that she was no weak sentimentalist; the character and true advance of the working men and peasants were very much in her thoughts, and her zeal against the "rate in aid," which lessened the responsibility of the district head men to their poor, was quite as much because of its injury to local thrift and local virtue, as because it was hard that Louth should be sacrificed for Skibbereen or Westport.

She writes on quite different subjects in her next letter.

"RED HOUSE, *July 9th*, 1849.

"DEAREST C——,—I approve highly of you for writing so often. Even a few words is a pleasing excitement and puts a little life into me. It brings back London and you in the foreground, and I seem to hear and see the busy streets and park, &c., like a very far off sound or figures in dreamland. In a fortnight you will be here—that is too good to be true! I wish Mr. Lear* would come over, for I should like to know him so much, and am delighted for your sake he is in London; and also Sir Francis,† whom I should like to see more of very much. My toothache is quite gone and only one tooth! so you may calculate the remainder. Now that it is over I am rather glad I had it as a sort of propitiation of Fortune; like somebody's ring, I forget his name."

* Edward Lear, the landscape painter, and author of the *Book of Nonsense*.

† Sir F. Scott, of Great Barr, Birmingham.

After some social and family news Miss Fortescue adds:—

"Will you try and get a sermon by Pusey, called 'Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus'? Get if you can four copies. Hattie de Salis* tells me she is quite taken up with Emerson and enchanted by it, which I am so glad of. Her mind lately has opened very much, I think, and taken a jump in the right direction. It shows what a man he is, how Catholic in the right sense of the word, speaking to our innermost selves, which are very like one another, in a way that I think only the Bible does besides. Surely this is so—this fits it for every age and character and country, and makes the wonderful difference that one feels between it and all commentaries or sermons. We had such a ranting, physical force sermon a week ago for the 'Additional Curates Fund' against R.C.'s and the Government. I was very angry and gave nothing. The hay is partly safe and the crops flourishing.

"Your most affectionate,

"H. FORTESCUE."

In a later letter she exhorts her brother to "say something about the National Board, a subject you are so up to. You must try and suppose me very angry, and wishing to give you a regular scolding—but seriously, you know, you have talents and plenty of thought. Are you not rather lazy about employing them? I should like to see you work more. Scold me as much as you like for this, but I must say to you what comes into my head."

* Daughter of Count de Salis. She married Colonel Challoner, of Portnall Park.

CHAPTER II.

THE materials are scanty for this period of Miss Fortescue's life, but fragments of letters from her friends to her sufficiently prove her interest in the subjects which later became so important to her. An extract from a friend's* journal in August and September, 1852, gives pleasant side-lights on her bright active figure:—

"RED HOUSE, ARDEE, *August 29th.*

"To-day at church with all here, including dear Edward.† With him, Harriet Fortescue, and the others we have much pleasant conversation on highest themes. These two, with my own Mary and myself, are quite in agreement; while the others, with much piety and love, do not see the unboundedness of God's love, but limit it to man's life here as to his power or will to save."

"DRUMCONRATH, *September 3rd.*

"Harriet Fortescue, Mary, my nephew John, and I had a very nice four days' tour in the Mourne mountains."

* John Hamilton, of St. Ernan's.

† Her dear nephew Edward, son of the Rev. E. Hamilton, a young man of the highest promise, who died when about to pass from Cheltenham to Cambridge.

Most of it was on foot and rugged walking enough, "but," the writer says, "Harriet ran like a mountain goat." The party were afoot for spells of twelve hours at a time, and walked some twenty or twenty-four miles in the day. Nothing Miss Fortescue enjoyed more than the excitements and hardships of such expeditions, feeling indeed at all times some contempt for persons under the tyranny of mere comfort, and proving at once her courage and hardihood, as in after years on many an Alpine excursion with her husband. The journal says, under the date of December 4th, 1852, Red House :—

"On my way home I am spending a little time with our good friend and cousin Mrs. Ruxton here. She is a wonderful old lady, 80, and active in body and mind. Harriet Fortescue lives with her always, and is progressing in good, seeing God in the plenitude of His loving kindness, and exerting herself for the spiritual and bodily weal of her fellows. She has by much exertion and fighting through many difficulties and discouragements established shirtmaking among the females round Ardee, by which many earn from two to five shillings a week—a great thing in poor families, where the females were the useless consumers or obliged to do men's work in the fields, but chiefly the former. She had lately a contract to supply a London house with a hundred dozen shirts per week, and has now sold her trade to the London house for £100, binding them to certain conditions with the workers. This is a witness that she has succeeded in doing something for poor Ireland with God's blessing . . . It always does me good to have a visit here even for a short time."

It would be interesting to lay before the reader a page of Miss Fortescue's diary in 1851, but that her fervent and all-pervading piety is so interwoven with her busy life and her friendships that there would be a certain irreverence in doing so. Her expression of religious feeling was in the terms used by the Evangelical School in which she had been trained, terms indeed to the last employed by her, though with additions. But there was always singular breadth in her aspirations, and an ardour of elevation and enthusiasm that proves the full heart from which she spoke. In 1851 she was specially busy learning Spanish, reading German, and using every occasion of his visit to discuss with her brother Chichester the thoughts and interests of his political, not less than his intellectual life. In a short visit to London she notes a dozen engagements that show her prevailing tastes: visits to Mr. Watts' studio, pleasant mornings with Mrs. Ruskin* at Denmark Hill, besides the pictures and concerts that come in the way of duty. She was disappointed in the Great Exhibition, which is perhaps a proof both of her courage and artistic feeling.

Some letters written in 1852 and 1853 to Mr. John Hamilton, of St. Ernans, are of unusual interest, as they reflect the moral and mental attitude of Miss Fortescue. Mr. Hamilton's brother Edward had married her elder sister, and his own daughter Helen had conceived an attachment for Harriet which

* The mother of John Ruskin.

ripened with every year; but at first "it was almost worship, and I must say," writes this friend,* "something of this feeling remained to the end." Mr. Hamilton has been described as an Irish counterpart of Erskine of Linlathen. His memory is perhaps fresher at St. Andrews than in his native country. Possibly he found in the old Scottish University a larger sympathy for his breadth of opinion. He was of the school of Mr. F. D. Maurice, without Mr. Maurice's professional restraints. His latest thoughts are expressed in the volume, entitled *God and Man*, published in venerable old age two years before his death, in 1883.

His and her brother Chichester's conversation opened to Miss Fortescue the door of much German philosophy, and just then the account of it given by Coleridge and Carlyle was filtering through thoughtful English brains. Miss Fortescue was especially attracted by Fichte, not perhaps so much by his particular propositions, but by what Ueberweg calls "the ethical principle underlying his discourses," the doctrine "that for those who heartily love the good all things must work together for their highest interest"; "the practice of joyously doing aright" came as a whiff of invigorating optimism to her. She entered into correspondence with Mr. Hamilton on vital but difficult questions. He referred her to the transcendental school of philosophers, no doubt puzzled by her insistence in requiring a

* Now Mrs. de Veer.

solution of her doubts and by her longing for dogma —a longing inherent in a mind like hers. She was beating her music out. For instance, in one letter, after discussing the degrees of worship owed to God and to His Son, whom she could not accept as equal to the Supreme Being, it is almost startling to find her writing—

"What you said of the Roman Catholic prayers to Saints helped me on this point. Is it not remarkable how here as in the doctrine of purgatory they have a shadow of the truth at least, which we from opposition and the reaction from the abuses connected with those dogmas have completely thrown away? The invisible world is at least to them something of a reality, their thoughts are allowed to wander there. They can feel still able to help those they best love, while we are told to live for the next world, to fix our affections there, and at the same time, completely cut off from it, an impassable barrier is raised between us and our dearest friends—still more, it may be, between them and our God."

In the perplexed remarks on the Old Testament which occur in another letter of this period in Miss Fortescue's life, there is a suggestion of what, after the years of controversy since then, is possibly the best argument for the inspiration of the early Scriptures.

"There is much *internal* evidence, I think, that Moses was not an impostor, besides the fact of the Jews still existing and possessing traditions still traced back to Moses. Moses must have been a real prophet. His religion, however imperfect, was an immense step gained. Such a contrast to Egyptian myths from which the Israelites were delivered."

Of Emerson's essays, then not so well known as within a year or two they became, she asks:—

"Have you read them? They are far more in the spirit of God's word than any sermons I have read, though he is not a believer in our Saviour's divinity. But his great principle is like Fichte's: that good must triumph simply because it is good, and love shall certainly be, by its own force, the law of the world. Fichte throws, I think, a great deal of light on the present state of the world. At least, to my mind, he in great measure explains what had for a long time been a puzzle to me, *i.e.*, hitherto unknown misery and wickedness side by side with increased knowledge and improvement in many things. There are so many glaring evils and such depth of ignorance all around us, and yet I could not but feel on the whole we were advancing, not certainly retrograding. This, as he expresses it, is the 'third age' which presents these strange anomalies. We are in the transition state between times of outward decency and order—times when an apparent Faith and obedience are predominant (I mean by 'apparent' a submission to the teaching of men and reverence for authority, popularly called Faith)—and the blessed future when Faith shall reign—real Faith, built only on God, and not on man. So we see everywhere impatience of authority, the sacred name of Freedom in everyone's mouth, but little good springing from it, and those who talk of Freedom themselves slaves to corruption; because, as Fichte would say, in throwing off outward restraint they throw off Reason also—but yet it is still progress. Evil, the 'rough working towards good.' What a force and meaning does 'the Truth' give to Easter Day—the resurrection with Christ of a world to immortality. Otherwise it might be a day of mourning if one did

indeed believe that, notwithstanding His great work for them, men had rejected Him and were rejected for ever, and so their resurrection was a curse and not a blessing. For surely it can no more be said that now in this present time He is received by men than it could have been said of the Jews, though a remnant followed Him."

Among many remarkable passages in this correspondence, Miss Fortescue in the following showed that extreme dislike to acquiesce in what she had not fully grasped, which always belonged to her sincere nature.

"I feel fully the immense importance of this distinction between principle and fact. The former being its own witness, and finding in us (because we are divine as it is divine) a corresponding harmony, so that we in a right state of mind cannot choose but believe. Fact, on the contrary, as you say, cannot find any evidence in us, or have any in itself. It must rest upon external evidence, to be weighed by the understanding, and the greatest amount of certainty can therefore only be that there is an immensely greater weight of evidence for than against the fact in question. The common idea of 'private judgment,' as generally understood, thus opposed to 'infallible authority,' seems to me to be mainly this: judgment of the understanding rather than the conviction of the heart, the awakened spirit, the conscience, to which the Truth commends itself. If this weighing of probabilities were all we could arrive at, I don't see well how we could reasonably refuse in matters of religion to bow to the authority of others more experienced or learned. If Truth rested on any external evidences there would be reason in dwelling on the authority of Fathers and universal consent, Catholic unity,

&c., and this I can well understand. How many take refuge from the cold probabilities of popular Protestantism in the assurance offered by the Roman Catholic Church, and to those who have done so honestly one can have no doubt, I think, such is for them the road to see the internal evidence we speak of."

After examination of various texts, for the Greek reading of which she had been indebted to her brother Mr. Fortescue, she exclaims, "Love! it is easy to say God is Love, but how can we know what love means but by loving?"

The following letter, though long, so truly expresses Miss Fortescue's justice, as well as tenderness, that we give it in its completeness:—

"RED HOUSE, *February 6th*, 1852.

"MY DEAR MR. HAMILTON,

"I feel much as you said you did about writing on the great subjects referred to, and which we have talked about together. What you say on the difference between being and doing good is a very useful thing to remember continually, and one easily forgotten. So am I very glad you brought it before me so clearly; yet is it not by action in the spiritual, as well as the material life, that such life grows—not exclusively, of course—but it must be there, or the secret source dries up within? As weakness surely follows inactivity, and strength is daily garnered in the healthful use of our bodily powers, so it seems with the soul. The power comes with the exertion, and out of weakness we are made strong, as when Jesus cured the man who had the withered arm, even as according to the

demand he stretched it forth, and so 'to him that hath more shall be given.' What I now say, or mean to say, is not the least inconsistent with what you say, but what strikes me as part of the same subject. As a practical example of what I mean, let us take any particular branch of Christian duty: that, for example, of being patient and forbearing towards others. Suppose we feel that we are not this, but still most sincerely wish to become so; as long as it is only by a painful struggle that we succeed in repressing the impatient word or gesture, it is very plain we are not so far like Christ (taking Him as the visible image of the perfect good); but it is absolutely necessary that we should thus struggle and fight, that we may attain to the proper temper—as necessary as constant prayer, *i.e.*, communion with and study of Him who is full of compassion and tender mercy. The real fault here, as in every sin, is want of love. How plainly that is the root of all the numberless ills that reign around and within us, and that also will not grow except as it is exercised.

"This brings me to speak of that which is just now uppermost in my thoughts: the fearful extent of moral depravity; of the want especially of this very virtue which recent events have disclosed among us. I mean all this Ribbonism, which you must have seen by the papers has broken out with such violence in part of this county and others. It is a symptom which shows a fatal malady raging amongst a great body of our brethren—rather, I would say, a particularly bad form of that malady which is more or less in all of us, and breaks out in different ways.

"We must remember that all classes have to answer for this state of things, and our own not the least. Landlords are oppressive and unjust, as well as tenants are revengeful and dishonest; and we are not to suppose that the Irish are

more intrinsically wicked than others, but they have been placed in circumstances that I suppose were calculated to develop the bad rather than the good parts of their character. I feel that the practical duty for me when going about among them is to try and speak a word in season, and to watch against all bitterness in myself and try to help others to avoid it; to cultivate still more true love, which will lead one to do all the good one possibly can for them, and because one cannot help doing otherwise; and not be disheartened if you appear to get no gratitude in return—no love, rather I would say—for I believe you might be dying on the roadside and the very people you had clothed and fed might shun you. Should we not then pray with an agony of earnestness for these our brethren, that they may be delivered from this state of mind and the fearful bondage they are in to one another."

How safely Miss Fortescue passed through the *Wander Jahre* of her soul is evidenced by her advice to Miss Hamilton in 1853.

"If you find yourself puzzled when you come to think, I would avoid thinking. . . . . Seek to feel the loving presence of our Saviour, and all will go well with you. You want to have your mind strengthened by wholesome food: it has been pampered and your mental digestion overloaded by food not suitable to us. By action, right action, we grow stronger, and then you will be surprised to find how the monsters that troubled you will disappear, because, behold! they were not realities, but diseased impressions on the brain, as much born of your own corruption as the frightful images that appear before the eyes of the victims of some kind of brain disease. If

your father presses you to read the book you refer to, I would say at once that you thought you had read too much of that kind and wanted to improve yourself in history; and one can always speak thus of oneself without laying down general propositions or entering into argument which is not only unwise, but unseemly, with those who are over us."

These are wise words, and might have been suggested by Miss Fortescue's own sense of the dangerous ground she herself was traversing, if her singleness of purpose and habitual faith had deserted her.

CHAPTER III.

A LETTER to Miss Hamilton in May, 1853, speaks of studies very different though not so opposite in their aim at ideal justice as at first might be supposed. But the optimism learned from Fichte was rudely shaken; and brought face to face with the working of human politics and practical conflict of evil and good in the world, Miss Fortescue felt less comforted by transcendental superiority to the struggle. Intercourse with her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ross of Bladensburg, had turned her attention to Eastern affairs and to the coming war, which was to burn itself out so murkily and so uselessly at Sevastopol. In brief, they had introduced her to Mr. Urquhart.

"My Dearest Helen,

"I have been very busy or would have written sooner. I am delighted your diary is getting on well. I would far rather do such a simple thing as that earnestly and well than invent the most ingenious theories, and enforce them with all the talent and eloquence imaginable. I have been trying to seek out for myself words misused by us in the same way as those essays on words I showed you,

and have also been putting those essays together and correcting them for republication, which, as soon as Mr. Ross comes home to help me, I hope to do; you shall have a copy. I will also send you by Johnny my copy of *Pauperism and its Cure*, and the *Progress of Russia in the East*, by Sir John McNeill. The book I spoke to you of is, I conclude—I was never told the name—one announced for publication on *The Frontier Lands of the Christian and the Turk*, by a British Resident of Twenty Years in the East. This can be by no other than Mr. Urquhart; but, as he does not choose to give his name, don't say so. When in Dublin I shall see about getting it, and tell you when I have read it. An old work of his, *Turkey and its Resources*, is a standard; but it is too old to get in any library, where the *only* recommendation is a book being new. I have it not."

In June following Miss Fortescue wrote to the same friend:—

"I don't mind your saying that *Wealth and Want* was lent you by me if you are asked. I am thinking I should like to send you some sheets I have written on words, &c., for I think from our conversation they would interest and perhaps help you. I go, please God, on Friday, and reach London on Saturday, when I shall be with my friend Mrs. Ruskin; this I shall enjoy immensely. My direction there will be 6, Charles Street, Grosvenor Square."

Evidently she had entered into active collaboration with Mr. Urquhart, for she describes herself as "writing from before breakfast till 4 o'clock, only stopping for meals."

Of Miss Fortescue's letters written during her

years of transition from transcendentalism to politics, we chiefly regret not having those to her dear and most trusted friend, Mrs. Ross of Bladensburg.* From the few yet available from Mrs. Ross to her we can guess at the interest and value of her replies. Mr. David Ross of Bladensburg was one of Mr. Urquhart's allies in Eastern affairs. They had travelled together in Turkey and had formed much the same conclusions —indeed, it might have been difficult to maintain long companionship with Mr. Urquhart without agreeing with him. Both had the same name, David, and were known to their friends as "the two Davids." Mr. Urquhart had on several occasions visited Rostrevor, and we can easily guess that among books of interest his *Spirit of the East* and *Pillars of Hercules,* and probably other of his more political writings, had been lent to Miss Fortescue. Evidently they had deeply impressed her, and in connection with her coming introduction to their author a letter of Mrs. Ross of Bladensburg to her has sufficient interest to be quoted here. In 1853 Mr. and Mrs. Ross had made a tour in Morocco and Barbary, and in long and remarkable letters she wrote of what she saw to her friend at Red House. In one she says:—

"With regard to the Moors there is much to admire, much to be disappointed in; I mean for you who have

* Harriett Margaretta, eldest daughter of Lady Massereene and Viscount Ferrard. She married in 1843 David Ross of Bladensburg, of Rosstrevor, Co. Down.

formed an idea too *exaltée* of their perfections, but which I can understand from the *Pillars of Hercules*—but the fact is that Mr. Urquhart here has ventured upon much without having had the means of knowledge. He understands the East. He does not understand Morocco. He was not there long enough, nor did he sufficiently know the spoken languages to appreciate what he did see, consequently his book is full of mistakes, both on Morocco and Spain. A Moorish household would sorely disappoint you, and what I have seen of Moorish women has disgusted me. Sensual, full-fed, and indolent are all those I have seen, and their character is so esteemed by other races of Mahometans. I speak of the women; of course the nomade life awakens the character and changes it, and until I get among the tents I can say nothing of women *there*. But the Moor admires according to the *embonpoint* of the object of his love. This material regard for women certainly does debase them into fed kine. I wish merely to disabuse your mind of its high flight of romance. In my next letter you shall hear what I have learned in my little intercourse with them. Now I will only say that I believe excellence to be more equally distributed among the tribes of the earth than we generally suppose.

"I don't see one race altogether bad, another good. The more I see of the different races of man the more I behold certain conditions of being, revealing certain attributes of the Deity, which become the characteristics of the race.

"*We* are ever aiming at those two talents committed to others, while we keep our own safely laid by in a napkin, or else we are forcing upon others talents incompatible with their condition of being. The long and the short of it is, that we are always living *out* of *ourselves*, out of the

only thing we possess, out of the world we were born to govern. We wander forth from that land wherein we should be blessed. We are of the debased school of eclecticism, and make hideous monsters of our very combinations of excellence.

"I will not get you a Moorish woman's dress, for it is ugly in my eyes; that of a man is majestic and grand beyond measure. I can still think of nothing but of those living statues on the opposite coast (Morocco). The seamless garment, the toga, the Haijk—the veiling not the travestying of the image of God. Oh! it is grand to look at, and you think of that pure raiment of righteousness which is the garment of the Saints in Light."

From the mention made of Mr. Urquhart's books in the foregoing letter, it is easy to see that Miss Fortescue was already interested in them and disposed to admire them enthusiastically. During a visit to her friends at Rostrevor she had met the author of them and formed the highest opinion of him—only by her own letters afterwards had anyone an idea how his genius had fascinated her. His thoughts fitted her ideals; his principles, his actions and adventures fulfilled her conception of a modern hero in the war between right and wrong which was so vivid to her, and into which she had always thrown herself as far as her powers allowed—ignorantly as she felt, when she read these strange volumes of contradiction to European commonplaces and cant. In her heart Miss Fortescue had always disliked

the hypocrisies that concealed themselves under our smooth and conventional phases. Something, no doubt, in the individuality of David Urquhart, apart from his intellectual power and sincerity, attracted her; but the undeveloped and heartfelt regard she entertained for him from the first is best expressed by herself. It had existed from the time she first met him until in May, 1854, she found that for him she was the only possible wife, as for her he was the only possible husband. The leaven of Mr. Urquhart's teaching worked strongly in her, and in November, 1853, and principally because of the chief topic of the day—the approaching Crimean War—we find her writing to Miss Hamilton :—

"I do so weary sometimes of the people I have intercourse with in general. You know I ought not, but it is sickening, it is heartbreaking, to find the wall of fallacies in which they are shut up, the circle of deception in which they move. It is not human beings endowed with sense and feeling you deal with, it is an artificial system of words which you cannot break through."

Then follows an able sketch of the diplomatic position, coloured no doubt by Mr. Urquhart's convictions; one sentence was probably true enough.

"The battle between us and Russia is one of heads, not hands. It is a question of intellectual, not physical power. Her empire has been raised by diplomatic management. It is secured by the veil she has succeeded

in drawing over our eyes. I will recapitulate the chief incidents. I will tell you what we have done. Our Ambassador at first urged the Porte not to march their army into the Principalities, not to cross the Danube when Russia crossed the Pruth; that would have prevented their object being accomplished without a sword being drawn, as it did on a former occasion. . . . We may now read some morning how *our* Fleet, as we fondly call it, has bombarded, not Sevastopol, but Constantinople, as at Navarino it cut the Turkish Fleet to pieces in time of peace, but has never fired one shot in their service."

Miss Fortescue had been corresponding on these subjects with her future husband, and she enthusiastically followed his efforts to get the working men of the manufacturing districts to interest themselves in the right and wrong of the English policy in Eastern affairs. "He speaks," she writes, "to arouse their conscience and common sense; to arrest the evils of our present system of government, by which all power has fallen into the hands of a secret club, and thus to it both Crown and people are slaves."

To quote from a politician who could call the Cabinet "a secret club" and suggest the impeachment of Ministers was in itself disturbing to orthodox and reasonable friends, but to enter into an engagement of marriage was altogether incomprehensible. Evidently Mr. and Miss Hamilton were not satisfied that their ideally perfect Harriet should turn from Fichte and Emerson to a guide who was the least "transcendental" of men, impatient of all which did not result in practical

human action, and who was in no sense optimistic in his estimate of human advance. As the time drew near for her marriage in 1854, "I wish," writes Miss Fortescue in reply to a congratulation that did not ring quite truly—

"I wish I could call up and put before you the look of my future husband—my noble David—when he said, 'You do not know how what you once said was a satisfaction to me. I am content to have you given to me for a time only. I do not expect more, for regret is shameful, it is unworthy for man. God intends us to be happy. What would you say to the child who cried for the broken toy? The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. What is right but that?'"

It was a strange but very characteristic note to strike at the threshold of as true love-making as poet has imagined.

To Mr. Hamilton Miss Fortescue naturally announced her engagement in less enthusiastic terms.

"If you have been led to form an unfavourable opinion of Mr. Urquhart," she says, "I ask you to suspend your judgment. I feel I have had opportunities, and have real grounds of judging that he is most worthy of my confidence and love, and that I can as his wife serve and honour God and Christ."

For some time she had taken an active part in co-operation with Mr. Urquhart, and his pamphlets and newspaper fragments often suggested to her matter for her own pen. For instance, in May, 1853,

a year before her engagement, she had written on the Schleswig-Holstein settlement by the Treaty of London in a way that provoked an interesting letter from Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, describing Mr. Urquhart's efforts on behalf of his family.

From this letter it is evident that Miss Fortescue took not only a passive but an active interest in Mr. Urquhart's efforts to redress wrongs and re-establish right wherever he found opportunity. We do not possess any printed letters of hers on this intricate question of the settlement of the Danish succession, but probably her contributions to the *Morning Herald* had begun. For reasons partly of circumstances, partly of temperament, which she will herself explain in a future letter to Mr. Urquhart, she had not discussed either him or his "Theory," or her support of it, with her family. She knew that they would probably dismiss his main contention of Lord Palmerston's Russian sympathies as untenable. A subject that was certainly of more interest to her, and bore directly on her personal experience, produced the essay on "Words," written in the summer of 1853. At that time she was in frequent communication with Mr. Ruskin, and his letter will show how highly he thought of her performance, subtle master of words as he had proved himself:—

"GLENFINLAS, 6*th August.*

"DEAR MISS FORTESCUE,

"I am sorry to have to return your essay, as I was tired when I came here, and have not yet been able to

think over it properly. It is admirably written and argued. All that is said about opinion in the end is most true, and all about the necessity of thoroughly understanding what words do mean. But I think you are wrong in attaching so much importance to the turning adjectives into nouns. The *abstract* idea exists to the full in the adjective itself. To say that a thing is 'round' is precisely the same mental act as to say that it has the quality of rotundity, and before you can say anything is round, you must have separated the idea of roundness from the idea of the thing. To say that a ball is round is useless, for *all* balls are. But to say that a stone is round, is, or may be, useful information if I am about to put my foot on it, thinking it flat, and *it cannot be given me* if the abstract idea of roundness does not exist both in my mind and in the speaker's.

"Your instance about 'a right' and 'am right' is inaccurate, for the two phrases are not synonymous in any way. A right means 'a just claim' to a thing, which is totally different from a state of moral rectitude in enforcing that claim. There may be much error in the use of one word right to express two different ideas—but the ideas *are* different, and I am convinced are quite distinct in the minds of the greater number of those who use the phrase; and when confused it is only because the idea of *moral rectitude* is itself imperfectly formed, not because the language after it has been formed confuses it with another. But I quite feel that language has much more deceptive power than I thought, and am very glad you let me read the essay.

"I must take advantage of one of the few fine days we have had, so good-bye. A thousand thanks for your kind letter.

"Yours affectionately,

"J. Ruskin."

Mr. Ruskin's letter was endorsed by Miss Fortescue with the citation from Hooker—"The mixture of those things by speech which by nature are divided, is the mother of all error."

Miss Fortescue's remarks are too long to be given here. They were suggested by Mr. Urquhart's essays on "Familiar Words," some of which had already appeared in the *Morning Advertiser*, but which were not finally put in book form until the year after his marriage.

"Mr. Urquhart tells us," Miss Fortescue wrote, "that we are wrong, that we must be wrong because the very terms on which and by which we reason are fallacious. Thus our method is wrong, and as well might we expect to work out a right answer by dint of ingenuity and perseverance to a sum that is misstated, as by argument, however forcible and eloquent, to come to a right conclusion when the terms we employ are false."

It becomes, of course, a question of what the writer understood by so strong a word as "false." But there is eloquence in her next sentence.

"The value of a word is an example of great things accomplished by small means. Look at itself. It is but so many letters of the alphabet. Look at its power and it becomes fabulous in extent and infinite in duration: extending over millions of human beings and stretching backwards into the depths of ages gone by. This is no Fairy tale to amuse our fancy. We are the beings it influences and our fathers before us, and it is through them it now reigns over us, as through us it will enslave

our children. The unseen, the unexpected danger is that which is real indeed, and often only real because unprepared for. So it is with our words. The power they exercise over us is solely derived from our ignorance of that power because it is not based upon a reality but on a deception, and therefore it only requires to be perceived to be got rid of. This deception has come on us by habit, for the words were never chosen by us. We adopted them unconsciously in our childhood, and thus they grew with our growth and strengthened with our strength until they have become as it were a part of ourselves. We do not merely communicate our ideas to one another by them, but those very ideas are derived from them—are composed of them. By them as instruments we think and reason within ourselves. But if we do not understand them it of necessity follows that instead of their being our instruments we become theirs."

The concluding pages admired by Mr. Ruskin are very characteristic of that high aim, that religious faith and unsophisticated sense of right and wrong, which is the leading motive in every action of Mrs. Urquhart's life—from her girlhood to her last years of saintly life. After pointing out some popular expressions, she writes:—

"But among these delusive terms those of modern invention are peculiarly dangerous; for the contrary things which by their use we mix up together are no less than right and wrong, good and evil. These words, then, come between us and our duty. They mislead and blind our consciences.

"There exists really only the adorable Creator and His

creatures. But this we are prevented from perceiving, for with words we people a world of imaginary forms, and thus do not see that all those abstractions—religion, politics, morals, or philosophy—are simply matters relating to the conduct of men; that in every possible position of life we have only God and our neighbour to deal with, and therefore all we require is His Law for our rule, and an honest heart and intelligent mind to apply that rule in each case as it arises. Judgment is a power of discrimination, not a process of reasoning; a faculty of the mind similar to that which lies in the ear of hearing or in the eye of seeing. The perfect eye will see all objects within its range of vision; if an eye cannot see at all or clearly, it is diseased.

"This application is made for us by our Lord Himself. 'The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light; but if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. Take heed then,' He adds, 'that the Light which is in thee be not darkness.'

"But we have not taken heed; our light is darkness since we have taken words instead of law, and opinion founded on words instead of judgment. When fallacies and corrupting words are not in use the man will respond to the instincts of conscience. We have a test of this in the marvellous difference between the same individual in public and private life, a proof of how words do indeed obscure the intelligence and thus render good intentions valueless. We do not yet talk of the 'expediency' of cheating our neighbour, and therefore to do so is still called dishonourable. Neither can we free ourselves from the imputation of folly when our private affairs become disordered by putting the fault on some imaginary being, or with respect to the best way of managing them we do not yet talk of

Liberalism or Conservatism ; get rid of the words and you will get rid of at once the fallacies that blind the conscience and hinder the exercise of judgment in each man, and of all that maze of opinions out of which our differences have arisen.

"If this be so, the great importance to each of us of the lessons enforced in these essays is obvious. If rightly understood and acted upon they cannot fail to dissipate the confusion that now reigns in each man's mind, and consequently to assist in restoring to us as a people the clearness of judgment and the unity of purpose we have lost."

We have quoted from the rough copy of Mrs. Urquhart's criticism, which is but slightly corrected, and we think few will fail to appreciate the force of the style and energy of courage in so running counter to the modern drift, so eloquently exhorting us to cast off our favourite phrases, our moral and intellectual disguises, and stand naked and certainly ashamed and helpless amid the shams of "civilization," the ruined lath and plaster palaces of our newspaper phrases and our interminable speechifying.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. URQUHART'S life has yet to be written, but some outline of it must be given or the full meaning of Miss Fortescue's passionate devotion to him could not be understood, nor yet the consistency of her whole aspiration towards high and noble things when she clung to him as she did during every hour of their union. Her trust in him, her contempt of those who criticised him as "eccentric," "impossible," "deluded," would have been the weakness of an obstinate woman if he had not deserved her confidence. She knew his strength and weakness, his foibles and extraordinary intellect, as no one else did, and she judged him more truly than most of his contemporaries did. Her judgment would be justified if only Mr. Urquhart could be seen with her enthusiasm for great qualities, her disregard of vulgar opinion, her instinct for the reform of evil, of which he was the persistent denouncer wherever he met it, or thought he met it. She did not think him never mistaken, but she was sure that he never connived at what he believed wrong. She followed him in every conflict, fought zealously in various arenas because she knew that he was absolutely pure in motive.

The conclusions at which he arrived, and of which he was often too certain, were based on probably a wider study of diplomatic and commercial history than that of any Englishman of his day, and deserve entire respect if not in every case demonstrated. He often made the mistake of not allowing for the dulness of his hearers, imputing to knavery what was in truth ignorance. Yet he had rapid insight, and used it to the frequent confusion of new acquaintances. Sometimes his perception of what passed in antagonistic minds bordered on second sight, but it was occasionally a snare when he trusted too much to his insight or even to a knowledge of men which he had attained, not always from good specimens of humanity. Though he often feigned extreme irritation he had complete control over himself. Indignation was one of his means of arousing sluggish natures, and of overawing insincere acquaintances—too often it alienated men who would have otherwise been his allies—but he considered it one of the best levers in lifting the dead-weight of self-sufficiency. It would be difficult to over-estimate his absolute unselfishness, though when there was a necessity he never feared to seem selfish. When, for instance, some special work was to be done he made ordinary hours and customs subservient to it. He was courtesy itself, but his indignation at the discourtesy of others often gave enduring offence; of meanness, of taking advantage of others—what may be called the petty social vices—he

was so incapable that he never sufficiently calculated on them. Generous to profusion, he was fortunate in a wife who relieved him of domestic finance, who was indeed his providence in all the details of his life. His force of character was spent in public causes. Private affairs, except as they illustrated one of his favourite themes, had little interest for him, unless indeed the passing salutation of an acquaintance, the conventional and unmeaning phrase of some harmless friend, revealed them as at least in the enemies' uniform, and to be at once crushed as a preliminary to their reform. Into these details of character his wife did not follow him, though she understood the esoteric meanings of his social skirmishes. They were one in ultimate principles and motives, and nearly all their actions, small and great, were referable to the restoration of law and the reform of the European standards of life. From the date of his union to Harriet Fortescue increased attention to law and justice, rather than to politics, is apparent in the drift of Mr. Urquhart's work. It had been ever towards elucidation of true laws—international, economic, and social—and that had been an intellectual attraction for his future wife. But with her by his side the final aim of law became more apparent, until in the vast effort of the concluding years of his life his teaching assimilated itself to the Canons of the Catholic Church. Whatever the *method of* his labours, and he tried many that were new and even *eccentric* in his

effort to reach English and European consciences, his and his wife's aim was ever the re-establishment of justice through the assertion of those laws which had been found the best for the human race. It is this which gives interest and importance to their joint labour, whether its success be apparent or not. It brings their lives, and what men considered their crotchets, into harmony, and quite lifts them above the criticism of those ordinary, easy-going, excellent persons who if their beaten path led to a precipice would pursue it as long as they were in numerous and pleasant company.

David Urquhart was the younger brother of Charles Gordon Urquhart, chief of the Clan Urquhart, of Cromarty, who was Laird of Braelangwell, and an officer of the Scots Greys; too popular, perhaps, in London Society, for his extravagance obliged him to sell his estate, all but the ancient burial-ground in Kirk Michael, which descended in strict tail to his brother David. The family were not without illustration: a famous Thomas Urquhart had lost seven sons at the battle of Pinkie. Lady Margaret Urquhart endeavoured to effect the escape of her brother, Lord Airlie, disguised in her clothes, the night before his execution, after he had been taken prisoner at Philiphaugh; and there are other family legends of doughty deeds—yet few members of it perhaps displayed the same constancy and faith in righteous causes, the same strenuous effort for nearly fifty years, towards an end

of which he had hardly discerned the full importance when he began, as did David Urquhart. He was born in 1805, and was the special care of a devoted mother. At eight years old she took him abroad, and so it happened that he was never sent to an English school, but learned the humanities modern and ancient in a French College. He matriculated at St. John's, Oxford, while still a mere boy, in 1821. By chance one of the tutors led him to think of Eastern life and affairs—he became acquainted with a Turk, who, finding him altogether above the average of English young men, drew the attention of Jeremy Bentham to the young genius—for whatever may be thought of its after manifestations by persons naturally afraid of combative spirits and thorough-going reformers, no one can question the noble and rare genius of the "unaccredited statesman," David Urquhart, any more than the Israelites could doubt the patriotic mission of their prophets, even when they refused to follow their advice. Bentham foretold great things of the eager and almost second-sighted Highlander, and by Bentham's teaching and example no doubt the financial skill of Mr. Urquhart was developed. He had extraordinary command not only of statistics, but of the higher purposes which statistics subserve, in questions of commerce and taxation. Few men have better understood the development of international trade and its effects on the power and progress of nations, and adding to political economy

a vast knowledge of treaties and the various conflicting interests of nations, Mr. Urquhart was a master in financial diplomacy. At one time he gave considerable attention to mineralogy.

To get rid of troublesome neuralgia he went to the South of France, and there he met Lord Cochrane, afterwards Lord Dundonald, and joined him in his Greek crusade on board the *Sauveur*. Lord Cochrane was emphatically a man of action, and his attack on Salonica indirectly led to the catastrophe of Navarino —that the intended revenge of Ibrahim Pasha might be forestalled. Capo d'Istria offered Mr. Urquhart high rank in either military or civil command in the Greek service, but he did not accept it, and proceeded to study the new manners and customs, and especially the municipal institutions of the Greeks, of which we have such vivid pictures in the travels he afterwards published. The story of his conversion while still a Greek champion to the Turkish sympathies, which ever after largely influenced him, may be fitly told here. We quote from a letter written to the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Wilberforce) in 1858, which emphasises the duty of righteousness and condemns the pretended zeal for proselytising, of which he accused the many Christians who talk somewhat rashly of promoting their faith by war and annexation.

"While yet a lad I was passing the night at a Turkish bivouac fire when some of the soldiers were narrating an incident which occurred previous to the breaking out of

hostilities in 1828, which was that a small fortress had been enclosed by the advance of the Russians before the formal commencement of the war; on which I inquired how they could have suffered such proceedings. The answer was, 'How could we fire at them when war had not been declared?'

"The first impression on me went no further than amazement at their stupidity, which having been not reservedly expressed, one of the soldiers rushed to his musket, and, kissing the stock, said, '*Unless I use this* blessed by God, it is put in my hands by the devil.' The whole matter now turned upon my age, and the habits of my life. Fortunately I was young enough for the sense of shame not to be extinguished; and not having passed through the ordinary routine of education, I had not learned to sneer at what was different from ourselves. I was consequently struck down with shame for myself, and gained as it were the perception for the first time of a human being, on beholding in untutored men a sense of right and wrong, in respect to the grand field on which operates human passion. I had just before been engaged in the war between the Greeks and the Turks. I had therefore been and was a pirate, and had not so much as known it. What I suffered I can only portray by saying that, with the feelings of a repentant felon, I should have gone and offered myself to justice had there been a tribunal to take cognisance of such crimes. It was only towards the morning of a sleepless night that the sense came home to me of the condition of the whole of my countrymen being parallel to what my own had been, and not only my countrymen, but all the European nations; and it was then that the idea of a possible atonement presented itself in devoting myself to the attempt of awakening them from

their judicial blindness. From that hour I date my intellectual existence; to it I refer every purpose, and all the enjoyments of life.

"Perhaps the first surprise was to find such thoughts amongst the professors of a creed which I then believed to have been extended by the sword. My first study therefore was of the Koran, which I found, no longer to my surprise, contained the elements of international law, even as it might be expounded by Vattel, and without the exclusion on the score of religion which blemishes the exposition of Grotius. The shock given to me by the sight of what my fellow-countrymen really were had for a time unsettled my mind in all respects. I was in that very state which in England and in Europe has driven men into infidelity, atheism, and revolution. The perusal of the book of a religion to which, at least compared with Christians, its followers conformed themselves in their lives might have afforded an escape, and I might have become a Mohamedan had it not been that my next study was the Bible, perused now no longer as a thing of rote, or repeated as mere words, but striving after its sense and purpose; and then I saw that the Christian religion was not to be understood by the lives of its professors. It is this experience that enables me to cope to-day with the unbeliever and the atheist. I came home to England with the express purpose of applying myself to the study of the laws—generally of nations, and particularly of England. During the period of three years in which I was so engaged I spoke with no man; I lived in a desert. I knew that it was my duty to qualify myself first, and if it was God's will that there should be profit for others I was satisfied that He would prolong my days. But in this silence I shrink not from stating—and words to that effect

did even then escape me which others have recorded—that on the due application of my mind to the objects on which it was then engaged depended the future fate of my country. This is the story I have to tell of the origin of my objection to proselytism, as attempted by those who are themselves the daily crucifiers of Christ."

This fragment of autobiography supplies the key to Mr. Urquhart's life, and it justifies his wife's devotion to him and enthusiastic participation in his lifelong struggle. Who can yet say how far it has been successful, however apparently a failure in the eyes of his contemporaries? Among other accusations brought against him was that if not an atheist he preferred the faith and works of Islam to Christianity. That this was a misjudgment no one can doubt who reads the above passage. But in truth every task he attempted, whether to expose European hypocrisies, to check unjust war, to rouse true patriotism among Englishmen, was the consequence of this remarkable and complete conversion to a true faith in divine sanctions, and in the value of personal and practical adherence to the teaching of Christ.

We should expect such a man to rouse opposition and to multiply bitter enmities, as Mr. Urquhart did, to have his public conduct and writings misunderstood, and to stand almost alone among complacent or helpless or unprincipled opportunists. His methods were not always fortunate, nor had he the perception of character which is necessary for a

leader, however accurate were his occasional insights of character. But if we keep this fragment of his career before us we shall better understand what seemed the egotism and even eccentric antagonism of Mr. Urquhart to many of our public men; the paradoxes, the outbreaks of indignation, the fearless assertion of himself as the saviour of European society. He acted under stress of urgent conviction that Christendom was sunk in crime, dead to the idea of justice and right, and absolutely unconscious of her condition. Public rather than private vices he scourged, and he may be said to have been the only man of our century who sought to rouse national conscience in what are national rather than individual crimes. Hence his feud with Lord Palmerston and other statesmen. Not the selfish anger of a discredited politician directed his warfare —and his life was warfare—but a sense of the wrongs and stupidities and national disasters which he laid at their door.

After travels in Albania, suggested by Sir Stratford Canning, and his presentation as Mineralogist to the Sultan, Mr. Urquhart returned to England in 1831. Pamphlets, letters in the papers, and especially articles in the *Courier* against Capo d'Istria's methods in Greece, poured from his pen. He had travelled through Germany on his way home, and everywhere studied the international arrangements, treaties of commerce, and political

position of the States on his road. Everywhere he detected Russian activity and influence, but especially in the Prussian Customs Union. He returned to Constantinople for the third time, and found the Turks extremely hostile at that juncture to England. To enter thoroughly into Turkish thought he determined to study the customs and manners of the race at first hand. For some months he lived in a Turkish family with a spirit of respect rather than of criticism, adopting its ways and perfecting himself not only in its language, but in knowledge of its structure and its differences from the Western "Unit of Society," which is at the base of our law. He came to the conclusion that the subservience of the nation to Russia was mistaken, and that it should reinforce its laws, traditions, and constitution, and abandon compromise with its natural enemy—the power which for centuries has drawn in closer lines its trenches around Constantinople. In 1834 Mr. Urquhart visited Circassia, where he acquired extraordinary influence with the fine race now scattered, and learned for them a personal affection which inspired much of his consequent action. To prove in England that Turkey was not dead he published his first work of importance, *Turkey and its Resources,* in 1833, which "raised the veil of the East," followed by another the year after. In fact, few Englishmen knew anything of a subject so vitally important as the truth about the

Turkish power and produce. Byron and neo-Hellenism among a few enthusiasts of the ancient republics and their literature, marked for most of us the limits of our interest, and our prejudice was altogether against the Turks from the time of Godfrey of Bouillon to Mr. Kinglake. Mr. Urquhart was the first to preach a pro-Turkish crusade. His nervous and epigrammatic style, his mass of knowledge and impetuous pen, roused attention, and attracted William IV. A very interesting correspondence followed with Sir Herbert Taylor, the King's Private Secretary, and several private audiences were given to the Reformer. In 1835, by the Royal wish, Lord Palmerston appointed Mr. Urquhart, who had not before filled any diplomatic post, to be Secretary of the Embassy at Constantinople. The news reached Mr. Urquhart while on a visit to Windsor, to his surprise, and no doubt to the consternation and disgust of all the officials concerned. He was indeed too inconveniently well informed to please our agents throughout the Turkish Empire. Then the reader may imagine Mr. Urquhart's energetic but too rapid attempts to alter the situation. His leading ideas were a better naval protection of the Turkish Provinces, to which the King as an expert in the matter agreed; a closer alliance with France; the encouragement of friendship between Turkey and Persia; to have a Minister at Teheran, Mr. (afterwards Sir John) McNeill; the abolition of the Dragomans at Constantinople; and

that England should make new Commercial Treaties with Turkey, including Egypt as a Province, with Persia, and with Austria. Meantime Mr. Urquhart disturbed diplomatic tradition by communication both with the Sultan and the Pashas in office during the absence of his chief, Lord Ponsonby, with whom, however, he had the most friendly and confidential relations—broken for a time, but renewed before Lord Ponsonby's death.

The death of the King arrested Mr. Urquhart's career as a diplomatist, or rather as the official friend of the Turkish Empire, for he hated the very name of diplomacy. The affair of the *Vixen*, a small trading vessel, was seized on as a reason for recalling the too zealous Secretary of Embassy from his post. The *Vixen*, flying the British flag, with Mr. Urquhart's knowledge had treated the Russian pretensions to interfere in Circassian affairs with contempt. She landed her cargo on the Circassian coast, and was seized in Circassian waters by the Russian authorities as a smuggler. It was a test case, and to Mr. Urquhart's mortification the English Government made no protest. They accepted the Russian pretension to sovereign rights at a time when the Caucasus was as yet unconquered.

In 1835 Mr. Urquhart had begun the publication of a very curious and interesting serial, known as *The Portfolio*. This was a record of despatches, treaties, and documents connected with foreign politics. It

created considerable stir among officials in all the European Governments, and was alike decried and approved, but chiefly decried on account of its damaging revelations. Of it Lord Ponsonby wrote on 23rd of March, 1839 :—

"My dear Urquhart,

"I received by Vienna post *The Portfolio*, No. 12 inclusive. I had before seen three numbers, I think, or four. I cannot sufficiently express my admiration of the work, though I differ from you in some things."

The whole letter bears testimony to the work Mr. Urquhart had done and was doing; but as this is not a life of him, we must only mention his pamphlet on the Treaty of Commerce, negotiated on a basis of Free Trade in 1840 by Mr. Porter, of the Board of Trade; his strictures on the passage of the Indus by our troops in 1838, and the war that so unhappily followed.

In 1844 is recorded of him in a private letter a curious interview with the leaders of what has been called the "Oxford Movement," for in his effort to rouse the feeling of England against injustice abroad not less than at home Mr. Urquhart left no stone unturned. He writes to a friend:—

"London, *June*, 1844.

"I have looked to a visit to Oxford as one of the greatest works before me, at once a task to undertake, and as presenting the chances of a result the most important. I by no means felt myself prepared for the undertaking from the fewness of my relations with the

place, or by that previous study of their recent writings which I conceived necessary to qualify myself for the attempt. But the visit of the Emperor of Russia spurred me to the attempt. I went down strangely naked and unarmed, having positively but one man, and one too who was anxious to serve me in kindness, but without, I can hardly say, any concurrence of judgment or opinion—that was Blackett,* a barrister, only a tutor of Merton, and a former pupil of Arnold. With the leading men on the other side he was not even personally acquainted. The first two days were spent in making, I can only say, ordinary acquaintances through his intervention, and I may say that these two days produced with me an effect of great hopelessness and despondency; it was not that there were any difficulties to cope with, but absence of power, and frivolity. Mr. Monteith† came down and joined me, and on the morning of the third day I went out with him to Littlemore, where Mr. Newman resides, and after a few minutes' conversation with him, prepared by previous conversation with Mr. Monteith, we walked back to Oxford. I was successful in presenting to him the subjects I had to submit as not excluded from his objects, studies, and obligations. I was successful in meeting his objections of a general kind, and presented the decay of the sense of right and wrong as leading to the immorality and confusion of the nation, which could not be restored by forms and dogmas; the danger of the State from the mismanagement of affairs, the result of the corruption

* John Fenwick Blackett, Fellow of Merton in 1845. M.P. for Newcastle-on-Tyne 1852-6.

† Robert Monteith of Carstairs, Lanarkshire. Born 1811; educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was one of the original "Twelve Apostles," and the friend of Tennyson, Monkton Milnes, &c. Became a Roman Catholic in 1846. Died 1884.

of all men's minds; the duty of the Church to restore the sense of right, and the guilt of the Church in having suffered it to be perverted. I further presented the labours of the early Fathers in making use of the individual consciences of men, by instructing those consciences in right and wrong, to check and control Princes and Potentates, as well as communities. I then presented the labours of Grotius at the time of the Reformation, when Church and State were separated; who, being a Churchman, still felt it his duty to teach nations the points of law, and what was right to be done. I showed him that this was a task for the Restorer of the past, or the Saviour of the present.

"In the course of that day I saw Mr. Ward,* who told me that Mr. Newman had spoken to him about me, and requested him to call upon me; and two or three days later I saw Mr. Marriott,† to whom Mr. Newman had subsequently spoken in the same sense, and both of these again at my parting suggested my seeing Mr. Mozely, who resides in Hampshire, as a man whom they considered of their party, as a man in knowledge the best informed, and in disposition the most likely to attend to such inquiries. From that time, namely, the beginning of the third day to the moment of my departure, I was continually engaged in discussion, the most interesting conversation, with one or another, or with several together, and proceeding with a smoothness equal to its attractions: and this was not confined solely to persons working with Newman. It extended to undergraduates who took no part in the existing discussions, and to the leaders of the opposite party. But the man I have chiefly to speak of, and in whom my hopes principally at present depend, is Mr. Ward. This man was quoted on both sides as the man

* W. G. Ward. † Charles Marriott, Fellow of Oriel.

of greatest intellectual powers in the University. He has not confined himself to theological questions, but he has more than any other person of our times, with the exception of John Mill, distinguished himself in philosophical, rhetorical, and metaphysical studies and compositions. He was at the moment preparing for a sermon which excited the deepest interest on both sides in the University. He is finishing the correction of a work just to appear, and he was on the point of leaving Oxford. Notwithstanding this I spent daily four or five hours with him.

"You may imagine it is out of the question giving anything like a sketch of these conversations, and I say all when I say this, that we are sure again to spend some days together. While I was there Mr. Newman read my work on the duty of the Church, and expressed himself subsequently to others as 'very much interested in its perusal.' He furthermore explained to me his own position, telling me that he did so in a manner which was not his custom, but being desirable that I should be able justly to appreciate his difficulties. While then for the first time these men have been informed that there are such thoughts in existence, which of itself is most important, there are other results obtained; that is, there are allegations of grave danger and of dark crimes, the examination of which is imposed upon every man who professes to have to do with the condition of England or of Englishmen. They have already entered into the examination of the facts, and this is accompanied with the admission that it is a matter that concerns them in as far as the wrong has been done, and it concerns them both politically and religiously in regard of the remedy.

"P.S.—It just occurs to me to mention one little

expression from one of these men whom I had conversation with at the time. He said to me, 'I am satisfied, without knowing the ground of your special charges, and therefore without being able to say whether you are right or wrong, you are urging public opinion to a most useful and beneficial effort."

In a letter to a friend, Mr. Monteith of Carstairs, who accompanied Mr. Urquhart, writes :—

"*June* 6, 1844.

"I think you will be glad to hear some account, even the most meagre, of our progress in Oxford. I therefore give you these few lines, assuring you that my difficulty is from the *embarras de richesses.* Our conclusion after breakfast at Balliol to-day was that on the whole our labours here reminded us of those with the ——, whom do you suppose?—the operatives. There is such quietness, gravity, and indifference to the singularity of facts at first sight. For my part I am delighted, having always been sure that Mr. Urquhart had only to sharpen his sickle and step into the field to gather arms-full. He has seen some thirty men up to this time at University, Merton, Balliol, and Oriel. Mr. Blackett is the chief ally, the most in reality with us of the more prominent men. Stanley seems to the others, perhaps, the leading man firmly interested, and doubtless he will do good service. Young Palgrave, a Mr. James Smythe, Blackett, and Stanley, are perhaps the most consciously ours; but I have pleasure in thinking I have been the means of a great deal more than this. Yesterday Mr. Urquhart and I walked out to Littlemore, where, in a sort of cottage Benedictine monastery, Newman resides, while still retaining rooms at Oriel; and a few young men live with him, and are guided in their

studies by him. I left Mr. Urquhart to walk about for a time, and went into the strange building—one-storied, brick, and quadrangular. I waited some time among the small rooms, full of books, folios of Syriac, Hebrew, &c., and finally had perhaps half an hour very satisfactory conversation with the owner. He adverted to one or two things, showing he knew a great deal more about the Urquhart movement than I had supposed. At last he said he had to walk into Oxford, and proposed to go together. I then said that Mr. Urquhart was waiting, and he then desired that the introduction might take place at once. I left them to walk together (about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles), and Mr. U. seems satisfied, far beyond his hopes. He suggested his seeing Mr. Ward, as the best man he could think of, to direct to those things. And this morning a Mr. Woollcombe*—to whom I had a letter—Tutor at Balliol, brought us and Mr. Ward in contact at breakfast. A conversation from nine till eleven, and now they are out walking together from two till five. This also all satisfactory.

"Newman much more discursive, alive, and well-informed on such subjects than Mr. U. expected. But the conversation was not one of details, but of the higher questions of duty, the nature of the European disease, danger, and cure. At one we had to go to luncheon at Mr. James', where not much was done. I stayed behind after Mr. U. went to walk with Mr. Ward, and had a little quiet conversation with James.

"We dine in the Hall at Merton to-day, breakfast at University to-morrow, and there are various other appointments. Probably I return to town to-morrow, having to dine with Lord and Lady Adare, who will some day be allies. He is in Parliament.

* E. C. Woollcombe, Fellow of Balliol, 1838–1880.

"We are going to build a small college of cells, with Library, where men in the world may come and live for a week or two and study, and whither the young Oxford men may walk out and read, or hear conversation, or lecture for an hour or two in the afternoon. What do you think of it? Also we found a Professorship of International Law. "R. MONTEITH."

It was not likely that in the heat and noise of Oxford controversies at that time, Mr. Urquhart's voice should be seriously listened to. Yet some of his words may have remained as distant echoes in the memory of those brilliant soldiers engaged in the attack and defence of that Church whose voice he invoked. But she had many voices, and none of them had the weight which a student of Islam and the Koran expected to find in the utterances of a Christian clergy.

What he could not gain among Oxford Dons, Mr. Urquhart found, to a certain extent, among the working men of the manufacturing districts. In 1839 his acquaintance with some leading Chartists had arisen out of an accident. He met in them clearer and keener judgment than in what were then the governing classes. Before that, indeed, in many towns he had brought together groups of artisans, picked men of the "masses," and hoped to impress on them the social and international value of the Decalogue, and that a national observance of the Commandments not to kill, not to steal, not to bear false witness, not

to covet, might help them even in their struggle against the misuse of capital, and improve trade and production by honest dealing with neighbouring nations.

We quote from a private letter:—

"That the Chartists did come to Mr. Urquhart for advice is true, but you have not heard the right version of the story. It was by chance that he became at all acquainted with the real facts of the organisation of the Chartists. A person came to him on business—he was then busy talking to some friends—the person was admitted to his presence, but desired to wait till the conversation was finished. When his friends had gone the business with the new comer was despatched and nothing more thought of, but to Mr. Urquhart's surprise the man called again and begged to see Mr. Urquhart, when he told him he had been so impressed with the fragments of conversation which he had heard in the morning that he could not rest quiet till he had heard more, and came for instruction as well as to tell Mr. Urquhart that he himself was a Chartist and one of the principal leaders among them. He laid the whole plan of their organisation and proceedings before Mr. Urquhart, who then told him the errors he had fallen into, and so impressed him that he determined not to rest till he should be able to bring some of the other leading Chartists to hear the same views. He succeeded, and brought with him three of the leading men of their body; they listened in silence for two hours. This led to a second and again to a third meeting. There was no point brought forward by Mr. Urquhart that was not admitted, no objection raised by them that was not overthrown. There was not one idea such as they had ever heard before, and not one point that was not

in contradiction to their previous convictions. The result of these interviews was their confessing their plans for a simultaneous outbreak in the long nights before Christmas, the means by which the military force was to be destroyed in their separate quarters; they had a consciousness of power in their organisation, looked to partial discomfitures as a means of discipline, and were confident of success. In short, they laid bare the whole of their projects of convulsion, and denounced as treason that for which they had been prepared only three days before to shed their blood. They repeatedly said 'you have saved the country.' My friend Colonel Pringle Taylor as well as Mr. Urquhart have told me that it is impossible thoroughly to comprehend the feelings of this class of men unless you have been present and heard the details and witnessed the simple truthfulness of their confessions. Think of these men listening to the illustration of the duties and convictions of national unity in the traditional sacredness of the person of a Monarch; think of their listening to and concurring in the superior value of the House of Lords, which, not being elected, might contain genuine Englishmen. That you may comprehend the state of subjection to which these men were brought, I may mention that on Mr. Urquhart's saying, 'When you were Chartists——' one of them, interrupting him, said, 'But we are still Chartists, only we see higher objects.'

"Mr. Urquhart continued, 'When you were Chartists——'

"The other said, 'You are right, we are Chartists no longer.'

"Another said, 'We must unmake the Chartists and make them Englishmen.'

"All this happened in September, and Colonel Taylor, who

was always present, thought it his duty as a military man not to keep such knowledge of facts to himself, but to let the Government know everything, which he did at first through Lord Anglesea, but since by communications both personal and by letter with Lords Melbourne and Normanby. Every circumstance is made known to them immediately, but they take little or no notice, and when they do anything it is in the wrong manner. Had they taken the proper precautions the outbreak at Monmouth never would have occurred. Through Mr. Urquhart's exertions London and Birmingham are quiet. The supposed riots at Bethnal Green the other night were no riots at all. The persons arrested and congregated together were the Spitalfields Weavers, notoriously a most unruly set. They were harangued and led by the Pole who has organised them entirely, and who made his escape out of a window when the others were taken up. Mr. Urquhart, in conversation with one of the Chartist leaders, said:—

"'And there is the Russian fleet ready to take the first advantage of our internal commotions, to seize the moment of the catastrophe.'

"He replied, 'But how can Russia know anything about it when our own Government does not?'

"Mr. Urquhart answered, 'Of course Russia is well informed of your movements, and is now probably directing your plans.'

"The man then told him that a Polish emigrant had drawn up for them the plan of military organisation; that he had got himself appointed a member of the Select Committee of seven, and was to have the command of the mountains in Wales. Since this Mr. Urquhart has had given him the list of the commanders of the Chartists and their assumed names. It was written two years ago—and

in pencil. The names are all in modern Greek, and are the same as those used at the time of the Revolution in Greece; and what is most curious, one name is written according to the *sound*, not to its proper orthography—plainly showing that the writer was neither a native, nor one grammatically acquainted with the language. Mr. Urquhart has been most actively employed in the principal towns in the North, everywhere making converts and 'turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just.'"

As a thorough-going Free Trader, Mr. Urquhart had already a popular cause among the working men, but his chief strength lay in his knowledge of the East, and it was uphill work to make them listen to forecasts of mischief there. Hardly a question of the day arose which did not awaken his voice and pen. To a considerable extent he had succeeded in making himself heard, but in 1848* he attempted a feat no longer possible in England, and his spokesman, clever lawyer as he was, had not the eloquence or the prestige of a Burke. Nor was his audience of the House of Commons of the same temper as those who sat in judgment on Warren Hastings. On the 8th of February, 1848, Mr. Anstey, in an elaborate indictment, moved for the impeachment of Lord Palmerston:—

"Impeachment," says Macaulay, "though it is a fine ceremony, and though it may have been useful

* Mr. Urquhart sat in Parliament as Member for Stafford from 1847 to 1852. He was elected without opposition, though he belonged to neither party.

in the seventeenth century, is not a proceeding from which much good can now be expected." Lord Palmerston need hardly have spent five hours in elaborate, if somewhat vague reply. A party vote would have resulted only in his favour. As it was, the matter dropped.

Mr. Urquhart alone remained to bear the discredit of an unsuccessful attack on a popular and powerful Minister. In patriotic Quixotism he had tilted with the windmill. The touch of its sails had left him for a time dismounted. Various reports became rife against his conduct and his intentions. He was ridiculed, which was more serious, and never again did he command the same personal influence. David had failed against Goliath, and the Philistines triumphed. But he never wavered; he continued what he believed to be his duty with even greater courage and impetuosity than before, more absolute faith in the cause of right, and perhaps too optimistic a hope that men would open their ears to truths which were of all the most unpalatable to English self-esteem.

Mr. Urquhart had many a disappointment when his hopes were highest raised, many a contemptuous check from the official world and in the wide circle Lady Palmerston presided over. But he never flagged, and he had moments of triumph when he was chaired home after some effective speech to his working men in the manufacturing districts. His

best triumph was reserved for him when he gained the love and lifelong devotion of Harriet Fortescue. For some time there had been passing communication between them on the subjects occupying Mr. Urquhart's mind. "They had arrived, though apart, at the same conclusions," wrote Mr. Urquhart to a friend. The rest of their love story shall be told by themselves.

CHAPTER V.

IT is usually indiscreet to open the bridal chambers of the heart to incredulous readers, who, if they were able, yet would choose not to sympathise with emotions they have never felt. But the letters that passed between Mr. Urquhart and Miss Fortescue during their engagement are not only valuable as expressions of emotion at its highest and best, but they paint the characters of the betrothed with an unconscious truth that no biographer could attain. It is impossible to print the whole series interchanged between May and September, from the day when their engagement was allowed by Miss Fortescue's family, to the eve of their marriage; yet every page is worthy of being known, and never once did the writers descend from this high level of thought, virtue, and emotion. Still, there is absolute ease and attention to simple details and freedom from affectation which is perhaps not often attained by lovers. The reader will find in the allusions to the past two years of their acquaintance, and to the difficulties which at first prevented an engagement, a better idea of their characters than

can be given in bald narrative. It was natural and right that Miss Fortescue's family should hesitate in advising her marriage to so well known and yet so little known a personage as this eccentric politician, who tilted against the opinions of almost every man of mark—this Highland Pasha from the East, with heresies touching all the ceremonial of English respectability. What fortune he had had he had partly lavished on those objects of British suspicion—aggrieved foreigners, Circassians, Poles, or Princes—who should have been finally disposed of by the Treaty of London or other diplomatic extinguishers. It would be indeed impossible to enumerate the lost causes which, in Mr. Urquhart's chivalrous way, he at least brought before a world of Gallios. But lost causes are seldom remunerative, and Miss Fortescue, however ready herself to try every privation, in a spirit common to well-born natures, had to be secured as far as possible from a future that looked financially uncertain. It was difficult for Englishmen to accept Mr. Urquhart's knowledge of a very different world, in which there are secret agents and tampering with letters and a good deal of drama. That the man who was to be their brother-in-law even knew of such a world except in romance somewhat offended Miss Fortescue's brothers, and altogether bewildered the kind and prudent old lady who had been as a mother to her from her infancy. That the high spirit and conscious

honesty of the man who had dared acquaintance with brigands in East and West, on Mount Olympus as in the English Parliament, should have been roused, was natural in Mr. Urquhart.

The very friction occasionally betrayed in his letters, certainly the admirable response of his betrothed when in self-defence he pained her, enhance their merit. The first letters appear to be missing; but soon after Mr. Urquhart left Red House as an accepted suitor Miss Fortescue wrote to him, on the the 11th of May, 1854:—

"I know what you feel, because I know what I feel. Don't you understand I cannot express the confidence, the reliance you have awakened in my heart. There is but one I trust in more, and that is He in whom we have our common being, without Whom we should not be capable either of faith or love. David, in those two years what should I have done if I had not trusted in Him; and now the blessing we have received makes me bow down my whole soul before Him in thankfulness, and wonder at His goodness. Your precious notes! How they rejoice my heart. Do write every day, so will I till we meet; yet still I hope this may be to-morrow, to-morrow! What a heart I have to love! what a treasure! And I know you will be happy, I know I can charm away pain and anxiety—which in this world we must expect to meet. In love and sympathy I know I cannot fail. In intellectual power and utterance I shall succeed, too, though perhaps after many failures—but do not be afraid, for I am not. Now, as this is written on the supposition that we do not meet so soon, I must answer your last. I perfectly understood

it; I have felt its seriousness and weighed everything. But I can only give one answer. Our marriage cannot be before August."

Then followed the reasons, family plans, and consideration for Mrs. Ruxton, and, in all, a sense of domestic duty not yet altogether merged in obedience to her future husband. She continues:—

"Clermont has written to me, 'You may be sure that neither Chichester nor I will be unreasonable in our wishes or estimate of what is enough, most truly feeling that life and happiness do not depend upon wealth. If you can make up enough to have a respectable home with comfort, but not luxury, I shall be content, as it is the affection which exists alone that must procure the happiness; and your present happiness, after long suspense, gives me most sincere pleasure.'

"I tell you all frankly. You spoke of rooms at the Clarendon. Could we not take a small house in some of the cheap parts of London?"

Next day Harriet writes:—

"It would be too great happiness to meet again under our present position. My affection for you is blessed now by dear Aunt's approbation. It was all like a dream to me when we were last together. I did not look forward or backward. I was swallowed up in the present. I long to have you *here*, here in my happy home, and show you my garden and horses, and my favourite haunts."

Any memorial of Harriet Fortescue would fail to give its due proportion to her intellect and will, if

it did not partially unveil the tender passionateness of her heart.

On May 17th she writes:—

"How do you feel to-day, my dearest? Just as I do, no doubt. I feel a blank, a want of you even while I have you in my heart and mind and soul. But I will not dwell upon this. You gave me a great deal to think of as regards the work I am to do for you, and do not fear, it will be done. I feel the power when I recall how I was clasped to your heart, and rested on your bosom, and all that love you poured upon me, the life you breathed into me. Besides all this, another strong impression is, that if I knew you before, I know you infinitely better now. A few words of yours have shown to me depths of tenderness and affection in your nature which I divined before, but now fully realize. I do not mean as regards myself. Great as our love now is, I know it will grow day by day, and, my David—my husband, as I must call you—each day will make my reverence, my admiration, stronger and stronger. I feel a capability of this even now, though you know what it now is. May I be more able day by day to help you with my judgment, and support you with my fortitude and courage. I pray to God every day that it may be so."

Next day's letter was chiefly about foreign politics, but there is a tender passage at the end:—

"This is a very reasonable letter, is it not? Like one to an old friend. My best friend you are, besides all the rest. If I cannot say like Agnes, 'I have loved you all my life,' I can that I have loved you ever since I

saw you. I like to say it, though you know it so well. How often I recall the days we were together, and your last look and smile. Think of the rainbow in God's heaven which looked down on us, and we are on His earth to restore faith to it. I wish I were beside you, my own beloved."

In reply to Miss Fortescue's letter of the 17th, Mr. Urquhart writes :—

"19 *May.*

"How am I to tell you, Harriet, the joy your letter of the 17th has given me? You have given me much to think about. There was but one point on which I had not perfect assurance before we last met, and that you spontaneously relieved. I made no remark at the time, but it was a great relief. I had but a moment to write after I had seen your brothers. I must revert to that. You have conquered their esteem and respect in the most wonderful manner. Mere affection destroys too often the power of judgment; here it has aided it. It is that which has removed difficulties, and these being removed the current has set the other way, and hence the kindness, the delicate kindness with which I was received. C. F. spoke of you with passion. I told him I had seen his letter. He congratulated me on you. He was anxious to put away entirely, as between us, all political differences, and insisted on taking me to his lodgings, that I might know the way. I find that he has been making inquiries respecting me from different persons. So every way you may be at rest, content and happy, and turn this moment of repose and lull to account in preparing yourself for the grave and practical business that awaits you. Our hour of storm and excitement has gone by. We have to

re-address ourselves to our task, to that we must look and on each other as helps only. Westmacott [Mr. Urquhart's solicitor] came to me early this morning. I found him more difficult than your brothers. He feared you—that is, the little likelihood of your submitting to privations—also me a little. I solemnly assured him of my purposed care and of your certain self-sacrifice."

In Miss Fortescue's next letter there is a glimpse of ideas shared by her with Mr. Urquhart, which were certainly not common just at that date:—

"I have read your speech on Louis Napoleon with great pleasure. It strikes one more even than the first time, and how useful to publish it now. It is the reverse of the picture—war instead of peace—that is now presented, but it equally explains both by showing the truth concealed beneath. You show to demonstration that Russia could not wage *bonâ fide* war with one of the two Powers, how much less with both; and that equally Louis could not with her. Will the quarrels at Constantinople, the camp at St. Omer, awaken no suspicions thus explained?

"'Ye hypocrites,' said our great Teacher, 'ye can discern the face of the sky; how is it ye cannot discern the signs of the times?' 'How even of yourselves, judge ye not what is just?'

"I have been at the school hearing the children read these words. I have been reading the papers: look at the conclusion of the article on the Punjaub. 'If the Punjaub could be reduced to order, ought any insuperable difficulties to be apprehended in the better organisation of European Turkey in behalf of its possessors?' Who are they?"

On the 22nd of May Harriet writes :—

"I am becoming calmly, tranquilly happy; yet the change is so great. Sometimes I ask myself if I believe it. It is time for practical work, as you say. I write for the Malmesbury correspondence, and will get a general idea of the history of latter times by the *Annual Register*. I began to-day to get up early, and thus have some hours for reading; for in the day I have a good many calls from without: the poor, the schools, &c. We made a most successful collection last week for giving relief to the sick. I went to every house in the town, whether friends or foes of Chichester (his constituents); the latter were only more civil than usual, and gave more money. It is pleasant to think of any bond of union existing for a good purpose. I tried to convey to Johnnie Hamilton an idea of you in that which makes you so different from all other men. I said when you spoke it was with a purpose, that you used words as a man uses an instrument with which he is familiar, to produce a certain effect, which he also anticipates. In dealing with you one feels every word, every look is a reality, that intellect and heart are always in action; this in contradistinction to the vagueness of speech, the garrulity, the uncertainty of others."

On the 23rd of May Mr. Urquhart writes :—

"My dearest, your letter has just come in. From the line on its envelope I suppose it has been wandering about. Pray address to D. D., '11, New Ormond Street, Lamb's Conduit Street. This letter has been like a walk with you to the grotto."

Miss Fortescue had told him that a resemblance had

been found for him with one of their acquaintances, and he remarks :—

"Nothing could be better than finding for me a resemblance : what was to be apprehended was that they should find something *outre*. I came up for the committee meeting last night. It is dreary work, and yet it was successful. We had three new men. On arriving, I went to the Clarendon to have tea in the coffee-room. In about five minutes I got, yes, almost got, a stranger there. Read the article in to-day's *Times* on Sweden. It was the subject I selected last night. I send you my letter to the Circassians. I have got rid of every extra expense, and spend in a week not more than formerly in a day. I am actually living at the rate of £80 per annum, and it will be little more in our new quarters when we can receive people, and be near our work, saving time and cab hire."

It was a busy year with Mr. Urquhart. The Crimean War was a nightmare to him; he had the horror that men feel for murder upon him during the sickening early stages of the campaign, which, before the year was out, cost the slaughter of the Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman. As he said, to row against the tide just then in England was "dreary work"; but no failure ever for a day quenched his spirit. Probably at no time was the tension of his mind greater than at this moment of what he considered national crime. Miss Fortescue shared his eager resolve to preach against it in highways and byeways, in the newspapers still open to him, and in meetings of working men, whenever he could get even a dozen together.

On May 23rd she writes about some letters he had enclosed to her:—

"I positively shuddered at the idea, now first presented so vividly to my mind, of all that people will expect from me. You will understand I had not dwelt on the thought of the opinion of others. I only thought of what you expect, and what I know your wife ought to be. I shall not recur to that idea, for it does me harm, not good, and would unman me, or unwoman me I ought to say, I suppose. I am a great deal too sensitive by nature on that point, when I begin to think of it. Luckily, it can be quite removed by stronger influences, and for some reasons I could face the world. You say right—the fate of nations is our personal affair. I thought so just after I had written what you quote, but left it for you to interpret. But being so, difficulties in our way become insignificant. Mr. W. need certainly have no fears on my account as to privation. I don't know what that means. I cannot be deprived of all that is really dear to me, and other things would never cost me a sigh. Even you, my own beloved, and most sanguine of mortals, did not anticipate that my brothers would be so easily satisfied. Looking over the *Times*, the feeling came strongly on me of what you must feel now about Turkey. It seems presumptuous of me to speak of what I know nothing, and can only most faintly imagine, but I do imagine the contrast between the old sacred Eastern home and village, and the bustle and corruption and horrors of the European camp which has defiled it."

The study of history under the new light thrown on it by Mr. Urquhart, and his wish that she should use

her gift of plain written statement, encouraged Miss Fortescue to write again for publication. She wavered between the *noms de plume* of *Spes, Fides,* and *Caritas.* The two former were already adopted by associates of Mr. Urquhart, so she adopted *Caritas,* so frequently used afterwards at the bottom of her papers.

"I send something for you to criticise, and see if it will be any use. I have just marked out a paragraph for omission. Your letter this morning has been like—what shall I say—'sweet waters to a thirsty soul.' It is so sweet to be praised by you. But this makes me feel all the wisdom of your counsel—'not to make an idol of you.' Do you think the thought has never occurred to me? But I liked to have it from your own lips. You may be sure I shall remember it, and perfectly understand all you mean. Love that is idolatrous is very inferior; degrades both those who give and receive it. Intellectually, I feel the necessity of making a strong effort not to lean on you too much. I will follow your wishes as to my reading, but *Malmesbury* is not yet arrived. Don't please expect too much work, for I am not always idle as you saw me, you know, and while here must fill my place with Aunt and the neighbours; but I will save time and do some regular work daily."

On May 25th Miss Fortescue continues:—

"How glad I am of your suggestion to write to you an account of my studies. I began at the first volume of the *Annual Register*, and went on rapidly, merely to get a general view of the life of the country, and have thus arrived at Catherine and the Dissidents. I propose to go carefully over that period: the whole process of the

dismemberment of Poland. Some documents and those published by Prince Czartoriski will assist me, and with *Malmesbury* (when I get it) I shall get an insight into all her policy. Do you approve of this? The two little books of Morell will be light reading. By getting up at half-past six I shall get one and a half hours before breakfast, and perhaps two in the day; I mean as a regular thing."

"P.S.—Will you ever make out all these scraps? I have been thinking how completely alone our relationship stands compared to all other, and yet it includes them all. I feel like a child to you sometimes; you know (though I shall not be exactly a child-wife like Dora) there is the trust and the looking up and the obedience of a child, and in the same way you look on me in some sort as a parent, I am sure; but besides there is something of a brother, too, and a great deal of a friend. You cannot tell how precious to me are the few words you wrote on this the other day, when you told me not to make an idol of you. I am in such spirits now, as if I were only learning my happiness by degrees, and when you come next it will be perfect, for last time of course there was some anxiety, as it was your first introduction to Aunt and she was uneasy, and there was somewhat of strangeness. Real happiness, I mean the best of all, is what is tranquil and familiar, is it not? In ours there is both—what is new and what is old."

On the 27th of May, 1854, Mr. Urquhart wrote:—

"At length I can get to you and no one to interrupt me. Two letters a day! and just as your two letters are coming to me my two are reaching you. Now I

have two general observations to submit. The first, that my memory is not quite as accurate for what I have written to you as it is for what you have written to me. I would therefore suggest that you be at times a shade more specific as to what it is you are replying to. The second will surprise you. It is on the score of handwriting. I have suffered so much myself from the scrawling hand I have fallen into by my necessities in that way that I am privileged to warn others *against* my example. My letter last night was scarcely despatched when it fell on me like a blow that I had not noticed your suggestion of a parallel of Priestcraft and Diplomacy, and then I thought you would put that together with my summary dismissal of your *Fides* and feel disappointed, if not disheartened. Has this been so, my love? If it has, you will then have taken comfort in the idea that I was too much absorbed in *you* to think of your performances, and also that my devotion for you did not bias my judgment as to your acts. Now, if you have thought all this I am glad of the omission, since I can now repair it without any bones being broken in the meanwhile. That is an excellent idea and I wish you would work it out, that is, when you write to me. As to reading, I did not think it was foreign so much as English history you were anxious about. I am more desirous for your applying yourself to the latter. Your field is England. In thought you cannot master men in what they know before they trust you in what they do not know.

"The 'five minutes more' which have given me the P.S. were precious moments. This morning you will be reading precisely the same thoughts from me. You have also said what was further in my mind but what I did

not write—I mean happiness being tranquil and familiar to be real. I was at the time I wrote contrasting the delightful excitement I experienced at Dublin when I had to escape and to be alone to think of you, with my present habit of having you *always* by me and in me like my backbone."

Later the same day, while dressing :—

"I have a moment to spare, and unless I seize it you will be without your second course this day. I send you a volume of Disraeli which I have just read, and have turned down some corners of pages in which by looking close you may find something. You may wonder how I have time for such reading; but when one does not dine out nor sit down to dinner at home a good deal may be made out of the day. Long meals and late hours kill our life. This is a miserable scrap, and yet you will like it all the better I know for being in itself worthless."

On the same day Miss Fortescue had written to him :—

"This reminds me of a book in which I found you—*Villette*, by Currer Bell. There is a fiery Professor in that book with the noblest and the tenderest heart in the world—whom I loved before I had seen you. Read it and understand that I see the resemblance only in some traits—he is full of faults, very imperfect, very unlike my David in some ways; not that I mean to say that he is perfect either, you will understand. There is a great deal of life and character in the book altogether, and I should like to know the authoress. Yes, of course I shall help you to climb a pinnacle—that was my inward response; but I have never put it before me as an object.

This world is a very small place after all to be famous in. But when one thinks of the depths of misery or happiness one human mortal soul is capable of, you feel you could do anything to save it from the one to lead it on to the other. I am not speaking theologically, but of what I know and see. Then the world seems immense, infinite, when you look on it as so many of such human spirits, your own flesh and blood. This little village seems a universe when I go round its lanes and cabins and see and hear of such misery—not mere want of food and clothing, but vice and hard hearts and broken hearts. I have just been going round with my friend Mrs. Brunker, and she knows all about them and their domestic history. The worst of all is, how often that very sacred tie which we are about to form is one of misery. There is a degree of want that brutalizes. Why do I choose to dwell on this? The contrast strikes me so forcibly, and I cannot but say to you just what is in my mind. My reading does not get on swimmingly as yet. I have had so many letters to write, &c., but next week will do a great deal. I lost myself in a labyrinth of Polish kings yesterday, but shall soon see my way. I send you some notes. I am at a loss though for books. Do you belong to the London Library? If not, don't you think it worth my while to subscribe? I cannot afford to buy *Smollett* or *The Craftsman*, and don't know how to borrow them. Anstey's book I will write to the bookseller for, as I suppose it is not very large. I am sorry I can't be *Fides*, as I like the name, but will try again as *Caritas*."

On the 29th May Miss Fortescue writes:—

"I am not at all surprised at your condemnation of my *Fides*. I guessed it would not do, but it was better to write it for your information as regards me."

And on the 30th May, after an account of the plans and engagements of her family, which must to a certain extent govern hers:—

"If this is a dead interval you cannot tell the moment a revival will come; all your successes have been sudden, and your best auxiliaries unexpected. I am sure you are right when you say you are not sanguine, but think only of what can be done. I could not describe what I feel better than that sometimes I am the contrary of sanguine, but the word 'must' clears away all obstacles raised by that."

On the 30th of May Miss Fortescue writes:—

"How tender you are. Love is a glorious, godlike thing. In the midst of all your thoughts and plans for nations you are sorry lest you should have hurt my feelings by omitting to notice an idea. I am not surprised, mind, that you do so, but thus it strikes me as a wonderful thing—this love—nothing too great, nothing too small for it. A thought strikes me: this is what we are told of the Divinity—'nothing is impossible with Him; He taketh up the isles as a very little thing, and a sparrow does not fall without Him,' and He is love. You will not be surprised at my making such allusions as these to you, for it is now my privilege and happiness to tell you all my thoughts, whether on great or small subjects. Now I will answer you in a businesslike manner. I was not hurt in the slightest degree at your omission. I mean neither disappointed nor disheartened. I scarcely thought of it. I don't know why, but in fact I was sure the idea was good, and at once concluded you said nothing more as you judged it better for me not to write till I saw you, so I was content. As to my reading, I send you a specimen with a slight degree of uneasiness on

the subject, and for that very reason do send it. Do you understand me? There is a part of me very sensitive for praise or blame. I have often noticed that the fear of being wrong has paralysed me, has made me do or say nothing. This must be entirely got over, and especially with you. Now I must say one word as to my performance. This is the way I have been in the habit of jotting down as I read events or dates I want to remember and any point in connection that strikes me. I wrote it this morning, the first unbroken time I have yet had, above an hour. My only books are, *Life of Gustavus Adolphus*, in the Family Library; *History of Poland*, in Lardner and Voltaire's series. The *History of Poland* is extremely meagre. I was led to go back by allusions not understood in the *Recueil des Documents*. You have no idea how ignorant I am of bare facts. But I see you are quite right in telling me to study English History. I now understand what I am to do—to write in the form of a letter the ideas I have got during the day. When one is very ignorant at first the difficulty is to seize the important point. The notes I make like what I send I will keep in future, as they are useful to refer back to, but I send them now that you may see how I read.

David, do you know how I love to be directed by one I love—then of course by you? I delight in obeying in acts, and in being free in thought and judgment; one is a voluntary obedience, and what happiness it is when the one you obey is one like you."

Miss Fortescue's next letter is an explanation of the fact that her aunt did not wish to receive Mr. Urquhart as a guest just at that time. It was a disappointment to her as to him. "Age cannot understand youth," she writes, and bravely goes on

with her work and asks advice about a letter she proposed to write to the *Morning Advertiser* or *Morning Herald*—newspapers accessible to writers in Mr. Urquhart's sense, who were refused admission to the columns of *The Times*.

"Tell me if this plan for a letter would do—that we seem not to have made up our minds whether Russia is very wise or very silly, as we call her the first but act as if we thought her the last. Then bringing together shortly the occasions on which we have fancied we opposed her by agreeing to her proposals. Brunow Convention, Unkiar Skelessi commercial treaty which she joined, and the present time. There is nothing new here, but if I did it simply and pointedly to bring all into one view, it strikes me it might be a good line."

There is suppressed but evident pain in Mr. Urquhart's reply:—

"*June 2nd.*

"You will have gathered from my letters of yesterday that I should not be *disappointed* with the past; what can one want more? The incident recalls to me how much we have gained, and how much we have to be grateful for. The objection, too, being neither dislike to me nor difficulties as to the settlements, is a satisfaction rather than otherwise. Your time also is invaluable just now. I ought not to wish to intrude—how much depends upon it for hereafter. Every word of yours is in its place, every thought true; it is all glass, not by being fragile, but clear. You must now send me details as to everything we would have spoken about. My own Harriet, God bless you."

CHAPTER VI.

TWO letters, which will throw light on both the strength and weakness of Mr. Urquhart's position at this time, may preface this chapter; the first is one from a friend and supporter of his, Mr. Marx, to another yet more attached ally.

"*May* 31*st*, 1854.

"My dear Davidson,

"I will gladly tell you all I can. The lady is Miss Fortescue, sister of Lord Clermont and of Chichester Fortescue, a Junior Lord of the Treasury. It is some years since the Bey (Mr. Urquhart) first saw her. Mr. U. mentions that her brother said of her, 'I never saw such another woman, nor do I believe that there exists one.' She unites the highest intellectual powers of a man with the most delicate sensibility of a woman. The marriage is to take place in August. Miss Taylor tells me that in fortune they are on an equality. From what the Bey says she must be a very superior person. She is, I believe, about nine-and-twenty. In haste,

"Faithfully yours,

"F. Marx."

In answer Mr. Davidson says, evidently aware of the difficulties felt by Miss Fortescue's family:—

"I do not wonder at Miss Fortescue's friends not appreciating Mr. Urquhart. They will be like others, you may be sure, and where will you find a family who do? There is an individual here and there out of a circle of friends, but nothing more. To think differently from the generality of men is regarded as the highest misdemeanour, is at least visited with the highest punishment Society dares to inflict upon well-behaved persons. To withstand this kind of persecution either great moral courage is required or great attachment to the originator of the views held by the few. Were it not for this Mr. U. would have many supporters.

"Ever faithfully yours,

"Wm. James Davidson."

It was impossible but that Mr. Urquhart should have roused a swarm of official enemies, and offended many of the *moutons de Panurge*, who believe because other people believe, and most cheerfully and unanimously when it is a belief that some independent thinker, some apparent genius, is not worthy of credit when he attacks their idols. It is some relief to call him eccentric, to insinuate that he suffers from delusions. He had, before Mr. Anstey's attack on Lord Palmerston, found hearing and sympathy from some men of mark, and there were many to think that there "must be something in it"; but, as a newspaper triumphantly announced after its failure,

"Urquhartism is dead." It is almost a proof that Mr. Urquhart was justified in his course that his work proved not to be dead. In truth, his censure on Lord Palmerston was but an item, a passing circumstance in his scheme of reform and re-establishment of law as it should obtain between nations and classes, not less than between individuals. But nothing made him so many enemies, and as Miss Fortescue's engagement became known it was not wonderful that her brother, and even her aunt in the quiet Irish home, should hear strange reports of their new connection. The proud and sensitive nature of Mr. Urquhart was almost unbearably hurt when he found the comments of "Society" to a certain degree —as was right—affecting Lord Clermont and Mr. Fortescue. Probably Miss Fortescue did not realize how much to him meant the word "eccentric," and the reproach of "delusions." His work—his mission —was injured by them, and he cared for that more than for himself. Clothe the fact as softly as his future wife could, it remained true that Mrs. Ruxton was uneasy.

"Her love for me makes her anxious, her anxiety suspicious, fearful I should rather say." In her desire to justify her aunt, Miss Fortescue goes on: "I also told her of your advice to keep my judgment separate from yours, that I might be able to help—if necessary —censure you, which pleased her *very much.*" To a man just then specially harassed by overwork, and

by apparently useless work, the words must have come with some sting of disappointment, though they were in her mouth without the meaning they seemed to carry; and her letter the previous day had reported that her brother Chichester had said, after a conversation with Mr. Urquhart's solicitor, he was convinced "that under great eccentricity there is what is admirable and likely to make me happy."

"I know," she continues, "you will like to see the very words as far as I can remember, for your own guidance. They both bend to my will. Clermont's objection is principally your 'eccentricities,' and C. the means—so I judge."

Nothing, however, can be kinder or more considerate than Mr. Urquhart's letter of the 5th of June: "If it were not that the last is always the best, I should say that the letter of this morning is the very best I ever received: so simple and so full, so childlike and sage. Your aunt has been right *in fact.*"

He had planned a foreign tour after their marriage, and in answer to Miss Fortescue's doubts as to its prudence or the satisfaction of her aunt in such a plan, Mr. Urquhart says:—

"The trip does not depend on the 'success' of a diving apparatus—we could not learn it by that time—but on the relative advantage of either course. We can do it conveniently: we may consider ourselves fortunate in having so much: we can travel on our income. Of course we must live within it, and always be beforehand, that is

an absolute necessity. I send you a calculation of expenses which implies in this case something more, and it can only be done if we have that. Do you not feel surprised that, after the excessive drain to which I have been subject so long, and the extraordinary charges I have had to meet, I should have out of my fixed income so much at present in hand? I was indeed surprised at your results with your school, and it *reconciled* Mr. W. Let me know exactly how you stand: we can always economise, and that will be our happy time. Of this I have now the assurance in your faculty of work, because seclusion implies happiness only with that faculty. It takes a long time to write a letter to you. I am set a-ruminating, and little reaches the pen of what occupies the mind. Where did you come from? I shall live in fear that some morning you will get your wings and fly away. I search in vain for a word or name of fitting endearment to call you by. I must return to the first—the last—my Harriet."

Miss Fortescue's next letter is undated. In it she writes:—

"Shall I tell you a thing that surprises me? Yes, really does—that is to find that I am learning still to love you more, to have more confidence, more delight in the thought of you. I did not think this possible. You refer in your last to the possibility of my having formed too high a standard to rate you by. I have a high standard of what I wish you to be, of what a man could be; but do not think that on your reaching that standard depends my love. I am sure I do not imagine you one bit better than you really are. I do rate you by human experience, and you have gone beyond my experience. But for what you are I do not praise you, I praise Him who made you; but I love you,

and I love you just because I cannot help it, and I believe you love me in the same way on account of what is in yourself, still more than for what you see in me. I do not wish to analyse and dissect the living being of our mutual affection, there it is—a blessed reality; but my instinct teaches me that the purest and strongest love is like a mother's, not depending on the excellence of the object of it. You told me once that you did not wish to appear to me a bit better than you are, neither do I; my confidence in you and in your enduring love for me rests in what you are and on what I am, and this confidence grows daily. You, on the contrary, have a right to know all my faults and failings, that you may judge them aright and help me to mend them. I must tell you how you have pleased me by not being disappointed—yes, you do always go beyond my expectations!"

On the 6th of June Miss Fortescue writes very characteristically:—

"Anstey came yesterday, and I have begun again. The taste of such a study is very enticing, but at present I can only dip into it as to facts. The idea must be grasped or the facts will be useless. Having been brought up as you know to read the Bible as a habit, and since followed it for my own pleasure, I naturally connect anything I read of this sort with what I have found there—the absence of the conception of law amongst us, who are taught as a matter of course to read that book, is such a proof to me of our blindness. The book itself has been buried under the rank crop of the religious publications of the day which are by way of explaining it; and the very party who worship it most blindly will condemn you, however you may reverence it, if you do not swallow likewise their favourite commentaries.

I assure you I have been thought quite wicked for refusing to read such books, and saying I liked the Bible itself better. I use the word 'Bible' for convenience, not meaning to heap all up together which it contains as of equal importance; but surely the very foundations of it—which if you don't see you see nothing—is that man is born under law, first written in the heart, then on tables of stone to the chosen tribe because of their transgression of it, the law-giver and all the prophets and apostles equally testifying that the declension of man has been from original right and their office to *restore*. Our Saviour came 'not to destroy the Law but to fulfil.'

"I imagine you are very busy to-day, and in Birmingham. I long to hear of your success. You, too, are a Restorer. The name given as the highest honour by Isaiah is 'the Repairer of breach, the Restorer of paths to dwell in.'"

In her next letter Miss Fortescue touched the sensitive point of Mr. Urquhart's character. Kindly and gently as she put it, she could not conceal that some members of her family were "annoyed" by her engagement.

"You know," she says apologetically, "it is 'unusual' for a girl to marry one so completely unknown to their family as you are. You know when I use 'unusual' I mean what I say and nothing more. But what is unusual is exactly what they dislike. You know my trust in your observation and judgment. I am quite satisfied you will know how to deal with them; but just ponder on the word I have chosen, *unusual*, it so exactly expresses what they have an antipathy to."

The next letter but one which was received by Mr. Urquhart, after an arduous effort to make his opinions known among the working men of Birmingham, contained again one of those slight stings unimaginable by Miss Fortescue in the full confidence of her sympathy with him. She writes:—

"I must tell you that last night I told —— how you approved of my notes, and suggested that they should be sent in a letter to the *Morning Advertiser*. But she does not like this. She does not understand that no one need know who 'Bee' is, and desired me to tell you that under the present circumstances she would rather I did not do anything of the kind."

So little conscious was Miss Fortescue of having hurt Mr. Urquhart ever so slightly that his answer called forth her instant, almost passionate regret.

"I was so little prepared for your judgment as to what I did about the 'Bee' that I could not imagine at first to what you referred. Yet, bitter as it is to me to feel I occasioned you one bitter moment, I cannot be sorry, as I reflect more on it, that this incident has occurred. What you say afterwards is better to me than all the praise you could bestow on me. I want you to know exactly every failing, weakness, and fault, that you may be under no mistake, and that you may help me to get rid of them."

After a gentle explanation, calculated to soothe his susceptibility, she says:—

"Be quite sure of one thing: you will always find

me 'teachable.' I can answer for being always attentive to the slightest word of yours. I delight above all things when I can understand you at once, but when I do not I must always tell you. I suppose the worst that could happen between us is that we should differ, and that I should fail to convince you or you to convince me; in that case it would still be my happiness, as well as my duty, to act as you wish."

Though with very little if any hope of success, it was urged on Mr. Urquhart by his friends to put himself in nomination for Parliament for the City of London just at this juncture. On the 12th of June he writes in answer to a word of encouragement from Miss Fortescue :—

"You did not give me your address in Dublin, so, fearful of leaving you without a line, I directed as you have found, for I suppose my letters have reached you. I have since apprehended that I have sent too many. The Guildhall was never before given to a candidate. The Lord Mayor told me there were 3000 present. It was called a triumph."

The indomitable hopefulness of Mr. Urquhart seized on every available sustenance; probably in his efforts he was in a manner constrained to make the most of sporadic successes, and to believe in every good augury and every encouraging voice without gauging their value too strictly. With all the more disappointment he was ready to resent any even prudent questioning of his conduct among his friends; and

there is pathos in his resentment, for to support him he required the full confidence of those near his heart. In a P.S. to his letter he remarks :—

"After speaking at Guildhall my external clothes were saturated by perspiration. It was like coming out of a river. I had only three hours sleep last night, and now, half-past twelve, I am as fresh as a lark; but the writing this has set me up again."

Mr. Urquhart meantime received an invitation from Mrs. Ruxton to meet Miss Fortescue's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton. He writes on the 15th of June :—

"My love, your approving note of yesterday has made me quite happy, not that I doubted your approval. Did I tell you that the Lord Mayor said to me, 'It is your duty to stand'? On the hustings he came forward to welcome, and stood some time holding my hand in the eye of the meeting. I am sure he would have raised it in my favour had we come to that. The report in *The Times* to-day is wonderful; it is indeed inexplicable. They might have put me in the most ridiculous point of view, and have done the reverse. But of this and all other things when we meet—*two days* hence. If I get a steamer to answer from Liverpool to Drogheda I will be with you early on Saturday, and shall be able to stay till Tuesday perhaps, even a day more if you wish me, and your Aunt will have me."

The nomination of Mr. Urquhart for London was a protest on his part and on that of his friends. He did not go to the poll, and he was free to pay a

visit at Red House. His first letter on his return to London is full of tender regret at being again separated from Miss Fortescue, and of desire to please her. However, he writes:—

"Certainly absence has its charms for me; one's feelings are not expanded but condensed, and become intense. How little nothings swell out; how slight tones come back in long melodious echoes; one word of uncertainty for that remains to me, on our position.

"Things have gone on so smoothly that you may (not being called on for an effort) forget your own part in the success. My dearest, this deserves your careful thought. It has to be considered from above, and you must ascend to do so. Now bless you, my wife—my child and wife."

In the meantime Mr. Urquhart had taken Miss Fortescue to task about insufficiently upholding him with her relations. He felt it necessary for his and her after happiness to have no reserves possible, no subsequent regrets or that sort of lifelong steering among rocks which is not uncommon for married people. The spirit in which he was met procured a yet closer union of thought and action between them. But at first the pain was keen. Miss Fortescue writes in answer to his letters:—

"You speak of sleepless nights and illness, and yet I have hardly a thought for that. For what after all is bodily suffering? I can only think that I have disappointed you, and what answer can I give to your words? I will offer no excuses, nor make any promises. I cannot write,

for the burden of your letter fills my mind. How trivial does everything seem but your approbation. I do feel a resolve and energy I never felt before. An idea has occurred to me that I would write down any conversation I might have with anyone, their remarks and my replies, for you to judge how I deal with them, and give me some hints. You have said words must be used as weapons—in fencing you must observe your adversary as well as know how to handle the sword. But how am I to observe? I want to be all your wife should be and never pain you any more; and she must not be distinguished for want of judgment; she must not be 'absorbed, blind.' Nothing shall ever keep me from being perfectly unreserved with you. It will be quite easy to be so now."

Before receiving this Mr. Urquhart had written, "Your line in my defence reminded me of Mr. Micawber." Hard on this rather cruel allusion followed penitence, and the same day Mr. Urquhart wrote again of it:—

"Ever since I have been miserable because of the last line. I cannot, indeed, make up my mind whether you will be offended or not. I do not mean to say that I shall not hold you to be wrong if you are offended, but that alters not my compunction should I have given occasion to such a feeling. I certainly shall not be at rest until I know. I know not how my pen turned on that unfortunate allusion, for I was just going to end differently, very differently. However, in this uncertainty I will say no more. If you are not offended then the object of that letter is gained, and a great one it is. If you are, then you will be merciful, at least, after punishment. A load is taken off my mind by writing this."

The letters which passed at that time are numerous, nor would it be worth while to dwell on these misunderstandings. But by no better means than quoting largely can the reader see the delicacies, the strength, the difference of these two natures to the ordinary sort of betrothed folk. Mr. Urquhart's methods of dealing, about which there may be two opinions, are well shown; as is also the softness and affection of his heart, which he too generally hid under an impatient and domineering manner—a manner that he judged useful, and carefully assumed in the propagation of his doctrines. In reply to the last two letters Miss Fortescue wrote :—

"I have cleared the ditch—your idea of my being like Mr. Micawber quite carried me over, so you see I owe everything to you. I have laughed most heartily at this. I have been looking at myself figuratively through your eyes. I see weaknesses that must be, that are, cast away. But as to judgment of others, and how to deal with them, I am still confused—for example, this letter of mine. I see that in writing it I did not use my words as weapons; arguing the point at all was weak and silly of me. I have said this and felt this before, but your last letters have made a great difference, for I now see how you deal with me, and it is a great comfort and fills me as you say indeed with hope."

Mr. Urquhart writes on the 1st of July :—

"Why are you distressed at my disappointment? If I am disappointed it is at myself; you may be disappointed if I err, but if not you should be rejoiced. Never be

pained at anything except disingenuousness or indifference —when there is truthfulness and earnestness there is everything: beyond that, pain is shameful as sorrow. I have re-read your letter and am justified in this, that I did venture to write. How fortunate this has come out now. The remedy is watchfulness, and now is the time. It was my fault not to have opened it (the subject) when at Red House. Three times a day at least I resolved to do so and always shrunk—I mean from the case of the *Fides* letter,* for it is all one, and the smaller the point on which it is examined the better. However, for once in my life I have succeeded in awakening self-examination by letter. I shall not indeed be relieved from anxiety till I get a letter of rejoicing and merriment, because till then you will not have *seen* but only suspect. This day's letter is the dearest you ever wrote."

The next letters will seem harsh and unloverlike, but they could not better prove Mr. Urquhart's profound interest in his future wife, though, no doubt, had she not possessed the humility of that justice which judges ourselves faithfully she might have winced. In all his friends Mr. Urquhart endeavoured to rouse conscience even in the more trifling actions. Many of them very naturally resented the means he used, and nothing in her character is more admirable than Miss Fortescue's readiness to be reproved.

Mr. Urquhart writes on July 4th :—

"You would get a letter if I could write all I have to say, but as that is impossible you must read three lines

* Mrs. Ruxton had objected to its publication in a newspaper, even under an assumed name.

for each written one. I have just to tell you that you have 'cleared the ditch' only in imagination, and better were it you had never tried to stay where you are. When I read that first line, I turned to the envelope of your letter to see if you had observed so simple a thing as even to seal. I saw you had not, just in the old way that time after time has filled me with astonishment at what you used your eyes for. Now, if a child said I will study arithmetic, you would know two things—first, that it knew it did not suppose itself possessed of that science; secondly, that it *was* going to study it, not to sit down to operate as if already acquired."

"You speak of 'confidence'; that is not the word. If you see that you require teaching, and that I can teach you, why then it is only to set to work. Yes, give me conversation: *that* is businesslike. Do not speak of the past; put it behind you."

On the receipt of these letters Miss Fortescue does not seek to justify herself:—

"When I said I had leapt the ditch I only meant that I had got over the difficulty of shrinking from blame, instead of being thankful and rejoiced at it. I certainly do not esteem myself fit to 'venture one point beyond the child that asks how to study.'"

Mr. Urquhart was in the full stress of his efforts to avert further action of our troops in the East, and had frequent communications from his Turkish friends at Constantinople, and he spared no time or trouble in laying before such audiences as he could

collect his information. He writes at midnight to Miss Fortescue:—

"When we went to the meeting it seemed to be a failure, but, as usual, triumphant success. Mr. Hart made his appearance. He is the only critic I apprehend or rely on. He said I had never spoken so well. I spoke 2¼ hours, and no one else. I never saw a body of men so earnest; the resolutions were carried unanimously."

Zealous to obey, Miss Fortescue enclosed in her next letter notes of a conversation she had had with a friend. She was resolved to learn how to talk, so as to fulfil some high and useful end—a use of speech which was as new to her as we imagine it will be to any who read these pages. But while she was bent on these severer studies her sweet daily life remained the same.

"My David, God bless you," she says; "this is no habitual expression. It is so sweet to remember you in my prayers—once I hardly dared to think of you at any other time. I have just been taking a drive, taking a poor girl—sister to one of the shopkeepers—for a drive, who is I fear dying of consumption. She enjoyed it so much, it was quite delightful; and I thought of you all the way, for you would have liked it, and this made me dwell on the idea of how very unlike most men you are. They are so obtuse, hard and selfish, and then all my wonderful happiness flashed across my mind. If I may only become worthy of you, which I expect to do. I understand now how you get through your work—you are raised above hope and fear. You look from above upon this world, but you also bend before Him who is the Highest."

The letter from Mr. Urquhart, which crossed Miss Fortescue's last, must have come as a shock even to her candid and trusting heart.

"*7th July.*

"You have made me rich to-day, *two* D. D.'s [by his wish his letters from her were always so addressed]. It was fortunate that this was the day of the arrival of the second letter, for I should have had great difficulty in answering the first without the second. The second, indeed, supersedes what must have constituted my reply. You have most accurately described yourself, and what you describe is a failing. Now failings disappear when seen. Sight is the apothecaries' shop for the diseases of the mind, and yet that effect is not yet produced, for you add indistinct expressions, and one superfluous word suffices to put all out. I return you the passage for your reflection, but you must send it back. Pray be precise—you must imagine me very stupid, and requiring to be intelligently informed. I now, however, take that letter merely as an exercise. Your letter justifies your description of your intercourse with them [Miss Fortescue's relations]. In your conduct you exhibited an unparalleled courage, and at the same time declared your unbounded confidence in my character in private matters and in my pre-eminence in public (I use designedly the word as expressing *your* opinion). In your letter you exhibit a humility and shrinking fear which must puzzle and mislead. It is wholly out of place and character. It is not straightforward nor sincere. You mistake sincerity of intuitions for the sincerity of expression, which ought to be their mirror."

Mr. Urquhart's assertions that he had been in danger of poison, that his correspondence was watched,

&c., had seemed to some of Miss Fortescue's friends illusive. He was eager to remove these doubts.

"Now you must immediately send me a letter asking me for explanations respecting the opening of my letters, and the danger of poison, and what precautions I had taken if I could give any testimony as to the facts. I will answer at once without waiting to receive it."

Nothing is more characteristic of Mr. Urquhart than this positive joy in the fray. He invites doubt that he may disperse it; but not every mind is as rapid, as ready to test evidence, or as quick to guess its esoteric meaning, as his. His statement which he sent by the same post is lost, and it would have thrown interesting light on his curiously romantic past. Miss Fortescue immediately copied it, acknowledging its receipt in the simple words:—

"How blind I have been; I am awaking out of a sleep, and how patient you are to me."

Her next letter is in curious exemplification of her teachableness in small as in great things, and of Mr. Urquhart's minuteness of care and observation, faculties that an over-civilized world tends to blunt more and more, to our detriment as individuals. The letter is severely scored and marked with notes of admiration by Mr. Urquhart, who evidently returned it as an object-lesson in due attention to trifles, which indeed may not be trifles.

In another letter he writes :—

"What led me to speak of sight and cure as identical was this. A Mussulman, who had long resided in England, once when I was a boy pointed out to me a bad habit. I expressed contrition, but said I did not know how to amend. He answered firmly, 'If you see, it has ceased.' I demurred: he repeated his words with energy, and I gathered from his eyes what I had not from his lips, and acted accordingly. It *must* cease, he meant, and I learnt that lesson for life. You have driven me from words of endearment: they are too small to hold it, my own Harriet."

CHAPTER VII.

NO description of Miss Fortescue could equal the revelations of herself in this correspondence, and Mr. Urquhart knew the sterling metal which, with somewhat hard stroke, he was welding and fashioning. On the same date as her last letter she writes:—

"Tell me one thing. Did you never in one single instance commit the fault again for which that Mussulman reproved you? It seems to me at this moment that I could not will more strongly than I do 'to be perfect,' yet I still make mistakes, 'still stumble over straws.' Continued effort is required of the very strongest kind to get over habitual non-observation—lethargy of mind. Do you expect me once and for ever to conquer and never to stumble again? I say this to you not as to my teacher, but to my husband. For myself I do count nothing done as yet. Every letter you write to me, though, is really a step gained. The letter you write for me to copy is very important and very useful for myself. You said to me once, 'Always do what is before you,' or to that effect. 'Do not reason, but act on this.' In dealing with weakness, in dealing with men, do you mean we must speak from an *impulse* from within; say what is true, and not stop to calculate the result? Your words 'deliver a testimony' have

struck me. I lay awake last night for a wonder till three o'clock, and was thinking of you apart from myself. I actually did not see till then that you could effect nothing unless different from others; that they must *feel* the difference; that in dealing with the blind the first thing is to startle—to disturb. But give me a word on this subject. You have said I have fallen into the snare of thinking. I ought to adapt myself to others, and this is so true, and now I am conscious of the dishonesty, the baseness of it. How well it is for me I came to know you well just on this point for my own sake, independent of everything else. But words cannot express what I mean."

In answer to this Mr. Urquhart wrote on the 16th of July:—

"You ask if I never in a single instance recommitted the fault the Mussulman reproved me for, and then go on to show that you have not in the least apprehended what I said. I spoke of a *special* matter—you make it *general.* The effect of his words was general, but that had reference to *execution.*

"If your eyes were really opened you would no more expect perfection at once than you do in fencing or in mathematics. The commencement of the study presupposes the knowledge of its use and difficulty, but the *will* I spoke of is sudden. It implies the purpose to commence the study, and therefore the knowledge that there is such a study to commence, and in this lies your initiation; in this you are separated from the world. Everyone knows that there is a study of mathematics; none, that there is one of self.

"I then (again to make easy) said that as a general rule against an erring and weak judgment the business was to consider what was the strict truth; surely that was enough. You would have laughed at me had I gone on to say that it was not necessary to state all that was true without motive, and yet you now seriously ask if you are to say what is true and not calculate the result. You say that you now see that in dealing with the blind the first thing is to startle."

After describing a moonlight walk with some friends he goes on:—

"You have been almost bodily present—not a sentence without you in one or another shape. What a wonderful thing is this mingling of mental discipline and human affection! Do you know I read to them scraps of your letter of this morning and the first portion of this."

It can be imagined that a letter such as this quickened the correspondence. One letter, of many, will sufficiently show how Miss Fortescue bore this reproof. It is dated

"*July* 18*th.*

"My Dearest,—First let me thank you with words, however imperfect they are, for your long letter from Portsmouth. I must say that, though you will understand how much remains behind that cannot be said, I shall owe you what even my love cannot repay—but it will be very pleasant to be always in debt to *you.* I am now going to reply to that letter methodically, and thus for the first time fulfil your injunction to specify what I reply to. You now know that I had *not* got your letter

or the envelope when I wrote what you here answer; also that that reproof did fill me with shame, and that you never did a better thing than write it."

Miss Fortescue asks further explanations and instructions:—

"For example, in conversation you hear some fallacy of the day uttered, you see the speaker to be all in confusion. Now it has often occurred to me to say nothing, for I thought the person would not understand me; or if I did speak I saw the other did not understand. I knew that what I said was true, but it was not intelligible to them. You feel that the real work to do is to 'unravel,' but you cannot always even attempt this. I have observed that *you* bring forward statements, the value of which your audience cannot comprehend, and you know that—for instance, when you spoke of the manners of the Turks to my brother and sister. Now this is what I referred to when I said, 'The first thing to be done with the blind is to startle them.' It struck me that *that* is what you have in view. What you say may have no effect, but you speak in hope of awakening the question in the mind. This is all new to me; is it not worth asking about? Is it not much when you have brought people to say, 'I do not understand'? You will see that this is all in reference to how I am to act upon your injunction, 'to lose no opportunity to take a stand while I am alone.' I have hitherto with my own people kept what I knew to myself, partly from believing it was hopeless to try to make them understand. With my friends I have often spoken, but only with one has any real effect been produced."

Miss Fortescue's next letter contains an excellent lesson for most of us who have almost lost the habit of attention and the desire to improve in it. She writes:—

"I have only begun to have a great deal to learn. Ettie says that you explained to them that memory is in fact nothing more than attention and observation; that is, you attend in order to observe, you look that you may see—the first step in attention; that is an effort simply of will. Then what you observe you remember. This is what I understand. Ettie continues, 'the seizing of thoughts and arranging them in perfect order in one's mind.' I suppose it is the want of this 'arrangement' that prevents me from being ready to apply what I know. If your store-room were not arranged you might have the very article wanted and not be able to find it when wanted.

"You once said, 'It is by what men do not say, not by what they say, you judge them.' I do not see this clearly at this moment. I will try to work it out, but I wish you would say something about it. Till you know yourself you cannot know others. Does it follow that when you do know yourself you do know others? Now I do not think that I want rousing so much as explanation how to observe, for I am not getting on as well as I ought. I watch myself and have learned something, but at the end of the day when I see what I have learned and observed it is not much. I know the habit is the thing."

Mr. Urquhart's next letter will come almost as a relief to the reader, who has followed the severe

process he used in arousing his future wife to co-operate with him in his endeavour to sting public and private consciences to self-examination.

"FRIDAY, 21*st July*.

"I am lost in an embarrassment of riches. I am indeed seriously alarmed about you. There is here too much work and too much thought. You must be moderate and contain yourself.

"What a pleasure for me to write that word 'must.'

"Yesterday I got one letter at Portsmouth. I came and got another, which was lying on the table (I think dated 19th). I thought you generous, and was content; but as I was leaving the door a bundle was brought me of *four* more—so that in one day I had six! But there might have been six baskets or six loads, or the lading of six fleets, without containing what was treasured up in each of these separate envelopes. I know not where to begin, or how to answer, except to tell you that I also feel these last few days as having made the wheel quite go round; we are on different terms; we stand under another light, and this had it not come now would have come never. Recollect I guessed this at Red House when I said we had no reason to regret the delay. Having said this, how can I go back to smaller matters?"

The next letter is somewhat explanatory of the method used by Mr. Urquhart when he reproved, but few could profit by it as did Miss Fortescue.

FRIDAY NIGHT, *July* 21*st*.

"This cannot reach you till Monday, but still I write before going to bed, having just finished the re-perusal

of a batch of your recent letters (from the 15th), which I had put aside for that purpose.

"As to the long 'methodical' letter of the 18th, I have to say that the worst thing anyone can attempt is to explain why they have been wrong. You are not right now if you try that 'execution,' as I put it, could never mean 'to make you do.' It meant what it means the *doing;* that is, to look to what you are about.

"You put a grave question immediately after: what the end is to be. That in each case you must propose to yourself. Why, that is the 'execution.' That cannot be laboured for at the time, that comes at a glance, the result of previous preparation, and here the reporting of conversation is of importance. It is the grammar of mental speech.

"What I referred to in 'friends' was their arguing, instead of asserting, no matter what.

"To speak well you must commence with speaking ill; you must exercise yourself just as if you wished to learn to swim.

"Your second of the 19th is a pearl from the depths of a pure heart, and makes me feel that you see yourself compensated for much you have sacrificed. How strange it is to recall the nights when I used to write to you at the Clarendon, when I thought our happiness could not be increased. What a difference since then! I must now to bed. I dream of you often; but generally these dreams are painful as dreams ought to be, for they are converse of reality. I dreamt last night that you were taken from me."

On the same date Mr. Urquhart promised to send Miss Fortescue a copy of *Epictetus*, and advised her

to read *Socrates*, the dialogue according to Xenophon; "after that you may read the parables of Christ, but not before." But Miss Fortescue writes in reply, "You will be sorry to hear that I have already read *Socrates* in Xenophon, as I have so little benefited by it; but send me *Epictetus*, which I have not read."

"SUNDAY, *July 24th.*

"You have, I am sure, anticipated the effect of your letter of Friday last upon me, received this morning. The thrill of pleasure and hope. But it cannot have the effect of 'moderating' me. It encourages me, and believe me that no exertion will ever do me harm. One word of approbation from you, so precious, not merely because it comes from you, because it tells me in saying it you were gratified, but because I know it is not merely a word, it conveys a reality, makes me too happy to suffer bodily. Your 'must,' though, which is as pleasant for me to get as to you to send, will be obeyed. That is, I will regulate my pace and only think at times, and then bend all my powers. This regulation is just what I want. I feel that I ought at once to understand, and that therefore I do not when at the task yet work enough. That word 'obeyed' has called up much. The happiness of obeying *you!* Do you know I wish we could change place just for once that you might feel this."

Mr. Urquhart's next letter is so interesting that it cannot be omitted, though this correspondence is perhaps usurping too much space.

"*July 26th.*

"I have this morning got your letter of the 24th p.m., so I may possibly have a second to-day. This is now the

26th, very near the end of this month; so we may, I suppose, limit the term to four weeks. There is absolutely but a fortnight more of Parliament, and then I might have scope in the *Advertiser*. I must turn every moment to account, especially after the Session, and Mr. Grant has asked me for *Materials* beyond my own letters. I have two further points to speak to you on.

"Avoid comparisons in your own mind and analogies, except for others, and then only to put an objection away. Listen to a frivolous person. You will see he is lost in comparisons. What we have to do is to know each thing in itself. There is a golden rule for you, easy to take in, and having each moment to be applied.

"Let not any conclusion become habit. The point I find of greatest difficulty is the detecting of what on each occasion is the new, what the old, conclusion. I have consequently to take myself to task, and to revise as from the beginning all that has on any particular matter been done. I have just been reading your 'conversation' with Rolland. He is to write to you on it. It has been useful to him. You let things slip; you are carried away by the speaker; you do not fix your points of departure and return on them; you do not draw consequences from admissions; you do not throw your antagonist back by questions; you are right without *apropos*, and expend on recalling in yourself the thought that has to be employed on looking into him. The earnestness of the will must pass, so to say, to the fingers, and then you may ally truth and art."

Mr. Urquhart thought that soon after their marriage he and his wife would have to go to Constantinople. Meantime, confidence in him had so developed that

Miss Fortescue's family were not anxious about her future. He had been able to produce sufficient reason to justify his caution about his correspondence to satisfy Miss Fortescue's brothers that "there was evidence for a Court of Justice" in his favour. Even her careful and wise aunt, Mrs. Ruxton, no longer objected to her writing in the papers on the subject she had at heart. The journey to Constantinople did not take place; but after the first surprise at the idea she writes with enthusiasm of being with her husband in danger, and of seeing Turkey.

"I must indeed learn to be all eyes and ears. These lines in Tennyson used to dwell on my mind in connection with you :—

> 'And o'er the hills and far away,
> Beyond their utmost purple rim,
> Beyond the night, across the day,
> The happy Princess followed him.'"

The reader must not imagine that there were not lover-like discussions about various gifts, future arrangements, and the usual wedding preparations, as the weeks passed. Miss Fortescue was an apt and eager pupil. Of a letter to her friend, Lady de Tabley, and its "precious fun," Mr. Urquhart writes :—

"It is the Heron's plume to the figure," and goes on, "I told you what a day of sorting I have had. Chiefly disposing of pamphlets I have made up sets to be bound, no less than three. The most perfect is six volumes, and such thick ones! This I intend also for *The Portfolio* new and old series, twelve volumes uniformly bound;

also the *Spirit of the East, The Pillars of Hercules, Turkey and its Resources*, in six more volumes; in all 24 or 26, with those of this year. There will be at least four volumes besides of select pamphlets by others. So there is a library of thirty volumes. Besides this I wrote two letters for Monday and Tuesday, and this is my scrap to you, and a like one to the Duke of Cambridge finished my day's work. It was nine o'clock when I thought I must go forth; so I did—but where to go to? My isolation is ridiculous. I belong to no club—have no familiars; no House of Commons to-night. In fact, the House is my refuge; so I sauntered along the streets, looking into the shop windows and fancying what you would like—'Traddles and the dearest girl,' without the girl. I returned from my 20 miles' walk about half-past 2 a.m. Since you spoiled the 'Caritas' why do you not send me at times a few fervid lines that I might use?"

Meanwhile Miss Fortescue was studying with enthusiasm. Before she was engaged she had given attention to every idea of Mr. Urquhart's, and had carefully studied his published works, but now she worked under his tuition with redoubled zeal.

On August 12th, 1854, she writes:—

"I send a 'Caritas,' which I hope you will approve. In what I sent you I had sketched two plans of letters—this and one on the 'Materials.' Is this the one you expected? When I have read your final letter to the *Morning Advertiser* I can better write what was my idea of the 'Materials,' the ground of your judgments. In my first letter I say you 'see' and others are blind, the two points being the necessity Russia was under to break down Turkey

by us, and the means she had to do so. I will set to work at once. You speak of the 'Treaties.' I have not yet thought how to adapt them exactly. Mr. Grant will have room now. Would it do to send the text of the Treaties and my own sketches of history and remarks as notes to come after the text in parts, and call them 'Notes on the Treaties between Russia and England from the year so and so'? I can say now in truth, that except the time I am out (from four or five till eight), and some necessary attention to minor matters, I am constantly employed as you would have me. Even when out I have turned it to account by conversation. Your two last letters are invaluable to me as studies. I allude to your remarks on Prussia, the illustration of your maxim, 'Let not any conclusion become habit,' and to-day on the Crimea. I see how because you did not expect the Crimean Expedition you used it as a test to yourself. I did not do so, but I did see that it could affect the war in the right sense; that Sebastopol does not harm at present, and that it would be a convenient way of occupying our Army and without injury to her. I wrote this to some of my friends. What I did say, so far as it went, coincides with what you say."

A hurried sketch by Miss Fortescue of what she thought of expanding into a "Caritas" letter may be useful as a condensation of the points Mr. Urquhart was endeavouring to make in the public Press. We can hardly now realize how intensely opposed such ideas were to the current of opinion in 1854. To us now they seem rational enough, except perhaps the suggestion that the English Cabinet was knowingly influenced by Russia.

"What is before the eyes of all, if they will open them —the proofs that Turkey was unassailable by Russia, that therefore she could only advance by the intervention of others to hold down Turkey, and by internal irresolution there. The circumstances of the last war and the Russian despatches prove that. The conclusions the Cabinet of Russia then came to prove that they could not have undertaken to break down Turkey by force. Compare these conclusions with the 'secret despatches.' The conscious lie of the 'Sick Man' is evident—the object is displayed by the subsequent events."

The weeks passed with increasing work, increasing joy in each other's efforts, a mutual confidence and passionate desire not only for the ordinary union of hands and hearts in marriage, but for a complete intellectual and moral identification in pursuance of disinterested patriotic effort. We know nothing like it in any private life. Nor were other elements of true and pure passion wanting; but we hesitate to disclose the sacred recesses of such love, "full to the brink, close on the promised end."

"Between you and me the feeling of having anything to conceal has disappeared," writes Miss Fortescue. "I should no more desire to hide from or not to tell you any error I had fallen into than I would hide it from myself. How glad I am that you see me just as I am. I am very proud of you, my David. I begin to picture to myself our meeting, your look, your voice, your touch. What a meeting! when it will only be to be separated by death, and then but for a while. *Your* wife! can it really be?

Duty and pleasure made the same. In one human being what have I not found? The wise reprover, the tender and loving friend, all in one blessed name of husband."

Mr. Urquhart had indeed been fighting a campaign single-handed. He was somewhat exhausted, but he hoped he had not laboured altogether in vain, and his letters in the *Morning Advertiser* and *Morning Herald* had had many readers.

"It has been the hardest work I have ever had, and I feel it; this is the close of three days of languor, which has perhaps intercepted a breakdown. I saw Naas [afterwards the Earl of Mayo, Viceroy of India] to-night, and he told me he had come to be informed. He is going to Ireland to-morrow evening, and has not time to come in the morning, but he has been reading the *Morning Advertiser*. G. Hamilton congratulated me. I spoke to him like Jeremiah, and he turned pale. Napier I have *not* spoken to. Colonel Taylor* was here Saturday, and has promised, *after explanation*, to write to J. Butler† to help about the Dublin meeting if required.

"I dined at H. Baillie's. Mrs. Baillie, an old foe and not seen for years, concerned with the persons she had asked and been disappointed in, as she knew I now wanted members. Little good was done, but it was the old habit of business revived. She is diplomatic, formerly an ally of Lord Palmerston's, and a daughter of Lord Strangford.

"I asked Chesney to write to Lord Ponsonby to propose

* Colonel Taylor, member for County Dublin and Conservative Whip.

† Lord James Butler, son of the Marquis of Ormonde, and brother of Lady Clermont.

to join (*i.e.*, lead) the Association. *It is done.* Chesney floats with the stream. I mean the counter one. I wish you were here. I would not be so spiritless."

Again on the 13th of August Mr. Urquhart writes:—

"I find myself always looking at a certain day to finish all trouble. It comes like a haven, with a short space of troubled sea between." But meantime—indeed at all times—the thought of work was uppermost. "We have now waited seven months," he writes; "they have not been lost. It is well we have had them so. There remains but a fortnight yet that must be turned to profit by me after a few days in getting a little freshness, business being now over, by two or three effective letters (for publication) and your note on the Treaties, for which we have the *apropos* in the French Minister's actual or virtual acceptance of the Russian propositions."

It was true that the letters signed "Caritas" had attracted much attention by their forcible style. At last came his final letter—the haven was very near:—

"1*st September*, 1 *a.m.*

"Is this to be the last letter? Strange that the most charming of correspondences to carry on should be the most delightful to drop! It seems to me now, that if the said solemnity which is to be its euthanasia had occurred in June last, life would have been nothing to what it is now. I must not, however, write. I have not yet commenced packing, and before I begin I have still to finish various matters, and amongst others two letters which I leave behind. I have also at least four hours'

work to-morrow out of doors, so I suppose I shall not get to bed to-morrow night. The links will be held on in the two papers till Thursday next. I hope we shall be able to send them over fresh provender on Wednesday. What should you say to a little pop-gun from the grotto on Wednesday?" Mr. Urquhart goes on to describe an interview with editors and printers of the *Herald* and *Advertiser*, and quotes a critique from the *Aix-la-Chapelle Gazette*, "which, like the article in the *Herald*, is worth fifty of my letters; so we have burnt our candles to the very bottom."

"And so you are proud of my work—so, too, am I of yours. Now I must to my final task. I cannot understand how some cross has not intervened. We ought to have had a mountain or two more of obstacles. It seems so like an every-day affair. Don't you think so? Though I can say nothing I find it hard to stop."

CHAPTER VIII.

MARRIED LIFE, 1854-6.

THE wedding took place at Ardee. We quote the following passages from the diary of one of the family at Red House:—

"*September 5th*, 1854.—Before we started for Ardee Church, Aunt found Urquhart in tears. He said 'he looked above,' and that 'his prevailing feeling was gratitude.' A great many of the townspeople and neighbours of the humbler sort, and numbers of Harriet's poor friends, were along the road, around the church, and in it. There was great curiosity and interest. Edward Hamilton married them. Urquhart was quite overcome. H. looked very nice with that pure decided outline of face, and went through the service with her native serenity and dignity, answering the questions in a clear, reverential voice.

"At four they drove off to Ravensdale. The dear old Aunt bore it very well, with tearful eyes. U. showed a great deal of feeling throughout. . . . The old woman at the gate talked of H. and him. 'He 's not a clever man, then,' she began—meaning not good-looking."

"*September 10th*.—Aunt's thoughts are full of H.

Her loss is evidently a great affliction to her, but she said she reasoned against being unhappy, because H. is evidently so happy. 'That is my great consolation,' she said."

"*September* 13*th.*—*The Urquharts* returned for a few days. Much talk with U. He said, 'I was the cause of the Battle of Navarino.' 'A letter of mine in *The Courier* was the cause of the murder of Capo d'Istria.' 'I may say I carried on the war for several months.' We got upon Russia. He said, 'It was impossible to explain the conduct of England for the last 25 years on any other supposition but that of fraud and treachery,' growing vehement and setting his teeth. 'Canning,' he says, was 'a traitor.' I did not say, though I felt, what Johnson said to Boswell, when he was excited about the wrongs of Corsica, 'I wish there were any cure, like the lover's leap, for a head of which some single idea has taken unreasonable and irregular possession.' Yet in spite of many things that put one's back up, my whole impression is decidedly favourable. I see nothing ungenerous, nothing unamiable, nothing cold-hearted, nothing selfish." . . . "Walked with the dear old lady. She could hardly go into Harriet's garden; but she said bravely, 'Come, I must not shirk,' and went in."

David Urquhart was all the world to his wife, but in that world she had strong affection for her family and friends as part of its furniture. The honeymoon was short, for both were eager to begin the double life of effort before them—eager to face its cruel disappointments with the increased strength

of their complete sympathy. When here and there some sign of success was visible its joy was doubled.

After a few days at Lord Clermont's place, Ravensdale Park, they made a short tour in the Highlands, and then began work among the manufacturing centres in October. In all the chief towns Mr. Urquhart had formed committees, and some of the chairmen elected by their working men showed singular acuteness and readiness both to examine and dispute with Mr. Urquhart, who always encouraged questions as the best means to arouse attention and to confound his antagonists. At that time the Crimean War was the subject uppermost in English minds, and Mr. Urquhart undertook an amount of work connected with it that only devoted enthusiasm could have accomplished. Mr. Urquhart gave himself little rest, and his wife had to look out quotations, keep up a voluminous and sometimes published correspondence, answer objections, correct the false arguments and illogical conclusions of would-be allies, and perform all the home duties which their small income rendered no doubt sometimes irksome. In a letter written many years later, after recounting the lesson she had received in minute observation, about sealing letters, before her marriage, she says:—

"After marriage it was by making me learn to make tea properly that I was principally pushed to such an

amount of accuracy in the common affairs of life as I have attained. Also by finding out that I could not make milk boil without letting it boil over. I only speak of myself now as observant and accurate in comparison of my former state. Still, it does make all the difference in our life between happiness and misery. It is not merely that I should be constantly irritating and grieving Mr. Urquhart otherwise, but that I should be utterly unable to help him in bringing up our children, or rather would necessarily counteract all his efforts even without intending it."

The reports of the committees attended by Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart—for she accompanied her husband whenever it was possible—are an amazing record of his knowledge; his readiness to seize the points of any affair; his startling paradoxes and skilful appeals to the intellect and conscience of his listeners. It was perhaps a cause of both his and his wife's many disappointments in their work that they expected too much honesty of morals and firmness of purpose in their proselytes, and too quick a power of logic in Mr. Urquhart's audiences. Still, if we take the account of a meeting at Newcastle in November, 1854, the shrewdness of the questions on a most intricate subject, "Constitutional Remedies, showing how the Law is designed to control the Acts of the Government," is extraordinary. Mr. Urquhart attacked the popular beliefs dear to the people, and cited points of history which he made clear to men who had certainly never heard of them

before. At another meeting in Newcastle he entered on questions of international commerce, with a marvellous array of figures and facts. The rapid sequence of events abroad taxed every means at his disposal of publishing his protests and forecasts. The reader can imagine how his wife worked by his side. In a letter curious for its foresight of the position which was to be taken up by France, and which has since been made prominent by Mr. Kinglake, Mrs. Urquhart writes on the 20th November, 1854, to a friend:—

"You will see that the Baltic Fleet is preparing for the Black Sea, to be trapped in the Dardanelles, which is in the hands of France. Does not this make you long for the tongue of the charmer, or the trumpet of an archangel rather, to startle this people? If events will not, what can words?"

Another letter, dated from London on December 18th, 1854, shows the almost passionate political sense of Mrs. Urquhart:—

"My dear Friend,

"It is time to tell you that your MS. arrived safely and is already in use. David wrote a memorial to accompany it. At this moment it is in Disraeli's possession, to whom he sent it. His speech has been an event. It is the working in the North that is telling on the leading men here. It is evident from the leaders in *The Times* on the Foreign Enlistment Bill that some new complications are to arise. I was in the House

when Lord John [Russell] moved the vote of thanks to the Army. He gave such prominence to the description of the danger we ran at Inkerman that I was startled.

"Yours very affectionately,

"H. A. U."

It was pleasant work for Mrs. Urquhart to help her husband in re-editing his striking essays on *Familiar Words.* Many of them had appeared in the *Morning Advertiser* nine years before; the second series were added and published in a small volume in 1855. It was the first attempt to examine some modern shibboleths, and there is shrewdness in Mr. Urquhart's choice of instances which supported his political contentions. His remarks are witty and paradoxical rather than philological, but extremely useful to check the modern misuse of time-honoured phrases, and show the real meaning of words which had been made to do very various duties in English speech.

On the text of "War and Peace," "Religion and Politics," "Standard of Value," "Subdivision of Labour," and many more, Mr. Urquhart spoke of most of the subjects he had at heart, and in a way that makes the little volume excellent reading, and perhaps more intelligible now than then. The year 1855 was one of the busiest of Mr. Urquhart's laborious life, and consequently of his wife's. On the 9th of January, 1855, Mrs. Urquhart writes to her friend, Miss Curtis, who had for years helped

Mr. Urquhart's work in the press under the signature "Fides":—

"We have this day heard that your handwriting is with the Prince [probably Prince Albert, for Miss Curtis had been commissioned to make a copy of a memoir submitted to the Queen], where it must have been now ten days. The enquiry comes when it is wanted back. Now I want to know your judgment upon the effect of the paper in question. A packet of letters which I have just sent off to Mr. Hamilton Gray to be forwarded to you will give you some little idea of what is going on.

"Your notice about the Duke of Cambridge reached me at Tynemouth, so that I was the first to communicate it to the Lord Chamberlain. You are, of course, aware of my husband's intimacy with the Duke of Cambridge, and will understand the cause of the disturbance in his mind in seeing realized in blood all that had been told him before his departure. The very day before he asked my husband whether he meant it metaphorically when he said that not a man could return. The answer was—'By the accident of your birth you may escape, but I make no other exception, unless it be of the man who was judged fit to be entrusted with so delicate a commission.'

"What times we are in, and here I am sitting as in the ear of Dionysius; all the threads from far and near somehow meet here. You would be amused if you saw the work going on. The last day of 1854, 21 letters (private), 29 newspapers and parcels, containing five letters for the Press left this; other days have their eight and twelve. And if you saw the personages to whom they are addressed—Royal people, ministerial, political, editors

of papers, common operatives, young girls, ladies of rank. Never was such preparation laid for events. Power, art, secrecy, and publicity.

"My husband is well. His springy step struck me to-day. Strong he would seem to the degree of wonder, even had he not done more than others. But he has lived a hundred lives. Never surely before was such action, and such combination of action on ideas and men, in metaphysics and politics at once, each bearing upon the other. You must understand my happiness, more than perhaps any other, by your knowledge of him. But I am only learning it myself. It burst upon me the other day how with him I felt as on a rock, while others are struggling in the waves. His judgment, which day by day and incident after incident puts to the proof, gives that happy sense of security. We had a delightful little tour in the Highlands, and I saw David's old haunts about Loch Vennachar. Write to me here; we stay till the session opens, or perhaps later.

"Your ever affectionate

"HARRIET."

"To-day 21 letters by post, 2 by parcel for *Herald* and *Advertiser* to-morrow, 2 sketched for next day and 25 newspapers, besides 50 more papers ordered but not yet arrived."

It is impossible to do more than give examples of Mrs. Urquhart's enthusiasm and co-operation in the complicated machinery of her husband's enterprise. One of the chief reasons for our sympathy, in what must to many have seemed unavailing effort, is her absolute trust in him and loyalty to his ideas. On the

2nd of May, 1855, she writes to her husband's friend, Mr. Davidson:—

"We want your remarks upon the enclosed, which is designed for the memoir. It seems to be very important to deal with Cobden, and I know you have studied him. There is some pamphlet by a Pole which traced details in Cobden's pamphlet to a Russian source. Can you tell us about it? Another very important point has arisen, and I want your own experience on it. It has been particularly suggested to me to-day by an expression in a note from Mr. Rolland, who is in London. 'They' (Grant and Johnson) 'agree with everything one says, but shrink from the mention of your name.' Tell me what has been your own experience of persecution and difficulty from your friends or members of your own family? What have been your feelings under it, and on what have you fallen back for support?"

Mrs. Urquhart was naturally sensitive about the swarming calumnies which not only disparaged her husband, but destroyed in great measure his influence. The detractors were by the circumstances of the case many, and of high position, who readily believed that this dismissed servant of the Foreign Office, who so unsparingly lashed the ordinary Englishman in his panoply of respectable phrases, and who rowed "hard against the stream" of national complacency, was actuated by spite, and more or less mentally unhinged. But his wife was not without confirmation of her own loyalty from without. Her husband had much success

among the working men. Of a speech at Newcastle on June the 8th, 1855, a friend wrote to her:—

"The whole body of working men were breathless for three hours and understood every point, jumping down from seats and benches at the end to crowd round the man they felt was the only one to save and rule them."

Newcastle was a stronghold of "Urquhartism," as the scoffers called Mr. Urquhart's ideas, and the late member, Mr. Cowen, who so long represented the borough, was influenced to the last in a considerable degree by them.

A letter written at this time by Mrs. Urquhart to Mrs. A. P. Ruxton is interesting on many accounts, but chiefly as it throws light on Mr. Urquhart's conduct at Constantinople when Secretary of Embassy:—

"The very first letter David wrote since this business [the Crimean War] began, published July, 1853, was to point out that what is now proposed as the peace in 1855 would be the end, and would be infinitely worse for the Turks and more dangerous for ourselves than even if they had been conquered by Russia.

"Yesterday we went to Brighton by appointment to call on Lord and Lady Ponsonby. He was the Ambassador at Constantinople under whom David served when Secretary of Embassy there. Since then, the year 1853, they have not met. You have heard of David's being recalled at that time. Some months ago Lord Ponsonby said, in the presence of two or three friends of David's, 'He is the most generous of men. I ruined him and he has never spoken a word against me,' with much emotion. After some

time he bore testimony to his accurate judgment and his power of action. But now I have heard with my own ears what he thinks of my husband. He has been very ill, and said something to me of his invalid state. I replied that we never wanted him so much as now, on which he turned to David and said, 'There 's the man. He has been at work from the beginning and has always been right. He has never failed to point out both the wrong done and what ought to have been done.' More than once he returned to the subject and expressed the most complete concurrence with David.

"There is no trace in others of scorn and disgust for wickedness and wrong, and that same feeling for his country that a man has for what is most dear to him.

"Now I have got behind the scenes, as it were, by reading the vast mass of documents in his possession. In the East the revival of Turkey has been his work. I mean reforms of abuses in administration, and the formation of that army which did beat the Russians whenever we let them try it, just enough to show what would have happened had we only left them alone. It may seem strange at first that one without rank or power, without anything in short but himself, should do such things, should affect the destinies of the world. But the wise man said, 'One wise man will save the city, though many are the princes thereof,' and in history you will find that everything great has been effected by one man alone in his generation.

"The memorial to the Sultan I have referred to brings me to our immediate work. That paper, the same copy that the Sultan held, has just returned to us, having been three weeks in the hands of the Queen, returned with a note of thanks through the keeper of the Privy Purse. Direct communications are now opened. I look with reverence

at the silent pages, thinking of all that might have been done by their perusal, and of all that depends on the right judgment of that one head and the courage of that breast. May heaven give her both. I see no chance between that and revolution. This will show you the work going on in secret. It is not confined to any class or order. Whatever has been said in the House of Commons has been equally the fruit of his toil. He has driven on, worried and shamed now one member and now another to attempt something. Disraeli himself owes to him all his knowledge of the subject. There was a time when he went to David's bedside day after day to be instructed. In fact, I should hardly believe myself, but that I have the evidence before my eyes, that everyone who has spoken or written, whether on the East or on matters abroad or at home on the wrongs going on or the remedies, have been taught by him, have been roused by him into action, and have had their faces set the right way. As far as Parliament is concerned there is now but one man. With him it is not a question of knowledge, but of being supported in a position to act. I mean Disraeli. He is the only man who has pronounced the word 'connivance' as applied to the Government. This is David's judgment and Lord Ponsonby's conclusion also. He asked D., 'Is there any man you have hope from?' D. said, 'Yes, there is one, Disraeli, if he had occasion.' Lord P. said, 'Yes, you are right.'"

Without some knowledge of Mr. Urquhart's works on the extraordinary vitality and wealth of the Turkish Empire it would be impossible to understand this letter or to think it unexaggerated. It may be remembered too that Mr. Urquhart, the better to

impress people, sketched in somewhat heroic proportions, with broad effects and strange lines, which were found, however, to be consistent with absolute truth when the picture was filled in. Europe would have better understood his facts in the days when Belgrade and Vienna proved what Turks could do, and at the lowest point of the Sultan Mahmoud's fortunes what Russia could not do. Probably Mr. Urquhart understood foreign affairs better than English politics. The Celt, full of genius and knowledge, high resolve and energy, did not altogether comprehend English feeling, which is very different from that of the other races with whom he had mainly dealt. Practical and patient, but steadfast, patriotic without enthusiasm for ideas, abiding by law and custom, yet not very clearly appreciating the bases of law or the higher ends of custom, Englishmen are no doubt insular in their indifference to the justice or injustice of international practice as taught by the great European legists. The perfectly disinterested wrath of David Urquhart against the vast crimes of unjust and illegal warfare did not seriously move them, though here and there his fierce words struck fire among the artizans and persons capable of regret for national misdeeds, in which they had no hand beyond recording an ignorant vote. But we cannot too emphatically remind the reader that all the labour, the self-sacrifice, the life warfare of David Urquhart was to check the immense

evil of unwarranted bloodshed. Throughout the ramification of his work the idea is uppermost of reviving a national sense of duty to control diplomatists and Cabinets in this matter, and in so strengthening the rightful position of England as to give her influence for good and prevent interference for mischief, or waging "little wars" and bombarding harmless cities for party purposes at home.

There was increased activity among the Committees throughout the autumn, in protest against the Orders in Council by which the Right of Search of neutral vessels was waived. It was, as Mr. Urquhart saw, a preliminary to the celebrated Declaration of Paris in April, 1856, an event the results of which are not yet gauged. It is not proposed here to say more than that it became for Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart the most urgent of questions. They conceived, as many still think, that the Declaration destroyed the maritime strength of England, and it occupied much of Mrs. Urquhart's thought even to within a short time of her death.

The Declaration has been the occasion of many and even recent debates in Parliament. It is curious that in a leading article of *The Times* of the 3rd of March, 1891, many of Mr. Urquhart's assertions are reproduced, and the futility of the Declaration proved. If its provisions were carried out, *The Times* observes, after showing that wheat might be declared contraband of war by any people at war with us—

"We must be fed by British ships or not at all; and if our Navy cannot ensure that we shall be fed we shall lose not only that bagatelle of a carrying-trade which Sir William Harcourt does not think worth fighting for, but a crushing indemnity and our place in the world."

Meantime Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart had had a pleasant visit to Red House, accompanied by his sister Miss Urquhart. Mrs. Urquhart writes in June to Miss Curtis that her husband had returned to England—

"And may be about three or four weeks at Huddersfield, Sheffield, Birmingham, Leeds, &c. &c. He declares I sent him away! Certainly I did not ask him to stay, for this is no moment to think only of present enjoyment, and the field is so promising it must be sown. We may hope for great things; even cautious Mr. Attwood allows me 'to begin and hope.' While here (for ten days) David completed *Familiar Words*, and the whole MS. is now in the hands of the printer. I suppose you have *Gulliver's Travels;* pray look at Part IV., ch. viii. What the Houyhnhnms thought of 'opinion.' It is so excellent and gives one a key to most people, and a text too. You should see and bring it home to this gossiping race. I am longing for the second part of *Familiar Words* to come out. It is excellent on present matters, and a large portion is on 'opinion' and its organs. Every nonsensical word I hear is exposed in it. D. D. left me plenty to do, besides daily letters to be answered and ideas to send him for his speeches."

In August, and but five weeks before Mrs. Urquhart's eldest son was born, she writes to a friend:—

"If I were to attempt to give you an account of the last ten days it would be a volume. Sunday morning week I joined Mr. Urquhart at Birmingham. On the Monday we left it for Worcester. Since then there have been meetings at Worcester, Bath, Bristol, Gloucester, and Stroud. Each successful, and in each place a Committee formed and at work. But Stroud was something far more than success. It was wonderful! A large hall densely crowded with men, the gallery with women. All eager, enthusiastic, and excited. At the close it was a triumph, for there was a knot of Russellites (Lord John once represented it, and had been there that very day, and he was for that reason the subject of Mr. Urquhart's speech), and they, beginning by sneers and scoffs, had to slink away. The Chairman was a working man. They flocked in from the neighbouring villages, and we hear from a person travelling to collect statistics that in every hamlet Mr. Urquhart's meetings are talked of even by the children. They ask, 'What does it mean?' I am in amazement. Every town produces such heads, such genius, really I may call it. 'Happy man,' were the Duke of Cambridge's last words to my husband; 'Happy man who can speak,' as he clasped him by the hand. He began his speech yesterday by reading the Queen's letter to Lord Palmerston."

Mr. Urquhart's method was attractive by its very fire and scorn. He began with some paradox—as for instance, "Every party man is a knave or a fool"; the first time he said it there was disapprobation, the second silence, the third a cheer. "I want your attention, not your voices," he added. One of his

most active and loyal allies, Mr. Singleton, had been a red Republican and Atheist, a grinder by trade, but a man of political instinct and ability. His conversion is typical of many. He had formed a small group of working men who shared his opinions. They went together to the hotel where Mr. Urquhart was to hold a discussion, and were rather taken by surprise when the slight small figure with fair hair and blue eyes confronted them, and imperiously bid them sit down and listen. He liked to rouse first curiosity, then conscience, and finally passion. He did not find that facts interested or that conscience was alive; perhaps two in a hundred responded to the appeal to conscience, but all had passions, and he deliberately irritated the master passion of the men he wished to gain. He "knocked them down with their own words." As was said of Dr. Johnson, he "tossed and gored" several men at every meeting. "Self-love," he used to say, "makes a man seek to find me wrong. My facts are too strong; then he puts an objection and I catch him." Superior men were sometimes persuaded by these methods, but who can tell how many went away sore and angry with him, and but dimly perceiving that his paradoxes were simply thrown at them to astonish and rouse their perceptions. The "mostly fools" who make up the human race were but vexed, as a bull is vexed by picadors, when such utterances as "Indistinctness of mind is the greatest of crimes"; or, "You can only be emancipated by seeing the worthlessness of the human

race. Has not every citizen of every perishing state said, 'I am as good as my neighbour?'" It was a hard saying for the working men, but essentially a true one. "Were I to reduce to a single head the symptoms of social disease under which we labour it would be *vulgarity*, for its opposite, politeness, contains the cure even of our mental disorders"—a remark developed many years later in that very interesting essay on the value of ceremony in human intercourse, which bears for title, "La Désolation de la Chrétienté." If we were to cull even short apothegms such as these we might fill a volume, but it is easy to imagine Mrs. Urquhart's labour in lessening their inconvenient results, and her occasional anxiety when her husband was now chaired, now threatened by his listeners. But she was not less fiery in denunciation of stupidity than her husband, and possibly both erred by placing other people's sense of duty and intelligence as high as their own. She never expected anyone to be offended when the truth was put before them—an optimistic hope that never forsook her, however often she was disappointed in it.

CHAPTER IX.

MRS. URQUHART'S eldest son David was born on the 11th of September, 1855, at Castle Bromwich, a town near Birmingham, which for the time Mr. Urquhart made his headquarters. With extraordinary energy both of will and constitution she made a rapid recovery, and within a month she was active as ever.

From the birth of their child new horizons opened, both for her in her motherly devotion, and for her husband as a restorer rather than a reformer of educational discipline, and of the training of youth from the cradle. Whoever has read Mr. Urquhart's books of travel will remember how carefully he observed, and how heartily he admired, domestic manners in the East. He had now been married for more than a year, but with the birth of his boy he may be said to have begun his family life. Not only did he resolve to rear "a man" after his own ideal, but to set an example to English experts, parents, nurses, and even physicians, whose prejudices he flouted in many ways. He attained good results, though with much amazement and suspicion among onlookers, to whom he

did not always deign to explain his reasons, and who had not his experience. In fact, one of the many episodes in his past life was his entrance into the medical profession as a student, under Dr. Guthrie, for a short time. As the head of a family his hygienic enthusiasms took form, and he determined to teach Englishmen the uses of the hot air—commonly called the Turkish—bath. The propagation of faith in it, the establishment of the Hammam in Jermyn Street, and of many lesser baths in the provinces, is perhaps the only serious work Mr. Urquhart undertook which had not for immediate purpose the arrest of international injustice and war.

In the course of a tour in Ireland during 1856, Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart chanced to visit Dr. Barter's Hydropathic Establishment at Blarney, in the Co. Cork, and there it was comparatively easy to add the necessary rooms for the hot air, for the cooling process, the massage and douching of "The Bath." The establishment by a knot of friends of a paper, specially intended to spread Mr. Urquhart's doctrines and knowledge, allowed him comparative rest. It was founded in September, 1855, almost coincidently with his son's birth. He wrote largely in it, as did his wife; but the first numbers of the *Free Press* were easily filled from stores of accumulated matter ready for printing, and are curious and interesting, perhaps even more so now than then, as the passions and prejudices of the day have passed away, and we can better understand the facts from which the

contributors deduced their conclusions. From 1855 to 187, the year of his death, Mr. Urquhart and his wife wrote the greater part of the leaders and summaries of events. The *Free Press* first appeared in large type, and afterwards as a monthly paper, in form somewhat larger, though with fewer pages, than *The Spectator* or *Saturday Review*. In 1867 it changed its name to *The Diplomatic Review*, and of it in the succeeding decade Count Bernstorff said to Lady Waldegrave, the sister-in-law of Mrs. Urquhart, that it was "the only paper worth reading." It is impossible that it could have failed to influence the chosen few who read it intelligently and without prejudice, while certainly during its existence it had many students abroad. It was perhaps too serious and too single in its purpose for any considerable sale; but they were serious men who read it. Perhaps a keener sense of humour would have contributed the element which would have made it more digestible by weaker souls. Indeed, the whole work of Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart would have been helped by a better perception of the incongruities and grotesque lapses of human intelligence. Excellent as it was, the *Free Press* was *caviare* to the general. It was wanting in every-day bread and salt, and in the balancing force of sympathy with humanity, however fallible. But it remains an arsenal of facts too little known, a mass of logical conclusions carefully argued, if delivered in too forcible style for persuasion. It was in full

activity during 1856, and from the "Kiosk" at Blarney issued Urquhart arrows, searching every joint in the official and Parliamentary armour, and falling as thick as ever Robin Hood shot.

A local paper gives an account of the little home that Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart had arranged at Blarney.

"At some distance from the establishment a cottage is being built by Mr. Urquhart, the apostle of Oriental Baths, containing a hot air bath. The walls are built of turf, smoothly plastered, as a non-conductor of heat. On the slope of the hill, in front of the principal building (from which, however, it is invisible), Mr. Urquhart has erected a tent, exactly the same in size and fittings as those used by Easterns when travelling in the desert. At the back of the tent crimson pillows are piled up in the form of a long sofa, constituting the divan; around the sides are similar pillows, with a rope window placed in the canvas on either side above them. The floor is covered with a pure white cloth, and in the centre is a table of primitive structure, on which a few objects of Eastern workmanship are placed. The tent is open in front, and the whole has so Oriental an aspect that we could almost have imagined ourselves in Palestine."

But Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart were in Ireland, and in Ireland the traditions of an ancient practice of curing disease by hot air were alive. The remains of what were called sweating-houses still existed. They were built in the fashion of an oven, and after thorough heating, when the fuel was cleared out, the person in ill health crept into the little

cell and underwent violent perspiration, which frequently relieved him. The fact naturally interested Mr. Urquhart, and roused his regard for a people who, whatever their foibles in the present, had at one time been so wise. In September, 1856, he entertained the 120 workmen who had helped to set up the Turkish Bath at St. Anne's and to build his own cottage. A sheep was roasted whole with abundant pilaff, and "a stream of the national dish, potatoes," went down the centre of the table. The Mayor of Cork sat on one side of Mr. Urquhart, Mr. Richardson, M.P., on the other, and a Catholic priest acted as vice-chairman. The health of the Queen was "rapturously received," and Mr. Urquhart made an excellent speech on "Old Ireland," one characteristic sentence in which was, "I have heard it remarked as we came down here that this was like the olden time. The gentleman who used the word meant to convey that it was not according to our present habits for men of all classes to sit down at the same table together. Now I will tell you why that has ceased to be done. It is because men have ceased to be cleanly in their habits, polite in their intercourse, and truthful in their speech. Where truthfulness is not the rule there can be no charity, for how can men be charitable when they are always liable to be deceived. Their good feelings return upon themselves only in the shape of dupery incurred and fraud encouraged."

In October of the same year a local paper describes a "Torchlight Dance" in the woods of St. Anne's:—

"The country people were entertained at the back of the newly erected cottage. A circular space amongst the trees was cleared out and appeared to have been made on purpose, having a raised bank on one side. Here a divan was prepared for Mrs. Urquhart and the ladies from St. Anne's. It was formed of boughs and stakes driven into the ground, and covered with scarlet cloth. Two large fires and some gigantic torches threw their light on the party seated in the centre and assembled around on the platform of boards, afterwards used for dancing. An immense cauldron of tea was placed, surrounded by baskets of bread and butter. Then commenced jigs and reels, which in due time were interrupted by the appearance of a punch cauldron rivalling that of the tea, and the whole concluded with "Sir Roger de Coverley," led down the green by Mr. Urquhart and one of the ladies.

"Mr. Urquhart was asked to give the people a few words. He spoke on politeness, truthfulness, and cleanliness. At this time the picture was equally striking to the eye and to the mind. The group of listeners of all ages and degrees rivetted in attention between the mingled light of the moon and fire: the speaker solemn and quiet, until breaking forth in an appeal to virtue and truth he became impassioned and eloquent, and addressed the simple group of peasants in language worthy of those whose audience were sages and senators. To the mind what could be more wonderful than this language of reproach and counsel addressed, and under such circumstances by one man to his fellows. Centuries have elapsed since any one of those existed who have changed the manners of a people, and certainly never was the attempt made under such

circumstances by a stranger, bound to them by no tie but that of accidental and temporary residence, and with none of the aids that others have commanded for appealing to the imagination and the feelings.

"The most striking part of his address was perhaps the manner in which he connected cleanliness and politeness with religion, elucidating from the Bible by the story of Naaman and the command to Moses, 'Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy (or clean) ground.' This he connected with the well-known and still existing habits of Eastern nations, who placed a fixed barrier between dirt and cleanliness, never entering the dwelling of man or the temple of the Deity without dropping their dirty shoes; or, if barefooted, washing their feet. He mentioned how he had established that rule in the new cottage, and that a gentleman, a stranger to him, who had come to see it, had expressed his delight on being requested to take off his shoes, and told him that in the part of Ireland (Kerry) where he lived no countryman thought of entering a gentleman's house without doing so.

"Mrs. Urquhart was leaning on her husband's arm. She suddenly broke a pause by saying that she could not refrain from speaking a few words. The manner in which she did so was striking from its simplicity and earnestness, and appeared greatly to delight the people.

"The scene closed by the return of Mr. Urquhart to dismiss them after a renewal of the merriment, when they again asked him to speak to them, and he did so, concluding by asking every child there to begin next day by saluting their parents and asking their blessing, which was responded to by several little voices, 'We will! we will!'"

It was an autumn of comparative rest for Mr. Urquhart, but his wife took an interest in the newly-founded *Free Press*, and "an interest" meant for her doing all that lay in her power to do. It is not possible even to enumerate her letters, her leaders, and those statements of cases for which she had special power. Her style, perhaps, suffered from its occasional abruptness of assertion; her blows were too heavy in the period succeeding her marriage, and her effort to follow her husband's epigrams gave stiffness to her writing, which it lost with practice and greater certainty of her individual power. But at all times she wrote very remarkably. Extracts from a letter of hers to the editor of the *Free Press* will show what was working in her mind during that autumn:—

"*September 20th*, 1856.

"SIR,—With reference to the *Free Press*, it appears to me that you have a great field open to you on which you have not as yet set your foot. It is what is sketched out in your prospectus. You must not confine yourself to your summary of passing events, though unfortunately they have to be touched upon. In illustrating simply and copiously the various restorations mentioned in your prospectus you aim at a twofold result; wherever there is a brain with stuff in it to work out its own way you get them at once; you change them, not merely in their conclusions on each particular point, but in themselves; while what you have to say is so striking, because so simple, so comprehensive and yet so practical,

at once new and old, opening a field to worthy ambition, though closing it to the base; and to each mechanic, operative, cottar and labourer, each farmer and householder, exhibiting a plan that every one can understand by which to guard himself from great and increasing evils.

"'The power of the purse restored to the people' is a still more fertile mine to work. I would put it in another way, 'The duty of the man not to give his money without knowing and approving of the way in which it is to be spent.' This proposition, which no one can deny in itself, being impossible according to our present notions, can put them back in *idea* to the foundation of a community; as to fact, show them their own ancestors acting upon it as naturally and easily as they still go to market, cultivate their fields, eat their dinners, or perform any other act of daily life. It was as much the habit of their ancestors not to pay the tax-gatherer until they had gone to the Court of the Hundred, or the Borough or the Township, and heard what the money was wanted for and consulted with their neighbours, and with them approved of the vote to be given by their representative in the great Council—the Parliament—as it is theirs to take up the newspaper and read of so many millions voted for the 'Consolidated Fund' with as much or less interest than the Births, Deaths, and Marriages. I said, 'they would not pay the tax-gatherer,' but in truth there was no tax-gatherer; the tax was levied by the people among themselves by a jury appointed at the moment for the occasion of that special levy. You will remember that in those barbarous times the payment of any tax at all was the exception, not the rule. The man of

those days has then to be contrasted with the man of these. There is another point of view: the effect upon the mind of paying a direct tax to the tax-gatherer for a certain object, instead of its being filched out of the pocket by a 'duty' unconsciously paid in every whiff of tobacco and cup of tea, and then lumped into the Consolidated Fund. In the former case the very simple act of counting out the cash would force upon a man the sense of his position as a unit of the State. And what more does England want, to be herself again, but for each to have that sense? Could she have waged a war 'in the interests of civilization and progress' with such men in her? Would Lord Clarendon have dared to declare away at Paris her Maritime Rights, and in her name to say, 'England is disposed to renounce them definitely?'

"On these subjects I particularly beg you to glean for us out of the wisdom of the ancients and the present practice of Eastern countries. There never has sprung into existence, or continued permanent, any community but by the village and municipal system, the basis of which was direct taxation levied by themselves. Your last number gives a striking instance in Spain, even up to our day, of its result for self-defence, and you have it most graphically and minutely described in all its phases by Mr. Urquhart in his *Spirit of the East*, and in his *Wealth and Want*, or *Pauperism and its Cure*, brought to bear on ourselves and all our evils.

"CARITAS."

On the 27th of September, 1857, there appeared in the *Free Press* the first of three papers, entitled "The Story of the War," by Caritas. It is painful

reading, for it sums up the chief facts of that "insoluble mystery," as it has been called—the Crimean Expedition.

"During its continuance," she writes, "a mass of details, in the shape of letters of correspondents, official documents, and Parliamentary investigations, have been made public, which, no less in their amount than in their startling nature, have no parallel in antecedent human events. But they were read as mere news, and discussed as gossip; no one recollected the past or could conceive the end; but the peace has come to render intelligible the incidents of the war.

"The passions awakened at its commencement were not of a sordid nature, and took the shape rather of hopes than lusts. The anticipations were of national power and energies exerted, of foreign ambition restrained, integrity defended, and justice maintained. The disappointment which ensued did not put on a gloomy air, or assume a sanguinary character. It was transmuted into excuses, exerted itself in palliation, and found relief in the conviction that the managers were destitute of the ability requisite to secure success and foresight needed to avert disaster."

The paper was a brave attempt to say the truth, and prove it to a great extent from contemporaneous documents, which had to be wrought into shape for her purpose, as they were for the most part written in an antagonistic sense. One of our London papers, in an article on Mr. Kinglake, remarked recently that "Forty years ago John Bright stood alone in his condemnation of that war, and his voice was the only

one raised amid the din of arms and the clamours of the Press against the squandering of his country's treasure and the spilling of his country's blood. A generation passed and Bright's paradoxes, as he was fond of saying, had become truisms. The defenders of the Crimean War to-day are as few and far between as were its opponents when Mr. Kinglake devoted his life to the telling of it. The war itself was a series of blunders, just as the events which led up to it were a series of misunderstandings." This charitable view of our proceedings Caritas did not accept as true, and in fact it does seem incredible. Whatever conclusion we arrive at after reading her statement we must allow its ingenuity and power, and she may claim a place beside John Bright as having denounced the evils of the whole Crimean Expedition when all were against her, except her husband and his obscure committees. Was England in fact so short-sighted; had she no statesmen to give her eyes; or was there a tool of Russia, perhaps an unwilling tool, behind the scenes? This is the contention of Caritas. History may some day reveal the truth.

It is pleasant to get a side light at Mrs. Urquhart in a letter written soon after her arrival at Blarney by an acquaintance of hers at Cork. After describing a day of fatigue and excitement, she says:—

"Evidently in a quiet way Mrs. Urquhart does what she likes, looking very pretty and gentle, and ready for every exertion. I was glad to see her so lively and well

again; but she never seems to think herself ill, and so best. I shall try and imagine her a Hercules."

It was natural for old and anxious friends to question her absolute concurrence in her husband's methods as they concerned her nursery; but in nothing did he act without fully gaining her approval, and carefully explaining his reasons. On no subject were they better agreed than on the training of their children, and Mrs. Urquhart was rewarded. Their eldest son has always been exceptionally healthy and strong.

"This child," wrote Mr. Urquhart at the time, "may be killed by a brickbat, but he has no more to fear from disease than a calf or a foal; for this is life according to nature, using the elements for health and strength which, when misused, are those of destruction; and yet the experiment will be barren, for judgment cannot be conveyed by results."

At fourteen months old the child had learned the first lesson of politeness, to kiss hands. Bacon tells us that "Reason may affect the judgment, interest the conduct, but manners alone touch the heart"; and Mr. Urquhart writes: "It is by manners that the teaching of the child begins before he has learnt his letters. Manners are the curb on the passions; they are the guide of life from the cradle to the tomb; and by them you judge of the nation as well as of the man. A people's history is written in a salutation"—words of

more meaning than at first seem to our unceremonious age, words which justify the use of sacred ritual and the rules of human etiquette, and are ordered by "Reverence, that angel of the world," according to Belarius in *Cymbeline.*

Another son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart early in 1857, a child of singular and indeed too great intelligence for his physical strength, and fated to die in infancy and bring the first and very painful sorrow of Mrs. Urquhart's life; but not for more than a year later. Meantime her husband seemed to bask in his parental happiness, in plans for his children's welfare, and for the more perfect and general institution of the hot air bath.

CHAPTER X.

MARRIED LIFE, 1857.

EVERY year brought fresh labour to Mrs. Urquhart, and there were abundant causes during 1857 that her heart should burn within her. She was still at Blarney in March, but she, her husband, and David junior—as his parents loved to call their eldest son—and the baby Willie, moved to Lytham in June of that year. "The singular coterie," as *The Times* called Mr. Urquhart's group of friends, was extremely busy. What has been called the Lorcha War had been started in China, and the bombardment of Canton followed. There was much to say in reprobation of the war with Persia and of its motives, perhaps rather than its conduct. The question of the advantage to England of the Suez Canal was before Parliament, and Mr. Urquhart wrote as strongly in its favour as Lord Palmerston spoke against it. But political affairs that were not directly connected with morals had never the same interest to Mrs. Urquhart as those which she conceived came within a woman's cognizance and touched conscience—for women may prudently remain

aloof from public government, but they cannot be indifferent to the righteousness of the individual of whom they are the helpmate. The Sepoy rising in India fired her in every nerve. She was already, of course, conversant with another "insoluble mystery," the Afghan disasters of 1839. Her husband's ears had been ever open to the grievances of native races; but it needed greater courage to stand against the first fury of British wrath after Cawnpore and Lucknow than to discredit the Crimean campaign. There is nothing very wild in the following remarks according to our present temper, but printed before the year 1857 was out they bear extraordinary witness to the brave reasonableness of both Mrs. and Mr. Urquhart, who were absolutely of one mind at that juncture.

"It is laid down by the most eminent expounder of the law of nations, Vattel, that rebellion is lawful when oppression reaches the point of attacking 'the lives of the subject, or those things which make life desirable.' Such is the case which has arisen in India. The dangerous feature of the event, as also the prominently intellectual feature of the operation, is this, that the oppression has evinced itself on matters which according to our notions do not come within the scope of 'those things which render life desirable.' We are therefore in the impossibility of comprehending that which they suffer, and that which has forced them to the painful issue they are now undergoing. Consequently we attribute their act to some other cause than our act; and fashioning their act according to our passions we invent for them purposes of malevolence,

which immediately afterwards are assumed as justification for our course against them.

"Again, taking the rebellion to be causeless, and therefore criminal, in what position are we placed by our subsequent acts? We had either to treat the case as a sedition or as a rebellion. If it be a sedition you must deal with each offender legally, and execute sentence only after charge and proof of the things charged. You may execute criminals, but you cannot proceed by indiscriminate massacre; you cannot ravage, pillage, and destroy. If it be a rebellion—that is, war—you may ravage, pillage, and destroy, but you cannot execute. Proceeding simultaneously by both methods England is again out of the pale of law. This conduct has been pursued, not in certain exceptional and doubtful cases, but systematically and wilfully.

"When the report of the burning of the villages and the hunting down of the natives of the country as if they were wild beasts reaches England, it is printed, and moves to no public action except in approval and confirmation; thus showing that these acts were not merely systematic, as regards the Government of England, but also entirely in harmony with the feeling of the British nation."

Concerning the Sepoy Mutiny and its results there has been as complete a change of feeling as about the Crimean adventure. We regret the details of both all the more as they reflect discredit on ourselves. Now what is chiefly notable in the preceding grave remonstrance, published at the moment of blindest revenge in most English hearts, is its assertion not only of the wrongs the Indian natives had suffered, but of their inalienable rights as our

equals before God, rights due to them equally as to any European. It is no doubt difficult to accord this ideal justice, but it is a true conception of men's relations to one another, and uttered in the very frenzy of panic, it commands profound respect for the principle which dictated it.

The Fast Day appointed to be kept in humiliation for the Indian tragedy, or tragedies, roused strong disapprobation in Mrs. Urquhart's mind; she thought it but a thin veil for national self-glorification, and wrote on the 21st of October, 1857, in the *Free Press*, under the title:—

"THE SANE AND THE INSANE, THE FAST DAY AND THE RELIEF FUND."

"SIR,—In the course of the past week incidents have occurred putting in a stronger light the contrast of the two classes into which this nation is now divided. There has been a Fast Day. Shops were shut, churches were crowded, prayers were put up, and sermons preached. There was no fasting; we do nothing but in words. There was no repentance. No man examined himself."

Mrs. Urquhart concludes her letter by the passionate words:

"It may belong to Englishmen in 1857, but it does not to human nature, to hold that taking away life or property is more of a wrong and a crime than damning a man's soul according to his belief, or even than depriving him of those rights which make life worth possessing. Our power in India has for years been exercised to these

two ends, until the whole is wound up by punishing men for refusing to touch what will so damn them, and forcing the prisoners taken in the revolt so brought about actually to do the awful deed.

"CARITAS."

In 1857 we must remember how little was known of India, and that it was still under the Company whose methods with the natives could not well bear the light. It was right and reasonable that Mr. Urquhart should have on several occasions denounced them. Probably his conclusion on Indian affairs generally would have agreed with Sir Charles Napier's "Punish the Government servants first, and inquire about the right and the wrong when there is time," so general was the injustice of the officials. Mr. Urquhart argued with Sir Charles Napier's forecast of difficulties:—

"English and Indian may be amalgamated by just and equal laws, until we are no longer strangers. The final result of our Indian conquests no man can predict; but if we take the people by the hand we may count on ruling India for ages. Justice—rigid justice, even severe justice—will work miracles. India is safe if so ruled, but such deeds are done as make me wonder that we hold it a year."

Connecting the Sepoy Mutiny with his conviction that the probable move of Russian advance on India would be on a pretext of helping England in cases of reverses then, the alarmed indignation of Mr.

Urquhart can be guessed, while that of his wife flamed most hotly against what she thought hypocrisy sheltering wrong-doing; or in her own words, substituting "Proselytism for righteousness."

It is only fair to Mrs. Urquhart to observe how her instinct of justice is supported by what Lord Canning wrote to the Queen in September, 1857:—

"There is a rabid and indiscriminate vindictiveness abroad, even among those who ought to set a better example. Not one man in ten seems to think that the hanging or shooting of 40,000 or 50,000 men can be otherwise than practicable and right."*

At Lytham, on the Lancashire coast, where Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart stayed for a short time during the autumn of 1857, before finally settling at Riverside, which was to be their home for some years, their little boy, Willie, was not very well, and caused his mother some anxiety.

The reader can imagine how a child so delicate became an object of special care to his parents. As children multiplied they were anxious to form a comfortable home, and early in 1858 they were settled at Riverside, near Rickmansworth in Hertfordshire, not far from London, where a great deal of Mr. Urquhart's work was then centred. He had resolved to make Englishmen clean of body at least, if their minds were as yet dull. It was in a very serious

* Sir H. CUNNINGHAM's *Life of Canning.*

spirit of philanthropy that he spent a great part of fifteen months in promoting what is now the Hammam, in Jermyn Street. It was a difficult task to remove the wall of prejudice that feared the high temperatures he advocated, and to gain a sufficient body of support in the medical profession. It may be imagined how many already disposed to condemn his ideas, used epithets of which "eccentricity" was one of the mildest. Whatever, indeed, he wrote, whatever he undertook, was at once attacked by the innumerable persons he or his doctrines had offended, and Mrs. Urquhart insisted on bearing the brunt, and as far as possible softening or even putting aside the detractors who hung on his words and efforts. But, as everyone knows, he did succeed in establishing hot air and Turkish baths, built according to his plans, in many cities of England, and the Company which undertook the financial part of the Hammam has been a great success. Sir John Fife* was one of his oldest co-operators. Dr. Thudichum and Dr. Learedt assisted him in the many pamphlets and letters which were necessary to awake attention; but a great many physicians approved and advocated not only the profuse action of the skin as a remedy in some illnesses, but the scientific massage, which before was but little practised as a relief if not a cure

* A distinguished Newcastle surgeon. He was also much interested in politics, and had once been a Chartist; died 1871.

† Arthur Leared, traveller and physician; died 1879.

for diseased conditions of the body. Whatever her perfect conviction of its uses, and her enthusiasm for her husband's work of every kind, we do not think that Mrs. Urquhart was attracted by the subject as by any in which morals were directly concerned. The family installation at Riverside occupied her very much in the winter of 1857–58. The *Thermae* are thus described by a correspondent of Mr. Urquhart's paper, the *Free Press*:—

"The proportions of the Bath, though not so gigantic as report would lead me to believe, are quite sufficient to show in a private home what may be made of a public bath. It occupies two storeys and measures twenty-five feet in height, thirty feet in length, and twenty feet in width. It is heated by a furnace in another room and a flue which is not visible, and whose surplus heat dispenses with the necessity for fires or chimneys in six other rooms. You leave your clothes in a little compartment below, and enter the Bath on the basement storey. Here it is intended that you shall find the temperature at a hundred degrees, and you find a cistern for plunging. You ascend a staircase on one side of the apartment and arrive at a platform where the heat is expected to reach a hundred and fifty degrees. A plate of coloured glass lets in light from the roof, while a mirror from the wall reflects the person. A succession of small platforms leads to the ceiling, where the heat will be two hundred and fifty degrees, making a difference of a hundred and fifty in this one apartment. A funnel from the roof gives a draught of cold air, which is always available. When your purification is accomplished you robe yourself in a toga, and step out into a chamber looking on the lawn and over the fields across

the river. Curtains on the balcony separate the whole from the apartments on either side. A frame filled with plate glass admits the sight of the country to the Bath, while separating it from this chamber of repose, where, as in Turkey, coffee and narghiles and other refreshments complete your enjoyment."

Mr. Urquhart wished to give a good impression of what can after all be quite simply attained: a dry room of 250 degrees Fahrenheit and under. At this early stage of English practice and in his later residences, in all of which he set up a bath with ever-increasing experience, his hospitality was great to all sincere men who wished to test his re-introduction, not so much of the Turkish as of the Roman bath. He had many visitors, scientific or invalid, and Mrs. Urquhart seldom failed to keep her more desirable guests for breakfast. But her Riverside life was sadly, even tragically begun. The effort of cutting two teeth was more than the child Willie's health could bear; convulsions recurred, and he died. His death happened soon after he had been in the bath, which had before soothed and relieved him, and immediately the Dogberrys of the village set up an ignorant and spiteful outcry that he had been improperly treated.

Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart were new comers, and he had tried as usual to gain proselytes for the Bath. We have seen that his methods must have deeply wounded the self-love and dignity of the beadle mind.

The coroner was extremely hostile and ordered an inquest, a course which indeed roused the disgust of the physicians who knew the facts. In an indignant letter Mr. Crawshay, the eminent ironmaster of Newcastle, an old friend of Mr. Urquhart, ended a correspondence which has been printed by the emphatic words :—

"I have shared with Mr. Urquhart his parental enjoyments, and I have shared with him his grief, little anticipating that such circumstances of our intercourse could ever become public. I have learned from him what it is to be a father, which I did not know before. He has not noticed these calumnies himself, the question of legal proceedings on his behalf being still under consideration."

"G. CRAWSHAY.

"TYNEMOUTH, *April 3rd*, 1858."

Though she seldom, and only then on occasions when she had to meet some question or allusion to the death of her second boy from a friend in whom she could trust, spoke of this double trial, Mrs. Urquhart's life was never quite the same again. It strengthened her abhorrence of injustice ; it nerved her to still greater scorn for mis-statements and calumnies. It helped her to acquire that highest optimism which both recognises incurable weakness and error in men, and yet finds hope and consolation in the certainty of a final assize of perfect justice. But her health, which seemed so elastic, suffered—not at once, but later on. Occasional complaints of a

cramped hand and of being "knocked up" may be found in her letters, almost always coupled with a greater anxiety about her husband, who had laid foundations in his travels and rough Eastern adventures for more than one disease. Of course the malicious inquest was put aside, as one of many spiteful attacks, and Mrs. Urquhart sought consolation in fresh labour and fresh devotion to her husband, and her first little girl came after a time to fill "Willie's" cradle.

On the occasion of the Chinese War that year the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Wilberforce) moved a resolution at a public meeting: "That it is the duty of a Christian people to avail themselves of every new opening which is made for the preaching of the Gospel in heathen lands." The phrase acted as a spur to Mrs. Urquhart. With unfailing courage she protested. The question, "Are we a Christian people or not?" became to her almost painfully urgent. But it would be impossible to do more than indicate some of the public misdeeds, which she felt with extraordinary keenness. Interested in them on moral and perfectly disinterested grounds, her passionate objections to injustice of every sort were instantly roused. She herself would have been the first to recognise mistakes on her part had she been conscious of them, and possibly she was almost too single-minded, too trenchantly logical to allow for the shortcomings, the weakness, the perpetual compromise

through which a State steers its difficult way. That life was at a high level wherever Mr. Urquhart was, perhaps too high for reasonable repose, when conversations were for the most part carried on with exclusion of conversational padding. The following fragment, referable to the year 1858, on "Generalities," and recorded in Mrs. Urquhart's commonplace book, may be given as an example :—

"At breakfast, while conversation ran on several instances of unhappiness between husband and wife, some one present said :—

"Yes, there is a skeleton at every hearth."

D. U., very indignant, said :—

"It was a generality which in itself destroys all conversation, as it destroys all mental effort. It is always some form of words repeated from memory, which cost nothing to utter, but besides being a proposition which can be equally well denied or affirmed, and which no one can be certain of, extinguishes thought in those who hear, as the sudden appearance of a yawning gulf would arrest the movement of a traveller's limbs.

"But this phrase about a skeleton does more than this. It perverts, it justifies wrong by making it appear that it is not wrong, for it makes that which is wrong a misfortune, and further, a universality, and therefore entirely removed out of the control of the sufferer. Think what the state of that community must be who could accept such a description of themselves; think what the men must be who could invent and prepare it for them."

Query, how big is the skeleton? It might be

ill health, or something quite innocent, and Mrs. Urquhart continued after this aside :—

"It appears to me that it is not the amount of vice present among us, or the absence of virtue—that is worth considering—but that which prevents the cure of these evils, notwithstanding that they are universally acknowledged to be evils, and that the recorded description of what is good, beautiful, and excellent is still present. What prevents the cure is that an evil practice is turned into maxims, and these maxims destroy the value of the others. We, too, make the word of God of no effect through our traditions.

"Our practice, though still called evil, is accounted for, instead of viewed with horror. I speak in the remembrance of my former state when I say that we only compare ourselves with ourselves ; instead of comparing ourselves with other races and differently constituted societies, we measure them by ourselves. Then the very idea of a state different to our own, except when theorising on some possible future of perfection, is excluded. Take the point which gave rise to these reflections, *i.e.*, domestic happiness. I for one had no conception that domestic unhappiness was a symptom of a diseased condition, but believed it to be the common lot."

These were probably after-thoughts somewhat expanded, but the reader can imagine how a conclusion such as hers must have been contested, and if not contested, how puzzled and rather shocked ordinary listeners would have been—symptoms, as Mrs. Urquhart would have judged, of hopeful augury for their conversion. She deals further with methods

of conversation in a letter to Mr. Shallcross, who wished to be better initiated:—

"Your letter shows much apprehension of the proper method. When you fail it is in your reply to 'Oh! but the Sepoys are a treacherous race of people.' Your reply had here to be directed upon the speaker. Here is a capital example of the objector. He does not reply to your words. He neither denies, accepts, or asks a question. He says something else, which has no connection with what you said, but the word 'Sepoy.' It is only memory in him as far as his mind was concerned, and in disposition the wish to put away from him what you had said, that being by his own confession something new to him.

"'I never understood that before.'

"The best thing you said was, that what I had told you was new to you, you had not understood it before. If so you are not in a position to talk about it except to ask me questions. If he remained silent you could then take up the words themselves. Instead of saying 'Retribution must fall upon us, not upon them,' you should have said 'Treacherous!' Why, you had just agreed with me that we had broken faith with them. Then it was not they who were 'treacherous,' but we. Hunt him down upon 'treacherous' and 'race.' Are the Sepoys a race? Now, on 'the rebellion must be put down' you might have said 'why?' and thus got out of him that 'put down' meant by force; that all he had in his mind was that we must not lose India, and then the whole field was open, of how India was to be kept. The results upon England of its present state. What is to become of us now? Are we going to hold it by force? Are we going to struggle with 150 millions of people and remain just as we were before? If we could hold it by the sacrifice of debt, what benefit shall we reap?

What danger and proximate ruin must we not incur, even by mere lapse of time, without an enemy in Europe to take occasion of our weakness. The thing is to make it clear that one of two courses must be chosen. We hold it either by affection and trust, or fear and force. This alternative they hide from themselves by the phrases, 'strong government,' 'developing resources,'" &c.

The following notes of an address by Mr. Urquhart to one of his Committees, taken by Mrs. Urquhart in January, 1859, seem so excellent that we give the concluding portion:—

"As men lose themselves in their passions, that which is generally most prominent is self-love, showing itself in the fear of being found out to be wrong, and therefore the anxiety to be right. Self-love makes a man seek to prove me wrong; he will speak with that object, then study, when he finds he is not able for me in speech, and cannot controvert my argument nor disprove my facts."

Mr. Urquhart here gave several instances of men caught in this way, amongst them some of those the most useful as fellow-labourers.

"To know how to deal with what is said to you, you must know how to class it. When you do know how to class and phrase you will soon see how to deal with it. A man is known by the manner in which he listens to what is new. He will know himself by observing in what direction his mind moves. When a statement is made, either we are acquainted with its subject-matter, and can at once affirm or deny, or we are not. In the latter case, what is the only proper conduct of a rational being but to question? To

know how to put questions is the highest exercise of the human mind. It is the value of the Courts of Justice, and in it resides the application of all law. It is the means of attaining to truth and to be just. But what is the state of that mind which does not put questions, and does raise objections? This is the state you have to deal with. The man whom you have roused into speech will answer by an objection in every case, for otherwise he would be coming to you, not you seeking him. Now comes the battle. An objection —the word is *objicio*, to throw before, it may be compared to a shield interposed between himself and what you have to say to get rid of it—is something said in reference to a matter which has no reference to it. It must be so considered and dealt with; that is, as a new proposition—not answered as an argument, but attacked as a proposition. When a man speaks you must draw back into yourself; you have to take in what he says and convert it, put it into other terms, see what is in it, what it leads to. Then all the effort of the mind being given to this, how to deal with it will come of itself. The difficulty is to apprehend, to take hold of his words, not to answer them."

CHAPTER XI.

IT were difficult to exaggerate the constant labours of Mrs. Urquhart in furthering Mr. Urquhart's views, and in applying the European lessons which in 1859 testified to their truth. But she and her husband's efforts were for the most part forecasts and warnings of events before their occurrence. When the catastrophe took place which they had feared they were generally calm, while other people lost their heads and lamented. A letter written by Mrs. Urquhart to Mr. Buxton in November, 1858, gives the gauge of her intense earnestness. There had been a question of how best to keep the Christmas of that year in some special manner, and she writes:—

"But something more than this is in Mr. Urquhart's mind. He wishes to have a meeting on Christmas Eve, on Christmas Day, and on the day after Christmas. In the same way he might have a meeting New Year's Eve, New Year's Day, and the day after; thus to have three meetings connected with each day.

"But I want you specially to consider how far a religious character can be given to the meeting on Christmas Day, by which I mean whether there could

be religious service and common prayers and portions of Scripture read. The idea first occurred to me from feeling how hard it would be to meet the common world in a religious celebration of that day. We go to church (the House of Prayer of that form of religion in which we were brought up and which is established by law) to avoid scandal, and there being in the prayers that which is true and just, even like the Scriptures themselves, notwithstanding the pain of worshipping with those whose prayers are a solemn mockery, and the constant risk we run of having to walk out of church on account of some atrocity in the sermon. But the special celebration of the birth of that Saviour by those whose acts daily crucify Him afresh is another matter. I feel that in it I could not join. On the other hand, not in some way ourselves to celebrate it is not only to cause scandal, but is painful to oneself. These considerations led me to speak on the matter to Mr. Urquhart. I found that it has been long with him a matter earnestly desired, but this was accompanied with the sense of the great difficulties surrounding it. It would be a step of protest and separation, and at the same time not oblige anyone to separate himself on other occasions from the religious body to which he belonged. It would be to return to the real religion of our forefathers, as we desire to return to their laws. Change in religion is associated in the common idea with infidelity and free thinking, as change in matters of government is with revolution.

"We must desire to show that in the one as in the other it is restoration that we seek—the returning to the old paths."

In February, 1859, we find one of the leaders of the Committees Mr. Urquhart had established tentatively proposing to write a "report." To him Mrs. Urquhart replies on the "business of the Committees":—

"Pray recollect all that a schoolboy has to go through in learning Latin or French. Merely reading a grammar or translating a book with a dictionary will not give you the use of a language. The scholar has to write his exercise or his theme, he has also to answer questions, and every boy knows how easily he may be mistaken as to what he does know because he is subjected to questions to try his knowledge.

"A man can do nothing with his mind until he knows how to use it. You would see that at once if one spoke of a machine, a printing press, or steam engine. The difficulty is that men do not look upon their mind as a machine, and therefore do not work with it as such. The first thing an engineer does is to put his engine in order. If he can do that he can work it easily enough. But he never could do it if he was not quite clear upon the distinction between himself and his engine."

The same or even greater multiplicity of interests, all attaching to Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart's championship of justice and mercy in their crusade against unjust war, marked the whole of 1860. The butcheries of Magenta and Solferino, the piracies of Cavour and Garibaldi, were so many commentaries on their passionate remonstrances—in too many minds *faits*

accomplis were answers to the few voices which were raised for law and right. Still their words were worthy of attention. Many letters from well-known foreign publicists and politicians indicate the large interests in which Mrs. Urquhart took a part, and the value set on her work by men well acquainted with the *mot de l'énigme* of most European convulsions.

In May, 1860, Dr. Fischel wrote to her from Berlin :—

"Dear Lady,

"I hope this letter will reach you all in good spirits and health.

"Events are thronging. Clouds are thickening in such a way that even the blind and dumb become alarmed. What have the last days brought to us ?

"1. Russia asking for a Congress, in order to debate its treatment of the Christians in the Turkish Empire.

"2. France sending a fleet for the protection of the Christians to Turkey.

"3. Garibaldi landing under the protection of English men-of-war."

Dr. Fischel's letter is too long for quotation, but he writes of Russian intrigue in Mr. Urquhart's sense.

Of a pamphlet he had in hand in June, 1860, Dr. Fischel writes what is not perhaps "ancient history" in its distrust of Russia :—

"It will be published in French. It shows how there was friendship between France and Germany, even sym-

pathy, before the 2nd December. This sympathy is gone, and mistrust has been raised. French papers complain about the Treaties of 1815, and proclaim the natural frontiers. I show now at the end that to get these frontiers France must sacrifice its historical and natural policy in the Orient: that it must hand the Catholic Church from the tolerant dominion of the Padishah to the tyrannical uniformity of the Greek persuasion, to see at last the Mediterranean converted from a French lake—as French politicians dream—into a Russian one.

"Mr. Prokesch will perhaps not come hither, for it is not so necessary now as some weeks ago. The better understanding between Austria and Prussia is making progress. The trip of Napoleon to Baden is told to be a failure on his side. The honesty of the Regent stood against all temptation. He declined as well to sacrifice a German village to France as to take a spade of foreign earth. He stood on the ground of his Royal speech at the end of the session.

"I consider the respect of the rights of others as the best means to protect mine own.

"It is perhaps a fortune that he is only upright and of no great understanding. The men of spirit are much more fit for being rogues than he—a simple honest man, who only wants a little more knowledge of the true state of things. What detains him from foul play is a real sense of right."

An interesting letter to Mrs. Urquhart in the same year, 1860, from Professor Bodenstedt,* whose varied

* Poet and Publicist, author of *Travels in the Caucasus and the East, Thousand and One Days*, writer in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and Editor of the *Austrian Lloyd's Journal*.

experiences and genius are well known, drew from her husband an answer specifying so well his work and character that it throws valuable light on her devotion to him.

Professor Bodenstedt was living in Munich, and in constant attendance on the King of Bavaria, so that he could not visit England as Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart wished. He writes:—

"Having thus no possibility of seeing you for the next time to come, I will not tarry any longer to inform you by a few lines how things are getting on here. A general fear is prevailing throughout Germany that war will break out again before long, and will find us as little united as last year. Austria is in a state now quite at the mercy of Count Rechberg, one of the most stubborn blockheads that ever justified Oxenstiern's word on the rulers of the world. Meantime the great impostor of the West has by his humbug with the Pope, and by his *soi-disant* free trade transactions with John Bull, won the sympathies of all German Doctrinaires and *idéologues.* They persuade themselves into the belief that he must be after all a great man indeed, and there are even plenty of learned blockheads who expect from him the unity of Germany after his having accomplished that of Italy. Others see no salvation but in a close alliance with Russia, and I am sorry to say that amongst those are men of the highest influence both in Austria and Prussia.

"Under these desolate circumstances the dictates and exhortations of truth and knowledge are of no avail whatever. Promotion justifies the shame and sues for it. I speak in plain words and say the plain truth in order

to prevent you from putting hopes in my exertions which cannot be fulfilled. Since my name has been associated with that of Mr. Urquhart all my endeavours are become useless. They think him to be as honest as myself, but they hold him to be a *monomane* and an unpractical man, notwithstanding his learning and genius. I have partly in translations done by me and others, partly in the original, brought everything of any importance emanating from Mr. Urquhart to the knowledge of those that might change the face of the world and settle things according to justice and wisdom; but they are struck with blindness or dare not to make use of this power. My manifold exertions since our interview in Berlin have had no other result, on the whole, but to deprive me of the influence I formerly had. What you wished me to do, if I have guessed right from the hints in your different letters, in inviting me to come to England, *has been done* by me, and in the most prudent way, but without any visible effect.

"Everything that Mr. Urquhart wished to have brought to the knowledge of certain high persons in England, whom I need not name, *has been brought* to their knowledge; yea, the *receipt* has been acknowledged, but therewith business was done and every further connection cut off. Even from Prince Frederick, to whom I wrote twice, I have received no answer, and if I were to publish with his consent the papers he sent you in 1853 nobody would at the present moment pay attention to them: the highest interest-deserving though they are. It is a desolate state of things I am living in. To love one's country as I do mine; to see the dangers threatening from the East and from the West; to direct people's attention to them, and to preach for deaf ears; to see

scoundrels glorified as heroes, and honest men shunned as fools; to see folly triumphant and wisdom despised—might break one's heart.

"I can give you only a few hints, your imagination will easily supply the remainder. Present my best compliments to Mr. Urquhart, and believe me ever to be

"Yours most faithfully,

"FRIEDRICH VON BODENSTEDT."

The reader will perhaps have read the excellent account of the meeting at Baden of Napoleon and the Prince Regent of Prussia, by M. Rothan, published first in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and will appreciate Dr. Fischel's estimate of its results. We only approach these interesting points of history to illustrate how extended were Mrs. Urquhart's horizons, and her husband's reply to Professor Bodenstedt's letter just quoted is a measure of his own enthusiasms and fears.

"RIVERSIDE.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have to thank you for your letter February 27th, 1860, and to congratulate you upon it. I have to thank you for enjoyment such as that of a masterly sketch of a grand object afforded to the eyes of the body. I have to congratulate you on a performance which, recalling the touch of a Tacitus, has its lines interwoven with purposes and inspirations which never found entrance into the noble Roman's mind. It was not within the limits of his being to despair for his country, for it had never entered into the thoughts of his mind to save her.

"My life and labour is well repaid to have made one man see, and seeing despair amidst such a generation.

"A third consideration is surprise. You have sent me a letter which you expect to carry to me pain and sorrow, but instead of disappointment that you have not done more it is astonishment it brings me that you have held on so long. You were not armed to go out to the fight. You had only seen that a battle was needed.

"Despair is the womb of action. Every man who has been worth anything has begun by despairing, but the despair must not last an age. A second of time is enough to complete that phase of existence. I can distinctly recall the condition in my own thought, though I should have difficulty in assigning to it an historical period in my existence. It was but the sudden coruscation when the dark cloud condenses itself. To despair of a world is to despise a world and be oneself.

"At that time I was no more than a boy. I could converse with none. I worked my way for years in the dark, accumulating materials through the eye until I had disciplined myself so that I should speak, and by the process of asking people questions which they could not answer. And thus I proceeded thereafter, neither hoping nor despairing, but busy with my work alone, having greater enjoyments in that work, failure after failure though it be, than all the luxuries that hope can confer upon the sanguine or despair upon the misanthrope. Nor, indeed, could there be for me a greater sacrifice which duty could call upon me to make, than the enjoyment which I should be bound to entertain in coming to be successful.

"And yet in one respect I have been successful and have performed great things. I have stayed many things

which otherwise would be additional torments to those in which you are at present involved, and I have traced around the events of our age a correcting commentary for the perusal at least of future ages, so as to render incomplete what otherwise would have been a legacy of certain destruction in the inextricable perversion of the sources of history. That this commentary is not unavailable even for present ages is proved by your own letter and your own great despair.

"The matter upon which I was particularly anxious to see you is one with which you are unacquainted.

"The communications you have made are not leaves scattered, but seeds sown. My ambition in reference to you is now a tranquil fortnight here.

"Looking over, the other evening, correspondence of Lord Ponsonby of 1836, I found a letter filled with indignant denunciations of the Minister he was serving and the country to which he belonged, ending not with expressions of despair, but with these words—

"'*But we live.*'

"I again resume the pen to recall your own words to the Prince Regent of Prussia. Most remarkable words, by which you met a commonplace momentary objection: 'Consider that Russia has been at the work in which she is at present engaged for a century and a half.'"

CHAPTER XII.

SYMPATHETIC letters from Lord Dundonald,* the Lord Cochrane of the Basque Roads, helped to strengthen Mrs. Urquhart's hopes that her husband might yet influence for good, men of experience and integrity; but the passage through the press of Mr. Urquhart's travels in the Lebanon was probably her chief care in that year. In July her eldest daughter was born, and soon became by her wit and playfulness a merry little companion to her more serious and responsible brother of five years old. The house and Bath at Riverside were visited by a curiously varied series of friends, Asiatic and European. Mr. Urquhart at all times loved gardening and rare trees and shrubs; his strawberries were grown on a system of thorough drainage and reflected heat from slates, which certainly produced exceptionally fine fruit. The reader, making allowances for a somewhat over-colouring memory, will find an amusing sketch of the life at Riverside in the small book published by Blackwood in 1890, and

* Earl of Dundonald, better known as Lord Cochrane, brilliant and daring sailor, died in October, 1860; served in Chili and Brazil with complete success. Action in Basque Roads, 1809; helped to paralyse Napoleon's maritime efforts.

entitled *In the Days of the Dandies.* Mr. Baillie Cochrane, as Lord Lamington was then, was a brilliant member of Disraeli's party in the House of Commons. He could at least gauge Mr. Urquhart's superior knowledge to that of most M.P.'s, if not most Ministers. He describes him in an interview with a deputation from one of the Foreign Committees quoting "treaty after treaty with an amount of detail perfectly astounding." Lord Lamington said truly, "His correspondence was enormous. I have always been surprised some portion of it has not been published; it would throw light on a great many diplomatic negotiations"—but the visitor was mistaken when he thought that Mr. Urquhart employed a tribe of secretaries and clerks. Except some copies of MSS. occasionally made by friends, Mrs. Urquhart was her husband's sole secretary. Her work was enormous and exhausting, for she contributed not less to the matter than to the penmanship of Mr. Urquhart's immense production of pamphlets, letters, and articles for newspapers. In household and family affairs she bore the whole responsibility, and indeed she was her husband's substitute in many and difficult interviews with men of business. They were engaged in a troublesome Chancery suit at that time, which required her close attention to elaborate accounts, none the more easy or agreeable that she had to trace sums of money which had disappeared in an unsatisfactory way. For a time she was obliged to

practise, and what was more difficult, to persuade Mr. Urquhart to practise, very close economy. But she was one of those rare persons who did not fear to spend where there was good reason, and yet could hold the purse strings firmly. It was part of her husband's duty, as it was always his wish, to receive guests important to the aims of his life. Riverside held its doors open often to very unexpected supporters with a simplicity of welcome and generosity of spirit that had at all times been the rule of Mrs. Urquhart's life. But she underwent the severe training of insufficient income, and notwithstanding the sacrifice involved, favourite trees and shrubs her husband had planted, of the model Bath and the "plant" of a well-arranged home, she found that after four years' residence there, Riverside must be let and afterwards sold.

Harriet, a second daughter, was born at Worthing in 1862, and as usual Mrs. Urquhart had worked on with Spartan courage, too eager in her husband's causes perhaps to call hers self-sacrifice, but with a courage and endurance rarely shown in these days. In one of Mrs. Urquhart's letters at this time she says, "Everyone is so easily got *not* to judge for themselves"; and how much more can that be said now when the Press does our thinking and forms our judgments, and we have almost done with prudence and foresight in our confidence that "somebody" will make all right. Her friends will remember Mrs. Urquhart's half grieved, half surprised face, when

they pleaded indifference and helplessness in issues perhaps being fought out at the Antipodes, or elsewhere, as mere diplomatic faults and follies. At all times in her life she had possessed the same active sense of personal duty—the reverse of Hamlet's mood, who lamented the "cursed spite" which forced him to inquiry and action. The reader would weary if Mrs. Urquhart's constant effort during the years of her Riverside life were insisted on too minutely. She suffered often extreme fatigue, but no trace can be found of discouragement. By her husband's side, working for him in health and sickness; his support whether in elation or despondency; never untrue to her sense of justice, though righteously angered by the conspiracy to crush him—which certainly existed in some influential quarters, and had succeeded in discrediting him with the public—Mrs. Urquhart led a life of incessant intellectual battle along a very extended line of subjects. Mother, and responsible for home management, as well as for the conduct of their affairs, complicated by the establishment of the Hammam, in Jermyn Street, and by various outgoings and some very uncertain returns connected with her husband's past enterprises, she had anxiety not less than work in every day of her unselfish life. Mr. Urquhart's health was not good, and under no circumstances are economies more difficult of due balance than when the well-being of those we cherish is affected by them, and when a lawsuit (indeed, more

than one) is pending which may alter the prospects of an income. To her brother, Mr. Fortescue, Mrs. Urquhart wrote at this time :—

"The uncertainty we are in is the great difficulty because we cannot live here, although the pony is sold and everything reduced as far as possible within our original income. This made my first impulse be to give it all up. Then on consideration and consultation that appeared a bad plan. First, as regards relinquishing the possibility of a hold over this house. That was Hanrott's opinion (Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart's solicitor), and then the ultimate loss and pity it would be if we succeeded, besides the immediate expense and difficulty of getting a place to hold our books and papers, &c., for which we would have to pay rent also. We could not have gone off to a cheap place, because we must be near London while our suit is pending. Therefore we are determined to remain here, which we do without getting into debt by using the price obtained for the *Wizard* (a ship commissioned by Mr. Urquhart to be used in maritime salvage by new methods of diving); that is to say, by great prudence and management I calculate we can go on without getting into debt for a couple of years, when Hanrott thinks we may expect our affairs to be settled. But it is indeed only by great economy that we can rub through this time."

Meantime the Hammams established in various parts of England were popular, and she writes to Mr. Fortescue :—

"There has been a great 'Turkish Bath Festival' at Keighley, in Yorkshire, where there is one of the best of the Baths, built by working men (members of the Foreign

Affairs Committees). We hear this morning there were 800 people, and great success. They had a lecture upon the Bath, functions of skin, &c., tea and music. Two letters were read from Sir John Fife and the House Surgeon of the Infirmary where the Bath has been built, giving a list of diseases in which they have tried it and found it most beneficial. They are proceeding cautiously to work—only, indeed, feeling their way—so it should be considered very conclusive as regards such cases as they have tried it in. By degrees they are extending its application. One thing the House Surgeon mentions, which should reassure timid people, which is that the circulation is scarcely affected at all up to the highest, and they have tried 150 degrees Fahrenheit, even in cases of decided heart disease."

We have not delayed over Mrs. Urquhart's labours in connection with the public events of these years. Her husband and she were less interested in the great catastrophes of Europe than in the tortuous and sometimes criminal diplomacy which prepared them, and the failure in national morals which allowed and profited by them. The battles of Solferino, Sadowa, or Sedan roused in them little excitement, while the secret aims of those who conspired against Poland and Schleswig-Holstein were exposed with zeal. Cavour, probably the most able of European intriguers—not excepting Bismarck—gained from Mr. Urquhart but summary attention. He dismissed most of the men imagined to be patriots as Russian agents of confusion in Western Europe. Their moves only

roused him when he foresaw injustice to the weak. He worked to avert war, not for sentimental reasons, but when it was illegal and unjust. Its "horrors" did not touch him so much as the wickedness or carelessness of nations who allowed their agents to drag them into bloodshed. For instance, both Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart disliked the Red Cross Society, invented after Solferino, because they considered that it made war less cruel and hateful, and relieved those responsible for it from their full share in its terrible results. The bullying war in China, of which the chief end was the loot of the Summer Palace at Pekin; the bombardment of Kagosima, because imprudent and ignorant Englishmen had offended a Daimio and met the usual punishment, were to him really horrible. He and Mrs. Urquhart had, if one may use the expression, the superstition of law, perhaps she the most; and in our sensitively selfish dislike to rigid doctrines of justice, a main reason for the antagonism of so many to "Urquhartism," lay in its awkwardly fierce doctrines of good faith and the obligations of conscience. Mr. Urquhart believed in the sacredness of treaties; hence his fear that England should be tied once and for ever by—let us say, the Declaration of Paris. To repudiate them, to neglect Vattal and Grotius, was to him, as to his wife, distinctly criminal, even to the extent of abandoning friends who were lax in these matters. It is noteworthy how much is being gradually proved right and true in words and warnings of these valiant

champions of what seemed, and perhaps still seem to many, "lost causes." But causes founded on principles of justice have a way of living through the darkest ages, while egotist intriguers and followers of the "jumping cat" have only for a time impeded justice. Principle, well reasoned and consonant with the experience of humanity, at all times underlay Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart's action. Examined closely, what used to be thought "eccentric and faddish" in their conduct had grounds not only sufficient, but loftily good. No doubt they lived in a rare atmosphere, too rarefied for the people who exist on the talk of the day and on the example of the multitude, and most of such people were repelled by them. When endeavouring to look sympathetic and well-informed, acquaintances brought the news to Riverside about Lord Palmerston's last squabble with Lord John Russell, or last exhibition of independent diplomacy; when Society pointed its long ears or laid them viciously back over some trumpery Bill, involving danger to the Ministry, such quidnuncs were generally severely snubbed, and an energetic article followed in the *Free Press* to show how in the presence of national crime and danger to the constitution itself, and treason to the Queen, such effervescence in the Parliamentary mob was of no serious account.

Mrs. Urquhart knew very well the cost of thus standing aloof from the rest of the world, but she never hesitated. This is well brought out in a letter

written at about this time to Mr. Fortescue. We quote an extract from it:—

"It is surely no new thing in the world that one man should say to his fellows, 'You have become corrupt,' meaning not an intention to do wrong in each, but the loss of a certain standard of right, and that certain phrases have become habitual on the lips of everyone that disguises from each the truth. If this state of things does exist it must be universal, because it is only by being so that it does exist, as it can only exist by not being known. If you would look upon this picture as a historian and a poet, imagining yourself to be removed from it by a lapse of years, I think it would strike you as something remarkable that any persons should come to say to themselves that they had been corrupt, and should consequently so separate themselves from others as to incur always reproach and contempt, besides loss of friends—sometimes loss of worldly substance, and the sacrifice, if it be a man in public life, of every object of ambition. You know this must be so even better than I do. As to singularity, it is those who are changing everything that say of the man who objects, 'You are singular.' You know that really, so far from standing alone, he (David) represents the distinguished men and the generally received opinions of the past as opposed to the present—that past coming up to the present generation (in some respects almost to the present moment)."

In January, 1863, Mr. Fortescue's marriage to Frances, Countess Waldegrave, was a great happiness to Mrs. Urquhart. All who have known Lady Waldegrave will understand that the genius and honourable sincerity of Mrs. Urquhart would quickly

secure her goodwill, and in many ways her sympathy. Lady Waldegrave knew too much of politics to think Mr. Urquhart's ideas altogether chimerical, as most Englishmen have been taught to consider them. Her unfailing interest in him, and the affection which grew apace between her and his wife, was an undoubted support and consolation to him. "Lady Waldegrave," Mrs. Urquhart writes on one occasion, "knows that what she said of David is the very thing above all others I should have liked her to say."

The following letters will show the affectionate and frank relations between the sisters-in-law. Mrs. Urquhart writes, a few days after the wedding :—

"WORTHING, *January 26th*, 1863.

"MY DEAR FRANCES,

"I should like to have written to you the very minute I got your note, which both amused and delighted me. I daresay you can guess the part that amused me, *i.e.*, about conceit. I think I can imagine how happy you are—you both are, for I am sure that Chichester will make a delightful husband, although I should make him a very bad wife. How wonderfully you have expressed my very thoughts about your marriage, drawing my dearest brother and myself so closely together. The whole thing is strange, but very pleasant. Now that the immediate excitement of the marriage is over I begin to think more of you as my sister, as well as his wife ; so that I think our thoughts have been very much alike. The truth is, I have loved you from the time I knew that you loved him ; and I don't call that loving you for his sake only, because then I thought I knew what you must be. I will not

promise, however, never to be a little alarmed at you, because I think you are excessively penetrating. I should be very much alarmed only that I believe you are quite as generous, and have not an atom of reserve about you. You will now be at Strawberry Hill. I should like to see it without a crowd of people, and you two—now the nearest and dearest after my own home here—in your household ways. Our life here is divided between writing, reading, and walking, seldom interrupted from without, which *I* like very much. Ask Chichester to tell you of one cottage where we go to breakfast. Some time ago we said to one another, 'Perhaps Chichester and his wife will one day be here with us.' I saw Lady Cremorne Saturday morning, and had a comfortable chat with her about the marriage, for we were quite of one mind about it. David sends his love, and Daisy.

"Your ever affectionate,

"H. A. URQUHART."

"WORTHING, *July 20th.*

"MY DEAREST FRANCES,

"You see we both agree about silence being a bad thing. We must indeed pay you a visit, and then I should like to bring little May to see you. But are you ever alone, or nearly so? Some time or other, too, I should so much like to see your place among the mines and Mendip Hills.

"What do you think of our Isle of Wight project? It is not nearly so nice as going near you, for I think that would be the only way ever to see much of you. But I think that you will agree with me that it is really better to try it. Sometime or other we may be able to fall back on our plan. . . The immediate cause of David's going

to town was an accident to the great sheet of glass between the hot and cold rooms in the Hammam. I daresay Chichester has laughed at his printed notices that 'fifty pounds penalty would be required from the person, or his *executors*, who by violent proceedings in the tank should break it.' Well, it is broken at last, but by a shampooer; and he himself and one other was much cut, and might have been killed. However, it is only broken towards the bottom, and can be easily put to rights again. The men there have had a supper given by the Company, with their wives and children, and they asked to have David's bust for the occasion, and sent him a nice address. They also gave a gold chain to Johnson, the Superintendent, to show their sense of his fair dealing, &c. We did not hear of this until it was over. Is not this gratifying? Chichester knows something of the very different spirit that at one time prevailed, which cost us many journeys to London, and David much anxiety and trouble. However, since we left it last there has been nothing gone wrong, which enables us to think of moving further from London. It has been a relief to us.

"I must stop. I write this to Carlton Gardens, supposing you to be there now. David has so many people to see he will never have time to go there."

In the same style of cordial intimacy are all Mrs. Urquhart's letters to Lady Waldegrave, consulting her about affairs and plans in which Lady Waldegrave took a sisterly interest. In June a tenant was found for the house near Rickmansworth, and Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart were free to choose another home, if it were only to deposit there their books and pamphlets, English and foreign.

In a letter to Major Poore Mrs. Urquhart writes from her brother's house, Dudbrook, Brentwood, September 10th, 1863 :—

"Nothing worth telling you has occurred here except that my husband has got upon the best footing possible with M. Van der Weyer, who is gone to-day, I am sorry to say, for he is a most agreeable man. The Duke and Duchess (D'Aumale) did not arrive until late on Tuesday, kept by some public dinner or something. He is a very prepossessing man. No conversation has as yet taken place (except commonplaces) with my husband; unless that in the smoking-room last night one of the English, hoping that the French would occupy and possess Mexico —to which the Duke did not agree—my husband says he could not contain himself from reproaching the Englishman, at which the Duke seemed pleased rather than otherwise."

Mrs. Urquhart to Major Poore.

"Worthing, *October 4th.*

"What you said in a letter lately about knowing how to turn things to account made me think of my first lesson by Mr. Urquhart after our marriage. When a letter came he asked me, 'What is to be done with this letter?' telling me this had to be decided at once, so as not to have the trouble of thinking of it again. Thus by degrees I got the idea of turning everything to account. As soon as I got this my former life seemed to have been one all of words. Of course to have this habit one must first have an object. That object we have; those who live only in words cannot have it."

Few more generously and with greater zeal took a share in Mr. Urquhart's work and ideas than Major Poore, from the beginning of their acquaintance in 1862. The brilliant officer of the 10th Hussars became not only a willing pupil, but a valuable co-operator. He travelled by Vienna to Constantinople in the summer of 1863, laden with introductions and political commissions to many of Mr. Urquhart's allies in those countries where Russian advance was better understood and more dreaded than by the English within their four seas.

A character of Mrs. Urquhart, written either from personal knowledge or from analysis of her handwriting, is in any case so correct that it deserves insertion in this memoir:—

"This is a noble character; be always worthy of its esteem. With a cold exterior great worth, a furnace under a coat of ice. Very religious and independent in her opinions. Sometimes drooping and sometimes feverishly active. More generally contemplative. Very quick in her conceptions. Of a clear-sighted judgment, judging from the smallest things. A loving, warm-hearted character. Though gay, the ground of her character is melancholy. She is calm in manner, and sometimes feverishly nervous. A strange mixture of oak-like strength and flower-like weakness, a compound of child-like credulity and serpent-like prudence. I would see my friend give himself up to her with trust."

Another word than credulity the reader will probably supply for himself, and with reason—Faith—

which is indeed the antithesis to credulity, and in Mrs. Urquhart's case her beliefs constantly produced in her extremely argumentative mind, incredulity.

In the easy tone of her intercourse with her brother and his wife it is difficult to detect the strain of a trebled and quadrupled life on Mrs. Urquhart's energies.

In 1863 we find her receiving a deputation of Circassian chiefs, who had come to England in a vain attempt to get within the defences of the Cabinet, and to appeal to the Queen for countenance if not for help in their valiant resistance to Russian invasion. No Englishman knew Circassia as well as did Mr. Urquhart, and for nearly thirty years he had more or less been the representative of the Circassian cause in Europe. He in one department of his correspondence used the green flag of Circassia at the head of his letter paper. In return for his sympathy the chiefs trusted him largely, and it was especially bitter to him that he could now influence no statesman or even newspaper in their struggle—a struggle which not so many years before had been esteemed by many leading politicians as important to the protection of our empire in the East. Mr. Urquhart wrote some very powerful papers in their behalf—in which, of course, his wife assisted him by her singular gift of marshalling facts. Indeed, his essay on *The Secret of Russia in the Caspian and the Euxine* is very good reading, and not altogether

out of date, though written while Circassia was yet independent, belonging as it does to a chapter of history that is far from closed. It was translated into German by Professor Bodenstedt at the time of its publication, and was much read in Eastern Europe.

CHAPTER XIII.

MRS. URQUHART'S was one of those slight and apparently delicate frames which seem so largely supplied with nerve power that they can work with greater endurance than visibly robust people. An indomitable spirit, an indifference that was nearly Spartan in its disdain of luxury or even comfort as ends—though quite ready to enjoy easy life if it came unsought—but most of all the enthusiasm of duty, carried her through fatigues of all sorts without a thought of self. But at last the wear and tear of her sacrificial life told on her physically, and, as was to be expected, especially on her nervous organisation. A letter written with the left hand in 1863, because of threatened "writer's cramp," tells its own story. In deference to advice she resolved to give herself some rest, and as rest by Mr. Urquhart's side, while every post brought its numerous and fresh exigencies, was out of the question, she left to pay some visits in 1864; and in a little packet of letters from him, labelled "Letters from my husband when we were separated on account of my illness in 1864," she has left for her children a touching record of his devotion

and tenderness during the short and only time they were apart in their whole married life. The bombardment of Kagosima, the multiplication of hot air baths, the ebb and flow of politics and parties at home and abroad, had to be dealt with by Mr. Urquhart without her active help for a time. It was decided that they should go abroad and so reduce their anxieties and labours in some degree. Geneva seemed a centre of European and heterogeneous thought, a city of refuge from hostile and contemptuous Governments, where they would find no lack of thinkers, independent of the "Great Powers," and competent to judge with impartiality of their intrigues. Geneva has always welcomed malcontents from other nations, and its population, recruited as it is at each outbreak of turbulent thought in European society, is of keen and eager intelligence. Mental energy is in excess, or was at the time when Mrs. Urquhart settled there, among the French, Italian, German, and especially the Russian colonies. Doctrinaires have always congregated round the Lake of Geneva. Religion, if it had little root outside the sect of the Oratoire, or Free Church, hindered no man's utterances. Economy was there possible; the traditions to which the older families, the De la Rives, the De Candolles, the De Saussures or Favres, cling, prevent display of the wealth which is abundant; there was, indeed, almost pedantic affectation of contempt for mere money, while a man with moderate distinction in politics or letters

gained, with good introductions, ready access to their exclusive society. The place was well suited for Mr. Urquhart. The upper hundred, well read and thoughtful men, with ample investments in foreign stocks, sit in impartial judgment on the nations around their "little Paris" and "Protestant Rome." Scientific literature and politics, rather than art or poetry, were in 1864 their chief intellectual concern, and Mr. Urquhart interested many among them. Some, of course, he offended by his impressive manner and uncompromising resistance to general opinions, but he found the atmosphere a tonic, nor did he altogether dislike the near neighbourhood of the celebrated Russian exile Herzen, who edited the *Kolokol* from Geneva.

Settled in a country house near Geneva in December, 1864, and having contrived a hot room that would serve as a bath, Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart soon found friends among their neighbours. One of these writes of her first surprise:—

"I was spending the winter of 1864–65 at Geneva, when I made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart, and at once felt that I had not before known anyone the least like them. At first I was most impressed by her earnest treatment of what then seemed to me social trifles. Her refined and high-bred manner was singularly attractive; but some ways and ideas of hers I thought eccentric in my ignorance of all that was implied in them. It was a new experience to meet people so convinced of their inerrancy on a variety of subjects about which

ordinary folk never think at all, or consider as settled beyond questioning. Mr. Urquhart, indeed, always seemed ready to learn what appeared to me insignificant facts. There was intense conviction but not arrogance in his manner, though it was occasionally almost intolerant. He was humbler about things of which he was ignorant; but if one of his hearers pretended to know better on topics which he had made his own, swift was the discomfiture of that individual. To those who listened with attention to his amazing statements and contradiction to most newspaper assertions and modern books, it became clear that he knew far more than they did—a mortifying conclusion not easily accepted by most men. At the beginning of our friendship I used often to scan Mrs. Urquhart's face, on the watch for even the slightest questioning of her husband's remarks when he ran a-tilt at our popular delusions; for instance, that Lord Palmerston was the defender, after a high Roman fashion, of British honour; or that the English 'tub' ensured a greater cleanliness than any other foreign form of ablution. We sat 'afraid with amazement' while he explained to us, among many other truths, that most recent wars had not been, even nominally, legitimate murder, but that privateering was an excellent institution, not to say a duty for the people who live by the sea, but which certainly would not be practised by the debased and cowardly residents of Brighton, Eastbourne, or St. Leonards. Almost from the first word of acquaintanceship it was impossible to doubt the absolute and even severe sincerity of Mrs. Urquhart; and her full consent to these doctrines which seemed so incredible, if not wicked, to us, often ensured them a respectful attention, which they might not otherwise have met. Her husband's method of conversion by Socratic questioning

irritated slow minds, and as he required the submission of the bewildered victim to his questions, there sometimes ensued friction and even an explosiveness which only his wife's earnest, pathetic face could smooth and avert. Wherever Mr. Urquhart and his family lived, a Turkish or hot air bath was quickly arranged. It was absolutely necessary to the equilibrium of his health. He had used it so freely that no doubt he could not well do without it, and cleanliness by that particular process was certainly next to godliness for his family. My first impression of the hot air room contrived in his Geneva villa was of a dimly lighted catacomb. Mrs. Urquhart, in white bathing costume, slight and picturesque in the light of the lamp she carried, stood at the foot of the stairs in friendly welcome. She taught us as we lay panting on our shelves in a heat of 170 degrees Fahrenheit, all the merits of what is truly a sanitary institution, but one that with its attendant shampooing was not then as freely recognised as now.

"Gently and seriously she sketched the physical reasons why our anxiously expected crisis of perspiration should produce a revolution in our health. Her listeners could not fail to perceive that it was the moral side of personal purity which chiefly interested her. The absolute cleanliness of the skin which followed the use of the bath, the sense of physical relief, created, she assured us, a certain exhilaration of conscience which, however, we remembered was not very conspicuous in the Roman Thermae. To undervalue or refuse its use was to her at that time a token of indifference to self-culture and of Philistine obstinacy. In short, to adopt the ritual of the bath, very strictly laid down and observed, was a first step to many virtues. Indeed, more than once Mr. Urquhart offended his foreign guests by

representing that no man was clean, no man quite fit for the society of his fellow-men, until he had undergone this ceremony of purification. But offence was of little or no consequence. Sometimes it was 'the porch oft opening on the sun' of friendship. In any case Mr. Urquhart ignored it. If his acquaintances kept their offence alive they were unworthy of further consideration; if they outgrew it, some hope of their co-operation in his work might be entertained. After we had recovered our usual temperature we lay blissfully with a sense of duty performed and superiority to outer barbarians, until it was nearly time to dress for dinner. And what a dinner! Much of the furniture was oriental. Arabic characters were signed in unexpected places; but we were allowed chairs to sit upon, though I had a feeling that we ought to carry out the proper attitude at a feast that he of the cream tarts with pepper in them might have cooked. It seemed as if Mrs. Urquhart's eldest boy should be called Aladdin, as he helped to serve us with almond and pistachio soup, with pilaff, and Lentisk sweetmeats, kabobs and Kouscoussou. Coffee, narghiles for those who liked, brightened our wits, and then, oh! lamentable descent, came whist, a favourite relaxation of our host when the posts of the day were finished and 'the Secret of Russia' could be forgotten for an hour or two."

The reader may have thought that in this memoir hardly enough space has been given to the family life of Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart, but it is not necessary to say that their union became more and more admirable in their complete fellowship of thought and aim. Mr. Urquhart, as we have seen, had a high standard of what a woman and wife should be. In a note from

him at this time he writes to his wife: "This being our wedding-day I must not omit a line, notwithstanding the eleven anniversaries that are passed. I am looking for a letter to-morrow, which will be a box of 'etrennes.' *I* have nothing to say except that I am so full of content that there is nothing to say."

His wife was always his adviser in his actions, and the habit grew upon him every year to use the word "we" in all but formal letters. "David Junior" was their joy and pride, and as far as possible they made him their companion, and initiated him in their habitual thoughts. And for a boy of ten he had a certain grasp of them, and comprehension, that startled their acquaintance.

Their family laws were a gloss on the Ten Commandments of his Catechism, a logical sequence, and even in their social and political tenets he could follow with the help of the same clue. He was a singularly robust boy, of the ruddy complexion and somewhat of the strength of that earlier hero who slew the lion and the bear in his grip. He had been trained to use his observation about what he saw and heard, and to make himself useful with brain and hand. His mother, while preserving her authority, already almost looked to him as her protector in their walks afield. His father had taught him some of the ceremonial of respect used in the East, and his manners were delightful and yet confident. Those who have chanced to read Mr. Urquhart's *Desolation of*

Christendom will acknowledge that it has, in common with Bishop Berkeley's *Siris, or Essay on Tar-water*, a large and serious purpose built on a basis small in proportion to its superstructure, as the apex of an inverted pyramid might seem. Many of Mr. Urquhart's acquaintances were astonished to the verge of offence when in return for the advance of their hands in greeting he put his behind his back with a low bow. It was not a whim, but a serious protest on his part. Mrs. Urquhart supported him, and if in later years and after her husband's death she sometimes took the outstretched hand, it was in charitable condescension to the invincible ignorance of modern society. Without deducing the ultimate consequences of a decline in social politeness, as Mr. Urquhart does, we must allow that noble manners have undoubtedly marked the more stable communities of the past, and noble manners require a fixed ritual and even dogma in a Tartar's tent as in a European city. No doubt "deportment" has been a butt for scoffers, and vanity and sycophancy have used it for their own ends. Distinctions of rank have been so misused wherever social corruption exists, that disregard of them has been considered a proof of independence and manliness, to the increase of social confusion, and to the more general estimate of money as the best of all possessions. But leaving these trite remarks, it is obvious that gesture is at least as useful in sustaining civility as rules of language and familiarities of

manner are even less conducive to politeness than is rough speech. The unwritten code of social intercourse is the cement by which it is maintained. In the words of a French writer in the seventeenth century, its fundamental law is *un mépris Chrétien de soy-méme, une estime pour tous les autres.* The inequalities in the position of father and son, teacher and scholar, officer and soldier, rich and poor, can only be redressed by habits of reciprocal politeness softening their relations and establishing the rights of each. It is as defined for the poor man and the child as for a company of dukes. In truth, respect, which is the foundation of good manners, is the best security against the new insolence of money. Without the forms of politeness men and women are obliged to assert themselves, intercourse becomes more rather than less difficult where undue familiarity reigns, the individual loses the protection of accepted custom. The uneasy Crœsus indeed shakes his hand off to excuse his riches, but no respect is implied in the action on either side; a declaration of good faith is no longer implied in the gesture, and as it becomes meaningless in itself it becomes subservient to very different ends than those of mutual goodwill. Mr. Urquhart dwelt much and with reason on the check to passions and to self-love involved in habits of politeness. He noted the effects in his children, and considered that some Eastern customs, carefully enforced, prepared them to obey all other law, and

form an habitual respect not to be otherwise attained.

In truth there is no surer dissolvent of home affection than discourtesy, and a domestic ritual is almost necessary to the due observance of "Honour thy father and thy mother," the only Commandment which promises social stability. The manners of Mr. Urquhart's children were quite easy, and there was evidently no restraint put upon them beyond the first creation of certain habits. To kiss their parents' hands and those of strangers who were guests, and their parents' friends, was only one item in the science of courtesy to which they were trained, and by which they undoubtedly gained as much consideration for themselves as they rendered to others, and consideration from their elders is an excellent example and stimulus to the invaluable virtue of respect in children.

During the enforced quiet of their Geneva life no doubt Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart could give fuller time and thought to the principles of social and domestic life. As we have seen, Mr. Urquhart had already written much of what he saw to admire in the private manners of Turkey and Syria, and even of North Africa; but in the lull of his political work he spent much fresh thought on the education of his children, and in preserving them from what he disliked of European habits. One of Mr. Urquhart's most sympathetic friends was the well-known

Frédéric Le Play, and the author of *La Réforme Sociale* was as much quoted by the English champion of respect as he in his turn was esteemed by the admirable French critic of human manners, as they conduce to true national advance.

Mrs. Urquhart was more interested in questions so nearly touching the education of her children than even in international politics; in any case, to bring them up did not require the labour of her former work or make her liable to the same irritation and disappointment. She had got into a calmer region of duty, and enjoyed more immediate results to her labours and more satisfactory recognition of the truth of his doctrines. This, rather than idleness, gave her rest. At last her husband made his health and her health objects of more importance than the strife of kings. No one enjoyed more than she did, as spring melted the snows of Salève, the cheery expeditions up that delightful mountain. Her intercourse with Mr. Ruskin had increased her susceptibility to Alpine beauty. From the "grass of the field," which on Salève included a great part of the Alpine flora, to the summits of the Mont Blanc range, her keen eyes sought out loveliness of form and colour. Her religious temperament added to her delight, which is never so intense as when the spiritual sense is filled not less than the eyes with beauty. As soon as the higher levels were accessible, Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart made many journeys; accommodation

was not then as good as now, and it was as well that she should be able to "rough it" when she rode or walked in bye-ways unexplored by the tourist. Their favourite station was at the village of St. Gervais, about ten miles from Chamounix, and there their most frequent excursion was to a larch-sheltered almost level lawn, a little to the right of the Col de la Forclaz, as the traveller crosses a lengthened spur of Mont Blanc between St. Gervais and Chamounix. The place was very solitary, but, in presence of the giant mountains all round, three thousand feet ascent from the nearest post-office frightened no one. There was but a mule track by which the clump of larches could be reached except on foot, and on foot Mrs. Urquhart always went up to it. At last there were rumours that Mr. Urquhart had sufficiently conciliated the jealous Savoyard Commune to be allowed to purchase some of the Prarion, as the great mountain spur was called. Inquisitive friends found one day the plan of a good sized house cut out on the smooth sward, a few felled larches, a new path made, and a hut for Italian workmen, who are better builders than Savoyards. The site was incomparably beautiful. From the drawing-room the chain of the Reposoir, behind which the sun set in always new majesty, bounded the horizon with its purple wall; below, the valley of the white eddying Arve, fringed by woods, humanised by Sallanches, St. Martin, and

many smaller villages, showed by the minute size of houses and trees at how great a height the observer stood. To the left rose the awful peaks of the Rochers des Fiz from the castellated Varens to the precipice that overlooks the Col d'Anterne. Seen from almost midway of their elevation, the gaunt grey crags stood over against the beholder in their wild desolation, and a vast scar, where some hundred years ago one of the peaks had fallen into the valley, remained a lesson in the greater catastrophes of nature. Behind the chalet rose a slope of Alpine pasturage, its harmonious growth of bright eyed flowers breaking into full beauty as the snow melted in June, thronging in ordered companies in their exactly right places, resting under warm granite boulders or by the side of the little streams that find their life some few yards higher. Intensity of life is the characteristic of them under the buffets of storm and cloud, and when summer comes, a more plentiful blossoming of vivid colour in the clear air than is ever seen on lower lands.

After twenty minutes' walk the visitor gains a sudden prospect of Mont Blanc on, perhaps, the noblest side of it, above the Col de Voza, but, as from a higher point, a finer view than that from the Col. The effect on moonlit nights, when the profound silence was only broken by some roar or crash among the glaciers and along the cliffs of

snow, was almost overpowering to human nerves; but whatever nerve power the Urquhart family possessed, they were never what is called "nervous," even when lightning flashed about them in the cloud, or snow threatened on some late September day to cut them off from the nether world. It is interesting to quote Mr. Urquhart's reasons for choosing so high a level for his chalet, and it is to be noted that he formed his judgment before the fashion had set in which makes "mountain air" as much a medical prescription as blue pill used to be. Though Mr. Urquhart was a friend of Professor Tyndall, it is doubtful if he had then read the fine passage in which the Professor says of the summit of the Weisshorn: "An influence seemed to proceed from the scene direct to the soul; the delight and exultation experienced were not those of reason or of knowledge, but of *Being*. I was part of it, and it of me; and in the transcendent glory of nature I forgot myself as man. I opened my note-book to make a few observations, but I soon relinquished the attempt. There was something incongruous, if not profane, in allowing the scientific faculty to interfere where silent worship was the reasonable service."

Mr. Urquhart explained his purpose in the following letter to Major Poore :—

"St. Gervais, *July* 23, 1865.

"We are building, and expect to have completed a

fortnight hence, a chalet on Mont Prarion, at about 6,000 feet above the sea, and reckon on being able to remain there till the middle or the end of October. This plan was adopted on the ground of health, and only after we had concluded from divers attempts at resuming work that neither of us was in a state to return to England even for next summer. This season was therefore to be so employed, as also the next, and the intervening winter we intend to spend on the coast of the Mediterranean, in the neighbourhood of Genoa. Now indeed we may think of Turkey for the winter, and you may be inclined to spend some time with us on the side of Mont Blanc.

"This plan is based on the observations we both made during our excursion of last summer, on the effect produced upon us by high altitudes. This was so often repeated, although we were but rarely, and only during a restricted number of hours in the day, on very lofty ground, that there remained no ambiguity or doubt. The point at which this relief was experienced we separately fixed at five thousand feet. Suffering from very different maladies, though originating in the same source—excessive mental labour—the symptoms of both were lessened or relieved almost as soon as the limit of five thousand feet was attained. We then experienced in addition renewed physical and mental energy, as shown by increased speed and flow of conversation; a sense of enjoyment in lieu of depression or exhaustion, appetite for food, readiness to sleep, and the power of sleeping longer.

"On my arrival at Geneva after this excursion I opened the subject to Dr. Gosse. I spoke of it as a discovery. 'Well,' he said, 'you may have made a discovery, but it did not wait for you to make it. . . . I have treated patients by it. I have obtained the most extraordinary results by it, and there is no colleague of mine in Geneva

who does not accept it as an established matter. . .' He further said: 'This is why I accept at once your Turkish bath, for, though from a different cause, it affords for a certain time during the day that relief which is permanently afforded by an atmosphere of diminished weight.'

"Thus confirmed in my conclusions, I finally resolved to build the chalet on Mont Prarion. We had spent six months in looking for a position which combined all the requisites, and this was not only the sole spot that did so, but the only one which afforded any. Having fixed on 6,000 feet as the level, we looked elsewhere in vain at that height for anything save abrupt peaks and bare exposures. We required a region around us available for short excursions, protection from storms and wind, some level ground, wood, water, and a southern exposure. All this we have found combined in this one spot, whilst at the same time we are in immediate communication with the diligence road and telegraphic line to Geneva, and the intersection of the roads to Germany, Italy, and France, overlook the valleys of Chamounix and Sallanches, and in five minutes can reach the crest, whence there is the grandest and closest view of Mont Blanc. For the purpose of restoration comfort is a condition. We could not hope for it if living in a 'box,' which is the Genevese plan for getting the benefit of health. It was necessary to have means of lodging our friends. Our chalet is therefore respectable as to dimensions, though the cost has been considerable, seeing the difficulty of transport from the plain below of all the materials, timber included.

"Another and a great difficulty has been overcome, that of obtaining the ground. You are, I suppose, aware of what happened to Mr. Ruskin, who with all his local experience—and who has such as his!—has had to pay a considerable sum of money to be relieved from the purchase

he made, so that after years of endeavour to secure land and build a chalet he is, minus the outlay—where he was at the beginning.

"The Commune of St. Gervais has sold us the land requisite, and allows us to take more land at our pleasure at a nominal rent, and here I intend to introduce the cedar of Lebanon and rhododendron of the Himalayas.

"Believe me, ever yours,

"D. URQUHART."

The chalet, begun in June, became the mountain home of Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart in September of the same year. She was not the woman to shrink from any temporary want of comfort, and her pleasure was as great as her husband's. She writes to Lady Waldegrave on September 27th, 1865:—

"THE CHALET.

"MY DEAREST FRANCES,

"I have just got your letter of the 24th. I wish you would send me a report of Chichester's speech at the Fine Arts Exhibition. It is always such pleasure to hear from you. But I am sorry to see that you have still bad weather. We are enjoying a *most lovely* day, and have had very little rain now for more than a week. Sometimes the enjoyment of everything here is so intense that I do not know what to do. And our new window is so nice to sit in. It adds to our room nine feet by four, raised above the rest by a step, besides the width of the wall in which there is an opening of six feet, and the wall being three feet wide it looks very well, and is all lined with the pretty red Mélèze (larch).

"I have been writing to Mr. Ruskin, as I am very much

disgusted at the line he has taken in Jamaica affairs. He answers that it is no use writing to him, because he never takes part in public matters until he has made up his mind, but that he will talk the matter over when we meet! His theory is that Mr. Eyre as Viceroy does not come within reach of laws made for subjects, but should be judged only as our Queen! Which is certainly not English law. I am very glad you know and like Mr. Goldwin Smith. Do you know that he is the author of the Jamaica Committee Circular which was in the last *Diplomatic Review?* So Mr. Stuart Mill writes to David. Is it not remarkable that D. should have written in 1860 the sentence quoted in the last *D.R.*—'The Italian question is in the course of settlement: then will follow, and by *a similar process*, the German one; then will follow the Turkish one.' I have heard him many times anticipate that Prussia would play in Germany the part of Sardinia in Italy, though the particular time he could not tell."

The reader will observe how carefully Mrs. Urquhart watched passing events even from the eyrie of the Prarion. In 1865 Lord Palmerston had died in the fulness of honour, and in November of the same year Lord Russell formed a Ministry and appointed Mr. Fortescue Irish Secretary. In the interim a very serious trouble had broken out in Jamaica, under the Governor, Mr. Eyre. It was evident by all the tenour of their life that Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart should support the cause of the negroes; especially Mrs. Urquhart, whose tenderness of heart not less than justice was revolted by the cruelties used in suppression of what was called rebellion by summary

courts-martial. She was not in this case unsupported by opinion. Mr. Mill, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Professor Huxley, Mr. Goldwin Smith were with her. A strong feeling was roused in England, and such acts as those of Mr. Eyre will hardly be repeated by an English Governor. In the first days of January, called to London by business, Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart arrived in England and occupied that part of the Jermyn Street Hammam which had been furnished as a private hotel. At once work began for them among their friends and followers, besides the constant labour of the *Diplomatic Review*. They spent a short time at Dudbrook, Lady Waldegrave's place in Essex, but a letter to her shows that they were eager as ever in forwarding their cause among the labour centres.

Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart did not lose time, once the snow was sufficiently melted, in regaining their châlet, and their interest was great and fully rewarded as they saw the plants they had introduced from the plains in fair condition for the most part. What may be called the excitement of gardening was very keen in the heights, where there is during the summer months extraordinary vitality. The new soil, the pure air, and the hot sun seemed to quicken germination, and peas sown in warm patches during June were in pod by July. Mr. Urquhart liked an abundant supply of vegetables, and his children ate no meat, so he especially studied his kitchen terrace, and from its produce six or seven dishes of vegetables were cooked

for their chief meal of the day. The croquet ground was quickly put in order, as he and his wife liked the game, which did not over-tire them after perhaps a morning's work of letter reading and letter despatching. Along the burn which skirted the level sward were groves of herbaceous plants, lupins and larkspurs throwing up their spikes of blue against the background of lichened boulders and native rhododendrons. On the upper terrace flourished tea-roses and the more delicate plants, while here and there in the supporting walls bunches of parsley fern and other rare varieties insisted on remaining. As Major Poore's châlet grew near completion Mr. Urquhart's became known as the *Chalet des Mélèzes*, or larch trees, groups of which at that high level proved the peculiar mildness of the aspect. It was a long resting time, if the phrase be allowable, for the happy masters and happy children. Every day voices from the struggling world below came up from the St. Gervais Post-office, some three thousand feet below. Perhaps calmer if not less earnest answers were given to them than in England, and a somewhat higher level and a larger horizon is perceptible in the tone of the dwellers in that pure keen air.

Mrs. Urquhart writes to Mr. Fortescue:—

"Châlet des Mélèzes, *October 24th*, 1866.

"My dearest Chichester,

"I am very glad you have told me what you think about present events, although I had guessed what your

opinion was. I was sure you could not like what Bismarck did, and I was afraid that you would, notwithstanding, be glad that he had succeeded. Now the truth is that I cannot reconcile these two opinions, and yet I always like to be able at least to enter into your views, and see why you hold them, because I know what you are in yourself; and if anything in the world extrinsic to the thing itself could weigh with me, it would be the immense pleasure that I have when we do hold the same views. Keep this in mind then, and let me tell you freely that what I feel is that there can be but one way of judging such transactions, and that is by the principles of integrity and honour, or as I should call it, the law as opposed to opinion. I do not see how the happiness or well-being of man can depend upon States being large or small; but I do see that the well-being of every community must depend upon the individual and collective obedience of its members to a just and honourable rule. Now it seems to me that the utterly unprincipled conduct of the Prussian Government strikes a deadly blow at public virtue and those principles that are the safety of the States, and that it does so just because people say that good will come of it. Take the Prussians for example. Your friend says he believes in them because he knows what they are fighting for. That is just what I deny. They fought, it seems to me, for a lie; and surely nothing can be worse for the soul of man than to have those affections and passions which are good in themselves—as love of country—perverted into making him believe a lie. They were told that they were fighting for self-defence in an aggressive war, and of course every Prussian who does not protest against the whole thing must profess that lie to be the truth.

"As to the other part of the subject, I cannot be at least accused of extravagance in believing that these

changes will ultimately lead to what neither of us desire, the immense aggrandisement of Russia; statesmen declaring in their confidential communications that Austria was the only Power from whom they had to fear serious opposition to their projects in the East, and that on the contrary Prussian aggrandisement would be favourable to them. Prussia has her *rôle* already cast, and the objects of her ambition under her hand, and *it is not Russia who will suffer from her encroachments. She* (*Russia*) *will remain free to accomplish her own* . . . But I must finish with a little letter to Frances.

"Believe me,

"Your most affectionate sister,

"HARRIET."

"MY OWN DEAREST FRANCES,

"I shall certainly read the volumes of Froude that you mention. I have them in this châlet! having got Froude for my summer studies. But they have not come to much. The *Diplomatic Review* takes up nearly all the time I can steal from being out and novel reading. I do like so much all that you say *apropos* of the days of Elizabeth. Then, too, England was not ruled by a Cabinet, by which decisions may be taken in secret which affect the whole country; or by a minister who would or could act without the Cabinet knowing anything about it. But even at a much later date how very remarkable is the change. Lord Liverpool wrote that they must take care never to have any communication with a foreign Power or about foreign affairs which they would be afraid to lay before Parliament. Now things are written in private letters on purpose to keep them from the knowledge of Parliament; and Canning said that secrecy was treason. And compare

the signing of the Declaration of Paris with the words of Lord Heytesbury in 1802: 'His Majesty will never consent to place out of his hands by a Treaty of Peace those means which may be necessary for the security of his Dominions in a time of war.'

"I think nothing can be more atrocious than the La Marmora affair. If the French Government refuse reparation, what is England to do? How the right of search matter comes at once into play! I wish *apropos* of it that you would look at the letter headed, 'Our Maritime Superiority not lost by Iron Sheathing.'

"What do you think of Bright's proceedings? It is certainly a great pity that the Reform Bill was not carried last session. I don't think you can be more happy than I imagine you to be. Chichester saying that you 'carry on the process of stirring him up' amuses me very much. I wish very much to have seen the Priory, so as to be able to see it by the mind's-eye, and you and he there. I think it is more and more likely that we do not return home. I have already written about villas near Cannes or Mentone. We have two charming pets now, two marmots. They are very pretty and amusing. One is quite tamed, and sits on David's lap while we are at breakfast. They particularly love biscuit and other good things—grapes, sugar, macaroons. It won't do to cross any more, so receive my love, my dearest sister,

"HARRIET."

CHAPTER XIV.

NICE was finally chosen as the winter quarters of Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart, but they stayed as long as possible in the Châlet des Mélèzes, where often fine weather and brilliant sunshine followed the first snows. At Nice they quickly formed a pleasant circle of very differing persons, but more or less united by interest in Mr Urquhart's ideas; some no doubt stirred by conscience when he spoke of every man's responsibility in national wars and bloodshedding, and reminded women of their duty in family and social life. Some were attracted by the benefits of the bath, and many of the cosmopolitan visitors to the Riviera were drawn by curiosity to this new sort of Englishman so well acquainted with Eastern affairs and Western corruption, and able to speak so many unexpected truths in French and Turkish tongues; or failing them, in Latin, to the more learned of his acquaintance.

In a letter dated soon after their establishment at Villa Conti, Nice, Mrs. Urquhart writes to Major Poore:—

"I want you to get me something, *Le Catechisme Positiviste*. This is the exposition of the doctrines of

the Positivists, whose head is Comte. It is mentioned by the Bishop of Orleans in his *L'Athéisme le Péril Social*. We must have something of theirs, as we are going to write about it. All the authors of international policy are positivists, they say in the preface. We have become acquainted with Dupanloup. He has received my husband in a very flattering way. But I do not know that anything will come out of it, for he is rather old; except this, that he has already put my husband in relation with others who are likely to prove valuable. Some of his other works which he has given us are wonderful in some respects. Send the Catechism by post as soon as you can."

It was not strange that when thrown into the company of such men as the noble Bishop of Orleans, his friend M. Cochin, and their society at Nice, Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart should find a larger and more intelligent sympathy than from ordinary politicians and diplomatists. Henceforth, however the shrewder men of the Roman Church might differ as to means, the life-long aims of Mrs. Urquhart were treated with respect. She saw her husband's opinions, which had been too often condemned as unpractical and even offensive "fads," and mirage peculiar to his own somewhat distorted fancy, carefully examined, and sometimes adopted. A support hitherto unknown to her in her championship of justice made itself felt, and to be in the company of superior Roman ecclesiastics proved more and more helpful and healing to her. The

twilight of a splendid coming event was dawning for both her and her husband. They began to understand that their cause would be heard before the most venerable of councils, and that the elders of Christendom from every part of the world would certainly not pooh-pooh their appeal from the governments, dynasties, and diplomacies, which make war and bloodshedding moves in their game, to the immutable laws of justice, common alike to men and to communities. The Œcumenical Council of the Vatican secured to Mr. Urquhart the crowning opportunity of his life. Henceforth it filled his thoughts as it did his wife's. Conferences with leading Catholics, with theologians, and with the bishops, who would possess the right to declare the truth or falsehood of his contentions, gave new hope and a revived interest to existence. The Catholic Press was not closed to him, there were new fields to cultivate in every direction. At last Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart felt themselves in the presence of the supreme Court of Christian morals, with which no Palmerston had tampered, and which was, even when most courteous to the Czar, in irreconcilable antagonism to Russian methods. Once again, however, Mr. Urquhart found himself the defender of Islam, and it was a more difficult affair to persuade the Catholic bishops to forget Peter the Hermit and Lepanto, and to believe that Mussulmans were the true salt of Europe, than he had found it in

England. No task was too difficult for him to attempt, and with the help of a few Oriental bishops, friends of long standing, he certainly convinced some important personages that revolution in the West was a greater danger to society than Turkish rule at Constantinople.

A letter of Mrs. Urquhart to Major Poore will show something of the intense excitement of this new departure to her and her husband. They had gone to Florence to meet some of their allies, new and old. As the aims and method of the Catholic Church became apparent to her, her longing for ideal justice on earth became satisfied by its principles of action; she looked to it more and more as the one power to secure all the objects of her crusades.

"Good Friday, Nice, 1867.

"You see we are back again here. The interest of our visit increased until the last minute; and indeed Mr. Urquhart became so tired I was glad to get away. The last days and *nights* were occupied principally with the Catholic Armenian Patriarch, and Azarian his Vicar-General, and the Bavarian Minister. I have made notes of things told us by Azarian, which I must send you. At Genoa, where we were a few hours, my husband found a *Turk* as Ottoman Consul, and had a very satisfactory conversation with him. His manner was the most perfect I ever saw, and he followed and took in what was said without any obstacle of self-love. . . ."

Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart did not leave Nice until they could return to their mountain. Soon more intimate

relations were formed between them and Monsignor Mermillod, then Bishop of Hebron, afterwards Cardinal. He was one of the most active and the most eloquent of the episcopate, and an ardent champion of a far wider definition of Papal infallibility than was afterwards decided by the Council. He visited the châlet and was enchanted, not only by the situation, but by the family life, the intellectual labour he found there. The châlet was very perfect that summer; asparagus, artichokes, new tea-roses were added to the garden, where some of the finest roses had prospered greatly. Blue nemophylla, sweet pea, mignonette, stocks, sweet-william, snapdragons in full beauty must have seriously disconcerted the butterflies of the Prarion. The health of Mrs. Poore prevented her and her family from inhabiting the new Châlet du Rocher which Mr. Urquhart had planned for them, and the overflow of guests at the Châlet des Mélèzes were often accommodated at the sister châlet. It was indeed often a serious care to Mrs. Urquhart, who managed all domestic and financial matters, how to provision the household, and frequently a pasha or bey, an Oriental prelate, an envoy extraordinary, or some English and French friends would be seen emerging on mules some hundred feet below, where the pine forest ended, or coming round the corner of the crest above the châlet from the Col de Voza and Chamounix. The garden supplied as many as eight or ten varieties of vegetable every day, of which

perhaps the *gourmand* peas were the most delicious. Pilaff in piles was served at every meal. The receipt for it may be useful as a way of cooking rice without losing the most strengthening part of it in water that is usually drained off. Having put salt in the water, the quantity of it used was just sufficient that the rice cooked in it should entirely absorb it. Then *over* the heap of nearly dry rice, butter in violent ebullition was poured. The rice sputtered and swelled, one turn of the spoon while for a moment it was put again on the fire finished the process, and then as hot as possible it was served and eaten with meat or without; not the insipid food we know as "boiled rice," but a dish as savoury as nutritious. Kouscoussou was always at hand, a sort of granulated maccaroni made and used in North Africa from the Atlantic to the Red Sea, and ready for use when steamed for fifteen minutes. Bourgoul or prepared wheat boiled, crushed and sifted, then stirred in boiling butter or oil, is eaten with little twists of unfermented bread, or served *au jus* as it was at the châlet; and for dessert pilgrim's food, a sort of cake or lump of preserved dates and nuts. It was tightly wound round in a coarse linen cloth, which when taken off as the food was required left a pattern on the mass which to the fancy gave it an Eastern relish, and half persuaded the guests at this "high place" that they were pilgrims themselves.

The hot air room or bath was at the threshold of the house, and though you could enter the châlet without

the sacred rites of ablution, it was suggestive of the extreme cleanliness within. The boarding of the rooms was of polished pine, and the nail-studded boots of Alpine pedestrians were as much resented as in Asiatic homes, for more than one reason.

"I assert that the family is the foundation of durable society, and I assert that etiquette and domestic industry are conditions of stable family life," wrote Mr. Urquhart, and with truth. He quoted Lord Bacon, "Manners touch the heart," with evident appropriateness, as the sense of respectful not less than cordial welcome pleased and comforted his guests. Occasionally indeed they required comfort when after a discussion they felt some smart of humiliation and stirrings of offended self-love, and when their popular errors and newspaper beliefs were "tossed and gored" with all the energy that a Samuel Johnson could have displayed. The good dinner, the admirable green tea, the charm of their hostess when exhortation and dehortation were over, pleasant reminiscence or easy whist prepared the visitors for the sleep of a high altitude, and gained their goodwill even to the champion who had, reversing Don Quixote's action, upset their windmills and proved them the slaves of Chimaera. On the 5th of October in that year Mr. Urquhart writes to Major Poore:—

"It began snowing the night before last and has gone on until now (three o'clock), but, as the clouds are breaking and the sun has come out and the glass is rising, we hope it

is over for the present, and that we shall have some fine weather. I never saw anything more splendid than the sunshine was upon the snow. The trees being all in leaf still make such broad shadows. But we must begin to be prepared for an early departure."

They arrived in London towards the end of November, and on their way they accepted an invitation from Mgr. Dupanloup to visit him at Orleans. It was an encouragement to Mrs. Urquhart that so great a prelate should be profoundly interested in her husband's work. She writes again to Major Poore :—

"What happened the day we left was very surprising. The Bishop had to go to the service in honour of S. Charles Borromeo. They came to take him; he and my husband were walking in the garden at the time; he had his robes and cross, &c., brought out to him in the garden, and put them on there while still talking, to save five minutes. We went at half past four to the Cathedral, and found a sermon going on about St. Charles. It appears that he had much to do with the Council of Trent."

The Council was already looked forward to by the most differing men, politicians not less than Churchmen, as big with promise. M. Le Play had referred to it in his book on Social Reform as to a great lever for good. When in June, 1867, a great number of bishops had assembled at Rome for the eighteenth centenary of St. Peter's martyrdom, Pius the Ninth had declared the necessity of a general Council, and

his intention to convoke one. After three hundred years' interval since the Council of Trent, and the radical change of European society which had in that period seen divine authority denied to the Church of Christ and ascribed to kings, who in their turn were humbled by revolution, the Convocation of the great Assize at Rome was of the highest importance. It was expected to sum up the experience of the pastorate during those changing centuries, as well as to interpret and sanction the progress of humanity in all that it had of true improvement; members of the Church of Rome hoped that it would harmonise old and new systems of society, and adapt its old discipline and canon law to modern evolution, and make manifest that its divine vitality was the perennial fountain of all true advance for our race to higher levels. Religious Liberals hoped for modifications in the Syllabus of 1864. All parties were agreed in expecting reforms in various quarters of the great ecclesiastical edifice. Everywhere hopes and fears were excited. We can picture the emotion roused in Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart by the Papal words, when in his apostolic letters he summoned the whole episcopate, rich in the experience of the whole race of man from Red River to Jerusalem, from Paris as from Babylon, Natal, Dahomey, or Cochin China, to deliberate.

"The Council," said the Pope, "will have to examine with the greatest care and to determine what it is best

to do in these hard and difficult times for the greater glory of God, for the integrity of the Faith, for the honour of divine worship, for the eternal salvation of men, for the discipline of the clergy—both regular and secular, for its solid and salutary instruction, for the observance of ecclesiastical law, for the reform of manners and for the Christian education of youth, general peace, and universal concord. . . .

"And with the help of God we must labour with all our strength to banish evil from the Church and from society; to bring back those unfortunate men and women who have strayed from the straight path of truth, justice, and salvation; to repress vice and resist error, so that our august religion and its health-giving doctrine may throughout the world acquire fresh vigour, increase from day to day, and resume its empire; and so that piety, righteousness, justice, charity, and all Christian virtues may be strengthened and may flourish for the greater good of humanity."

From Orleans Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart and their children came to London, where they arrived late in November. Soon after they found in Canbury Lodge, near Kingston-on-Thames, a house with some grounds and gardens attached, which suited them well. It was near Strawberry Hill, though on the other side of the Thames, and within easy distance from London. Hope had brought Mr. Urquhart fresh vigour. He had, as he trusted, found a greater body than the House of Commons to attend to him. No Lord Palmerston could influence unfavourably the priests and prelates who were bound by their very guardianship of faith

and morals to listen to his impassioned appeals in prevention of unlawful war. He proved to have a remarkable knowledge of the synods and councils and catechisms which declared the duty of Christian rulers and soldiers in all matters of international aggression. He was master of the greater treaties by which peace has been maintained, and of which the foundations were laid in mediæval times by the Church's commands to observe on various occasions the "Truce of God." There were vast materials in her records and in the transactions of her venerable past to justify Mr. Urquhart's proposed appeal to Rome. New revelations of her justice and her share in the fundamental and more or less consistent legislation of Europe broke day by day on him, and roused his wife's enthusiasm as they studied the archives of the Latin Church. But he steadily refused to enter her obedience on the plea that he could better approach her from the Protestant standpoint, and use more influence with his old disciples in her service. It was a difficult position, and perhaps more difficult to his wife, whose absolutely straight mind did not easily reconcile itself to use the most legitimate means for the most righteous ends that even appeared inconsistent. But as she studied and read she perceived that besides the obvious expediency of these ecclesiastical principles in regulating human intercourse, they were backed by authority more divinely reasonable than any she had before found. She saw

the ideals of her youth reappear, and she came to understand the supernatural order in its universal action, underlying all she had revered of morals and laws, all right political management, family life, and even the details of polite intercourse. No doubt she had partly known and believed with all her heart in the truths and uses of religion, but as she saw religion in action and applied, century after century, as a living force, as she understood that inspired Scripture continues to be written, that the apostles and saints are still with us, that the "pure sacrifice" of Malachi is offered every hour of the twenty-four throughout the world as practically and really as by the Aaron or Samuel of her childish faith; a sense of at last drinking at the very fountain of truth at first astonished and then comforted her as nothing else could do. Meanwhile she for some time yet kept in the old grooves of what may be called remedial work, meeting each new instance of cruelty or lawlessness as they came before her notice, and not yet acknowledging the higher origins of that righteousness which she always pursued with a rare steadfastness, yet great personal humility, and readiness to confess herself wrong when she was so.

Just then, besides enjoying the hopes of what a great Christian Council might do, there was some English wrong-doing to be exposed. The following letter will show how Mrs. Urquhart was occupied a fortnight after her arrival at Canbury Lodge:—

"*January 2nd*, 1868.

"My dear Major Poore,

"There are several things I have to write about; but we have been so absorbed until now in the *Diplomatic Review*, I could do nothing else. I am sure you will be struck by Mr. Urquhart's letter on Abyssinia. It grew to be so long that much originally written on other subjects—particularly the Pope—had to be excluded. We went up to town twice, two days, to correct and add to the article. We go down to Somersetshire on Wednesday, to my brother's. We shall see Major Rolland in London before starting, and we must talk with him about the *Diplomatic Review*. My husband is inclined to give it up, and use the money either in a quarterly publication of some kind, or in printing things directly bearing on the Council. After this Abyssinian affair he thinks that the only thing worth writing for. It has turned out very well that Miss O'Connor Morris and Mrs. Burrowes have become Roman Catholics. The change for the better in Miss O'C. Morris is quite remarkable. She has become steady and earnest, which is just what she wanted."

A characteristic note of hers to Lady Waldegrave incidentally shows her candour. She had been annoyed by a letter from a friend, and had made a draft of her answer, which she had sent to Lady Waldegrave, who had evidently said something of criticism in her acknowledgment of it.

To her Mrs. Urquhart writes :—

"Canbury, *January 3rd*, 1868.

"My dearest Frances,

"What you say to me is very true. It is very refreshing to be written to in that way. David said, 'We

have had many remarkable sentences from her, but that is the best of all.' I gave up the idea of sending the note I had sent to you almost immediately. I only sent it to you to show you how her letter affected me. When I get a letter that seems to me unjust or wrong I am all in fever until I put down something by way of an answer. I often put it in the fire now, as it would have been better if I had done on some former occasions; but I don't *feel* a bit bitter against ——, only it is painful to see that she cannot see or acknowledge that there were words of hers to be sorry for as well as of mine."

There was some difficulty in preparing members of Mr. Urquhart's Foreign Committees and friends, who had worked with him so many years, for the unfamiliar idea of the Pope as great Justiciar. He briefly explained as follows the new position he had taken up to one of his staunchest supporters, Mr. Crawshay, of Newcastle :—

"*November* 14*th.*

"The point I am more especially working for is the authoritative definition of a *just and legal war*. I have been representing to the Catholic prelates that the Church of Rome—

"1. Does not know what is going on in the world, and has to inform itself.

"2. That study should be really undertaken to that end, with which the religious orders might be charged.

"3. That a diplomatic college should be established at Rome for the use of the *Court* of Rome, which could be done after such study had been gone through.

"4. That a series of propositions should at once be issued by a Catholic authority respecting the Law of Nations as to war.

"These are the four points referred to in my letter to

Monsignor Mermillod. You could have much effect in speaking to them from your own point of view; you without any connection with the Church of Rome, without the slighest inclination towards it in a dogmatic point, but rather I imagine the contrary, feel strongly that the greatest crime of our days, and the great necessity of our times, is, first: bloodshed and all the accompaniments of violence, robbery, and malice, exercised by one nation against another without care and cause; the other, the re-teaching the nations of Europe that such bloodshedding is murder.

"You would hail with the greatest delight the proclamation of such words, and above all such teaching as a necessary part of the practice of the law of Christ, or simply of obedience to God. You cannot recognise a religion that does not teach such things. Now the Church of Rome does it in theory, as is manifest by the instant assent of every one of its members to the proposition above mentioned when it was placed before them.

"But there is no difference between the *practice* of its members and those of other Churches. The objection to doing something was that it would not be accepted as authoritative, because the Pope was no longer looked up to as in the Middle Ages. There are, of course, many ways of answering this. There is the duty of doing it for those who believe. But there is one answer to that—the sole objection brought forward—which you could answer, not by argument, but by the positive evidence of its truth. It is this. That the Council or the Pope proclaiming these things as being at once the law of nations and the law of God would not establish the law by their authority, but by proclaiming it *obtain authority.*

"This is the means, and the only possible means, of re-attaching the Catholics amongst the nations of Europe, and meeting everywhere the invasion of Atheism."

CHAPTER XV.

IT can be conceived how this apparition of Mr. Urquhart in their ranks startled the regular militia of the Court of Rome. Sincere well-wishers to its power were inclined to accept his ideas, if, indeed, they were workable—but Rome is rightly cautious, and only some of the more able and far-seeing of her prelates and diplomatists were strong enough to judge fairly of this Protestant appeal to the Pope. Though Mrs. Urquhart was still her husband's second self, it was becoming that she should remain in the background when there was correspondence with the bishops and theologians of the Church. Not many of their most interesting letters were addressed to her, though few of them omitted to send her some kindly message. The study of the Church's history, written in the records of councils and synods, was one especially suited to Mrs. Urquhart's taste, and she laboured with great zeal in acquiring knowledge of it from every trustworthy source. One or two learned and very distinguished men helped her to find her way in the immense mass of knowledge so entirely new to

her. The letters of the Abbé Defourny, parish priest of Beaumont en Argonne; of Père Collet, the right hand man of Monsignor Mermillod; of Père Roh, a profound scholar, a German, and a Jesuit, are of high value and importance; and it is evident that she was held in true esteem by such men as Ketteler, Bishop of Mayence; by the Archbishop of Westminster; and by Monsignor—since Cardinal—Franchi, the ablest diplomatist of the Vatican. All her powers, and gradually all her heart, were given to the one institution which did not disappoint her thirst for truth and justice. The books and philosophies she had loved in her girlhood were absorbed in the light of the living and teaching Church.

Fichte and Emerson, even the chief writers on politics and law which she had studied under her husband's supervision, were now as nothing to her in the profounder wisdom which her enthusiasm discerned in the treatment of humanity by the laws of the Universal Church. Their equality for all races delighted her; home observances of respect prepared her for the fullest ritual; many of her ideals were fulfilled. But her habits of thought, the ties of family, the echoes of Irish Protestantism, obliged her to be very slow in forming her resolves. Many circumstances to so questioning a temper as hers threw her back from time to time. Disappointment in the coldness and indifference of individual Catholics; the opposition of some pious and learned

ecclesiastics to Mr. Urquhart's contentions, which she passionately believed to be true and urgent, often perplexed her; but no doubt a new world had opened to her, she had risen into higher levels of faith and morals as she had been brought within clearer sight of Rome.

Meantime a certain Dominican, Father Suffield, looked up to by some of her Catholic friends, rather violently controverted her husband's doctrines on the conduct of soldiers in war. A correspondence ensued, and, as was not extraordinary, the Catholics were inclined to think the Dominican might be right. The whole subject of unlawful bloodshedding was the very cause Mrs. Urquhart had most at heart. To undermine her husband's position in that point would be to nullify the expectations and efforts of a life just when there was hope of their recognition by the great Council. No doubt Mr. Urquhart met Father Suffield's arguments, but, on the whole, they suited better than his own did the spirit of the day and English ideas as to the blind obedience of the soldier, from the private to the general. It was a little skirmish before greater battles, but it so fell out that Father Suffield soon after renounced his Church and became Unitarian; and the Catholic group who had felt inclined to listen to him became all the firmer supporters of their new ally.

But before this happened Mrs. Urquhart had

written so well to Mr. Monteith of Carstairs, on the subject of the Dominican Father, that it is irresistibly tempting to give at least a part of her letter. Her correspondent had offered some of those natural objections to her husband's doctrines on military disobedience, which at once occur to minds accustomed to modern laxity in the right rules of bloodshedding, which are after all of no small importance. Mrs. Urquhart writes:—

"As to the doctrine of 'practical impossibility for *any* private individual to arrive at the conviction of the injustice of a war commanded by his legitimate Sovereign to be sufficiently clear,' &c., you leave me in doubt whether he or you consider this to be an undesirable state of things or not. I have no reason to suppose that you do, as this state of things is accepted by you as giving the individual soldier and officer a right to the Sacraments, although he has *voluntarily* placed himself in the position of being thus constrained by circumstances to obey man rather than God. If he never can be sure that a war is unjust, so of course it follows that neither can he ever be sure that it is just, according to the reason you give for the impossibility; meaning that he is not in 'the secrets of the two Governments.'

"To us you here describe the most iniquitous, monstrous, unnatural, and un-Christian state of things that it is possible to conceive. There is no doubt that this condition forms the most complete contrast to what actually exists amongst Mussulmans, and formerly existed in pagan Rome; and that it only does exist because men, who yet are not ashamed to call themselves Christians, do not resist it but accept it as legitimate

and proper, and do yield an active, unqualified obedience to the orders that are given by these secret associations called Governments.

"If this theory be true, and if the consequences follow which Father Suffield deduces from it, it applies not only to soldiers and officers, but to every man in the land. Indeed, you use the words, '*any* private individual.' Consequently the unlawful secrecy in which the Government shrouds itself becomes its safeguard. It dominates by it. The '*impossibility*' will apply to Peers, Members of Parliament, Privy Councillors, as well as to everyone else. They have not taken oaths of obedience. They have, indeed, taken on them obligations which would naturally involve as a duty that they should require of the Executive to act only according to law, and refuse to acknowledge any transaction which was contrary to the law. But if they do not do this, then, according to your theory, they fall into the same conditions as the soldier: that of accepting whatever the Government does because they cannot be certain that it is wrong. What Father Suffield has done is this. He applies to government, contrary to law, the maxims that were intended to apply to government according to law. On this head I refer you to the Catholic lawyer, a distinguished jurist, who has said that if the writer formally propounded his proposition respecting *lawful* orders, he could not escape very severe censure; that is, supposing him to mean by those words a Ruler who is the legitimate Sovereign, and not as he ought to mean, a Ruler ruling lawfully, observing the law. He lays it down that the Catholic Church does not enter into dynastic questions, but always acknowledges the *de facto* Ruler as the one to whom is due the obedience which she sanctions and teaches; but that such obedience is emphatically one

regulated by law. I also refer you to the letter of an ecclesiastic, in which you will see that according to one of the canons there referred to every existing European Government is in a condition of lawlessness in respect to war, because that lays it down that the Prince should consult not laymen only, but ecclesiastics. That is exactly what is done in the Mussulman system. You say Father Suffield excepts the case of soldiers called upon to fight against the Holy See. Yet doubtless the French soldiers who did so in 1860 were not refused the Sacraments. In what sense does he mean, 'as against their own country'? Soldiers might be called upon to fight against their own country, either to put down a rebellion, or, as in the case of Hanover, when the country having been conquered under the modern system conscription is applied, and they enter the ranks of the army against which they have been fighting. Hanover may attempt on some future occasion to free itself from Prussia, and Hanoverian soldiers may be in the Prussian Army. I only dwell on this because the words are so very vague that I wonder you can pay any attention to them. But you specify 'an Irish soldier against Ireland.' Does he mean that Irish soldiers may refuse to serve in case of a Fenian insurrection, and would be sanctioned in doing so by the Church? I am really curious to see what the lawyer will say to this (to whom has been sent a copy of the part of your letter which is intended to explain Father Suffield, including the Latin quotations).

"As matters now stand the scandal constantly arises which is so feelingly deplored by Monsignor Ketteler: that of the blessing of opposing arms by the ecclesiastical authorities. I will not desecrate the word Church in this case, now that I understand how wide a gulf separates the Church in its true sense of the laws it has laid down,

and the maxims it teaches, and those men living upon the earth at this hour who call themselves members of it. You refer to Vattel. It has been said that any doctrine may be supported or refuted out of the Scripture if you confine yourself to an isolated text. The same may be said of Vattel. At the time of the Trent affair everyone was quoting Vattel, and by misapplying cases and words out of it made out very plausibly that England had a right to complain. You now quote or refer to some dubious passage, and you put this against the plainest and strongest declarations of the same writer. For what Vattel does say of hostilities undertaken without the due formalities I remember very well, though I have not got it to refer to. Writers are in the habit of supposing every possible case that may arise, but *some exceptional case is not used to overthrow the general rule.* So of the operation of the Riot Act. You put an extreme case, which perhaps has never occurred, and argue upon it. But what is the use of either you or me arguing in a case which the law must determine, and neither you nor I? In a country where obedience to the law is the first consideration, an officer in such a case undoubtedly would inform his men that the Riot Act had been read, so as not to leave them in doubt that the order he was about to give was a legal one. But if this was not done and loss of life ensued, it would be a case for the Confessor to consider according to the circumstances under which the soldier had been placed, just as would be done by judge and jury if a soldier was put on his trial. What has this to do with the law as laid down of the liability of both officer and soldier, which has acted all these years in restraining undue violence against the Queen's subjects?

"You say in one place, 'I much doubt your ever getting

the Council to decree that no soldier engaged in an *unjust* war is to be admitted to the Sacraments while so engaged.' You cannot have read the appeal to the Pope or the placard addressed to 'Soldiers and Sailors going to China,' or my husband's letter to the Bishop of Hexham, every one of which particularly points out the distinction between an unjust and an illegal war. Now it appears that the canons of the Church—*your* Church—go beyond what he asks for. For they suppose even in the case of a war, proclaimed with all due formality (as your own quotation shows by using the words 'Declaration of War'), that the individual is not to serve if he is sure it is unjust; and he is to inquire. My husband has only asked that it may be considered mortal sin to serve when there has been no war declared.

"One word more on your reference to Mussulmans. It certainly can be no matter of interest to us what Father Suffield may see or not see 'in the earlier history of the modern wars.' The 'toleration of the present Sultan' (meaning, I suppose, towards Christians) is raising a new subject, and has nothing whatever to do with the former one of the Mussulman laws of war. If he means by 'present Sultan' that 'toleration' is a new thing, he is entirely wrong, and no one can read history without knowing that. The privileges of the Christian communities are *ab antiquo*."

The letter, of which we have unfortunately found but a fragment, is couched in a strange tone for anyone to have used who was not a Catholic; but Mrs. Urquhart's chief attraction to the Latin Church at that time was the attraction of justice and of a universal law, not coloured, as is most common law,

by the circumstances or bent of any particular people. Her enthusiasm was roused, as it had never before been, by the direct application of first principles applicable to all humanity in the canons accumulated during so many centuries of subtle casuistry and experience; but thinking less of herself than of the cause she had at heart, she had not yet perceived the contradictions of her own position. No one could well be less introspective or self-seeking; she had found as she thought the highest court of appeal, the summit of human judgment, and she was supported no doubt by learned foreign authorities in her contentions. It was more difficult to reconcile her English Catholic friends to the idea that Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart (non-Catholic) could have any right to interfere in the subjects to be brought within ken of the Council. Her husband was sincerely convinced that he should gain better attention from the Vatican and the European bishops by appealing to the Pope from without the fold. Possibly he was right. In the first place he attracted surprise and curiosity; he was clear of all partizanship, and if he represented any force it was at Constantinople. Having very friendly relations with some of the highest officials there, he could use some influence with the various communities of Roman Catholic Christians within the Turkish Empire. He was anxious, for instance, that the Armenian Catholic Synod should accept and use the decrees on the subject of unlawful war which he

drew up for it, and he partly succeeded. No doubt a return to the proper forms for declaring war would have been welcome to the Turkish Ulemas, whose dignified justice had been sadly hampered by Western piracies; and while many of the Eastern prelates were excellent friends of his, no doubt Mr. Urquhart could put some pressure on them when subjects of the Sultan.

It was in the session of 1868 that Mr. Gladstone first brought forward his scheme for disestablishing the Irish Church. The *Diplomatic Review* expressed itself strongly on the "wickedness" of making such a subject a field for party contest, and an excuse for turning out the Government.

Mrs. Urquhart writes to Mr. Monteith:—

"My brother's original scheme was the same as Lord Grey's, that is: a division of the ecclesiastical revenues—of course much the largest part going to the Catholics. He had set his heart upon this, and it is only quite lately that, driven to it by the line taken by the Catholics, he has given it up. But what I beg you to observe is, that he by no means thinks that not giving to the Catholics makes it easier to carry the measure. Quite the contrary. He feels the great difficulty now is what to do with the revenues, so Lady Waldegrave said to me. The resolutions leave that part of the scheme entirely vague, to avoid the difficulty for the present.

"To restore to the Catholics what they had been unjustly deprived of would be an act worthy of good men; an act to raise the character of the country, and of every man who voted for it. I am speaking of what I feel as an

Irishwoman, and have always felt, as well as according to absolute justice. What is proposed is to pull down, not to restore. Let me say a word about the reasons you give for the refusal of the Catholics, and I say it specially as the expression of my husband's judgment, which is, that they have been entirely misled, and do not see the future consequences. It is not a question of good intentions, but of wise judgment. He says in the first place that the proposition of 1844 was a State endowment, a Government payment out of the Consolidated Fund. What can be more different than this, and receiving a due proportion of the fund set apart—not by an Act of Parliament, but by ancient custom and common law—for religious purposes. What dependence on Government could have ensued from a Board of their own forming receiving a certain portion of the tithes, paid first into the hands of Ecclesiastical Commissioners, from those Commissioners to be then applied by the Catholic body according to their own will? If the priests did not wish to accept any payment for themselves, what was to prevent them applying it in some other way, or even to mere charitable purposes. That was my brother's original plan; and he spoke yesterday with very great bitterness about the Catholics rejecting any arrangement of the sort. He believes their fears to be entirely chimerical. On the other hand, they having made this plan impracticable, what a door is opened to the very principle they dread—they must dread—namely, to that of spoliation of the religious revenues for State purposes. I wonder they do not even now draw back, when they see the company they have fallen into. Who are really singing hymns of joy over the late division, but the extreme Radicals, or rather the Revolutionists and Garibaldians? You know Singleton, of Preston. He has been writing

letters to the papers entreating the Catholics not to go after one of the most detestable of that class—a paid lecturer, who, after having been lecturing for Garibaldi, now goes down there to lecture against the Irish Church. To me the most painful thing of all perhaps is the false position in which it appears to me the Catholics place themselves in Ireland, by desiring the downfall of the Protestant Establishment while refusing to profit by it themselves; that is, to take what is their due. Surely, to use a homely simile, this is very like the dog and the manger, and cannot be productive of good feeling and good fellowship, but the contrary. You say they wish the fund to be 'devoted to charitable purposes.' But what is the good of saying that? Nothing is done, or I suppose can be done, to ensure that by their rejection of it it will be so applied. My brother speaks of education as his own private wish, but does not in the least know what will or can be really done with it. I do not see what prospect there is of its being applied to education in such a way as to satisfy Catholics. The whole tendency is in the direction of education according to M. Duruy's ideas.

"I should like to add one word more. Why is it to be desired that the priests should be entirely dependent on their flocks in Ireland? You not being an Irishman, and knowing how completely all revolutionary principles are directed against your Church, I should have thought would feel just the other way, and desire that, now especially, because of the dread of revolutionary principles in Ireland, the priests should not be so dependent on their flocks. Although the Church is entirely against Fenianism, it is notorious that a great many of the individual priests have gone a long way in support of it. They are unfortunately led, I suppose, by their antagonism to Protestants, and do not see

that secret societies and revolutionary principles are far more dangerous enemies. But considering their entire dependence on the dues paid by their flocks (and in general from what poor wretches are their dues taken!) the wonder is how they oppose it at all.

"You speak of lay impropriators being paid as a measure of justice. It seems to me just the other way. It was only by usurpation that they got the appointment to advowsons, and to direct any part of a religious fund to be put into the pockets of lay persons seems to me monstrous, be they Catholics or Protestants. Surely this is pure spoliation.

"Believe me truly yours,

"H. A. URQUHART."

CHAPTER XVI.

IN the midst of so much work Mrs. Urquhart found herself less strong in health, and arrangements had to be made for the birth of another child. It is touching to see how carefully her husband guarded her from fatigue, and though suffering much himself from his constant gout, how he tried to spare her and help her in every way. But she was a valiant woman, and in spite of some affectionate remonstrances from Lady Waldegrave and her family she resolved to spend all she could of the summer at the châlet. On their way she and Mr. Urquhart went to Rheims to see one of their theological allies, the Abbé Tallien. Describing their arrival at their mountain home, Mrs. Urquhart writes to Mrs. Poore:—

"We made a most excellent journey—the carriage turned out very well indeed. We came in two and a half hours exactly to Bonneville, and after resting two hours there got to S. Gervais by five o'clock. The others did not get in until nearly nine o'clock.

"Yesterday morning we could have started at five, but the men did not come; so it was eight before we were off, I in my chair and Mr. Urquhart on a horse. I did not mind

the motion of the chair at all, and they carried me up without stopping in two and a half hours. The carriage did not tire me either, so it would have been a great pity not to have come. I never saw my husband enjoy the place so much or be so delighted to find himself here. The air we feel particularly delightful, more so after the great heat of Geneva."

In another letter she writes:—

"Mr. Urquhart has been working very hard at your châlet. Potatoes (already above ground), transplanted, are put in there, and leeks. We find all the roses that arrived here last autumn after we left in very good case, having passed the winter here, so we have not ordered any others."

Mrs. Urquhart encloses in the same letter a communication from Major Rolland, in which he says:—

"When I saw . . . . yesterday he told me much of his conversation with Spanish and Portuguese prelates on the forthcoming Council. I gather from him that there is an inclination among the former particularly to take the right view in the matter, but of course there is an intense ignorance. This reminds me of what I spoke to Mr. Urquhart about before, the great importance of getting his letter to the Pope translated into good ecclesiastical Latin."

A petition had been drawn up to the Holy Father, and signatures among persons of weight were being collected, which involved Mrs. Urquhart in much correspondence. The finances of the *Diplomatic*

Review were under her supervision, and she now relaxed her care. In August she came down to a house in the suburbs of Geneva.

The week before her confinement was a very busy one for Mrs. Urquhart's pen. On the 1st of September, 1868, her boy Francis* was born, and on the 16th she writes in the best spirits about a return to the châlet. Mr. Urquhart was triumphantly and entirely happy and full of energy. He writes on "the great work doing here, and very hard. Père Collet was here yesterday, three and a half hours on one subject—the Irish Church. I went over for the first time the whole case."

The weather, however, was bad, and Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart did not return that autumn to the châlet, but established themselves in a house at Montreux for the winter, from whence they could at least watch the snow of the mountains at a convenient distance.

One of Mr. Urquhart's best written appeals to the conscience of Europe had been published in the *Diplomatic Reviews* of March and April, 1868. It was much commented on abroad. A short example will sum up many of the objections made to his forlorn but brave efforts. It is addressed to "the author of the 'Appeal of a Protestant to the Pope'":—

"Sir,—There are two questions I desire to address to

* Named after Frances Lady Waldegrave.

you. I trust you will give me a candid reply to them. They are these :—

"1. Do you hold the conviction that your ideas can ever act upon the mass of mankind, upon the march of events and the progress of governments, so as to put a stop to the effusion of blood on the field of battle?

"2. Do you expect that the forthcoming Council will be able to grasp ideas so large, so complicated, and so extraordinary?"

"GENEVA, *September 25th.*

"REVEREND FATHER,

"Allow me to invert the order of your questions.

"2. I am certain that if six bishops demand the restoration of the ancient teachings on the Fifth Commandment in the Catechism of Trent they will obtain it.

"1. These ideas being thus reduced to a single point easy to apprehend, the consciousness of *sin* in the execution of criminal orders will enlighten the judgment."

The reader will have seen frequent references to Mrs. Urquhart's share in filling the *Diplomatic Review*, but he will most likely never have seen a number of that singularly able effort to row against the stream. The *Diplomatic Review* at this date was a monthly gazette, printed for the most part in large and clear type, and on excellent paper. The mottoes heading each number were, "Our fathers

took care that what their rulers did was lawful; we take for law what our rulers do."—Seneca. "The Cabinets and Statesmen of Europe are the tools with which Russia works."—Sir John McNeill. Taking the number for September, 1868, we find the contents to be:—

"Events of the Month." "Great Britain Coerced by the United States." The novel and right term, "Expatriation." "Citizens' Protection Bill." "The Honour of England and Lord Napier of Magdala." "The Bombardment of Jeddah and the Blockade of Mazatlan." "Memorandum on Jeddah." "The Twofold Source of Crimes Abroad (Jeddah)." "The Policy of Prussia towards Austria." "General La Marmora's Revelations." "Petition to the Pope to declare the Law of Nations." "Duty of the Church to resist Public Crimes." "The Suspension of the Right of Search during the Russian War." "Memoir of M. Drouyn de Lluys (continued)." "The Polish Language."

It is impossible not to be struck by the trenchant arguments and epigrammatic style of the articles contributed by Mrs. Urquhart, who frequently signed "Caritas" at the foot of her independent essays. Her husband's have a ring now of Junius, now of Burke, and are not at all in the style even of the earlier part of our century. There are no revolutionary echoes in them, as in nearly all literature since 1879. They are not exactly easy reading, for there are none of the convenient phrases or generalizations which help the reader over passages of unpleasant fact, and satisfy his

mental indolence by a familiar drone of fine sentiments in finer verbiage.

The Maison Visinard, in which Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart lived at Montreux, was sufficiently near the best hotels to enable their visitors, while not sleeping under their roof, to see a good deal of them, and they had many all through the winter of 1868–9. Their eager hopes of decisions in their sense from the Council were backed by their untiring labour in gaining the ear of all likely to have a voice at Rome. In France the bishops were many of them favourable to that unification of the Diocesan Catechisms according to the Catechism of Trent, which certainly seemed desirable. Without dogmatic interest in the burning question of the Papal infallibilty, it is clear that to carry out his views Mr. Urquhart must wish to increase the authority of the Church's mouthpiece. He was therefore hotly infallibilist. The present generation hardly realizes the tension and uncertainty in the minds of Catholics as regarded the opportuneness or the inopportuneness of any decree on the subject. The syllabus issued five years before had frightened the Governments, who had to trim between revolutionary doctrines and their concordats with Rome. Probably the most active and most loyal Catholic party in Europe cherished hopes that the Council might at least admit the common sense of a compromise, lifting the "principles of 1789" out of the revolutionary mire, and recognising the splendid work

done by a Montalembert, a Falloux, a Dupanloup, a Döllinger, and a Newman in the reconciliation of the past and the present; the recognition of evolution or development in the spiritual order, suggested by Newman, carried into effect by the school of Montalembert. It seemed as if the Council, if it declared Pius the Ninth infallible, would endorse the whole syllabus of 1864, a consequence unnecessarily dreaded by the Liberals. We who know the outcome of those passionate controversies can thankfully admire the solid result, and those whose faith has found rest in the reasonable simplicity of the final definition of Papal infallibility can see how admirably useful was the passionate and sincere opposition of the minority. With reverence we may parody the loyal phrase of the House of Commons, who talk of "Her Majesty's Opposition," and say of Dupanloup and Clifford and Newman, Haynald or Strossmayer, that they were God's Opposition who winnowed His corn in the Vatican Council.

But in 1868 chaff and corn made for themselves in every diocese premonitory whirlwinds, and not a little blinding dust was stirred. The mere preparation of various *postulata* or projects to be discussed involved much knowledge of precedent. Fortunately no reformer guessed how the Council would be arrested by war, or the clamour would have been still greater.

It is evident that Mr. Urquhart's popularity in the East, and his intimate knowledge of their strength and

weakness as subjects of the Sultan, gave him special acquaintance at least with the tendencies of patriarchs and bishops within the Turkish Empire. The Armenian patriarch, Hassoun, was in correspondence with him during the year before the Council. Monsignor Azarian, the patriarch's Vicar-General, was in perfect agreement with his views, as were some others of the Fathers of the East. In the prevailing uncertainty his influence was alike minimised and unduly exalted. Hence the extreme bitterness with which the minority regarded him, laughed at the pretensions of a Protestant to come within the echoes of the Vatican, and above all at his support of the doctrine of Papal infallibility. It did not make them more placable that the chief Catholic organ of France, the *Univers*, gave him notice and praise. There would not perhaps have been so much said of him in that winter of highly strained purpose, but that the Oriental bishops who were his friends had valuable votes, votes that might have belonged to the minority. That probably roused the ire of those outside persons, hangers-on of the personages really concerned, who so swarmed at Rome. Without an exception it appeared that nearly all the representatives of the Catholic States of Europe were violently anti-Infallibilist. Diplomatists were natural enemies to Mr. Urquhart, and as much as possible they took care that he should be ignored and despised. It was a difficult position, but he and his wife and—best friends

of all—their consciences never flinched; and all the summer before in their mountain home they had "made trial of their armour" under the best advice they could get, and were full of hope and courage. The following extract from a letter out of many will give some idea of this. It is from Mrs. Urquhart:—

"St. Gervais, *June* 10*th*, 1869.

". . . . The next day David went to the Evêché at Geneva, and there several people were assembled by the Bishop to meet him. What do you think was arranged at that meeting? That a petition should be drawn up, to be entitled 'From Citizens of Switzerland,' to be signed by both Catholics and Protestants. The Bishop (Monsignor Mermillod) proposed this, and asked David to draw it up. He has accordingly sent him two different drafts for that purpose, and Père Collet says he likes them very much. We have had the long desired letter from Constantinople since we came here. David's friend had seen Azarian, our particular friend, and found him agreeing in everything, but timid. Our envoy had spoken on the matter to Ali Pasha, but only as an idea of his own, because he is known to be attached to the Austrian Diplomatic Service. He thought it more prudent not to show that he was a friend of David. For the same reason he says he did not dare to mention it, even to Baron Prokesch. He found him (Prokesch), however, 'entirely ravished' with D.'s letter to Lord Strangford on the Turks and Europe. However, the important part is that next week all the Catholic Bishops assemble at Constantinople in reference to the Council, and our friend says the proper person to open the matter with them is 'an independent English gentleman.' Upon this David

has renewed his endeavours with Mr. Monteith to get him to go. D. has begged the Bishop to write to him himself about it. There is no one else that it is possible to conceive. Could you not write to him and say how very anxious David appears for him to go, because he can see no other way, and this meeting at Constantinople of all the bishops, of which we knew nothing before, so facilitates it. Tell him that Azarian knows English perfectly, and will give him every assistance though he has not position, not being courageous enough to do the thing himself. Three copies of addresses to the Bishop have come here from the Committees, and one with above 300 signatures, among the rest all the Town Council and the Mayor of Macclesfield, while not one could be obtained at Preston. Why? Because in the latter place Catholics and Protestants are together, and have been fighting about Gladstone. In the former there are no Catholics, or none to take any prominent part; so the Protestants are not against the Pope! Surely there is a great lesson here. Tell Father Christie about this. I am so glad to hear he is all right about the soldiers, and that you are satisfied with the last *Diplomatic Review* about it. I am very glad that you see what is good in . . . . and that you are reading Moglia. He died not long ago. His book interests me immensely. But I have been electrified with one of Gratry's: his answer to Monsieur Vacherot. It is called *Lettres sur la Religion.* He exposes the insane folly of M. V. admirably. It is really consolatory to see that the 'Freethinkers' are becoming perfect idiots. But above all what has delighted and astonished us both are quotations which he gives from Thomassin's *Dogmes Théologiques,* by which it appears that the doctrine of the Catholic Church is that all are counted by it to be truly

belonging to Christ who—but I must quote one passage: 'La sagesse éternelle est toujours près de tout homme de cœur, et toujours loin des cœurs éteints. Et le Verbe a pris chair, a souffert, a enseigné pour tous ceux qui en quelque temps, en quelque lieu qu'ils aient vécu, se sont donnés à la justice, mais non pour ceux, qui tout en regardant de leurs yeux ses sacrements visibles, n'y ont point appliqué leurs cœurs.'

"I had vaguely heard before that such a doctrine existed, but to see it thus defined and applied in such a way has given me a deeper feeling of happiness than I have perhaps ever known. Then one turns with pain and disgust to the Catholic English newspapers to see them filled with Catholic and Protestant polemics and nothing else.

"Do you know all this has made me desire something very much in which you are concerned? It is that you would, could, and should write a review of Père Gratry's works for some English paper; *The Month*, for example. Will not good Father Christie—for I am sure that he is good, and I ask you to ask his prayers for ourselves as well as the work—approve of this? I do feel so convinced that there is but one way in which the true religion can triumph, and that is by the Catholic Church showing that it is able to deal with all the sins, crimes, and errors of our times, as it is able most undoubtedly and intrinsically. But the question is, Are the Catholics able? As I wrote to the Abbé Defourny, 'Ce n'est pas l'Eglise elle-meme qui nous fera défaut mais les hommes faibles de nos jours qui sont dans l'Eglise, aussi bien qu'en dehors de l'Eglise.' Gratry, if he does not deal exactly with the great question—our question—does deal, and in a masterly way, with many of the questions which are distracting the minds of men, both those born inside the Church and outside of it.

"I am going to propose to Mr. . . . . to write on the 'Law of Nations,' *apropos* of the article in *The Month*, which spoke rather as if the law had to be made than *applied*. It is most important to show that it is not so, and how the idea of the 'Law of Nations' being undefined and vague has come about."

"My dearest friend, good-bye,

"H. A. URQUHART."

Mr. Monteith finally consented to go to Constantinople. It would have been impossible to find a man more suitable, and his mission was remarkably successful. A man of distinguished presence and admirable manners and tact, he could not fail to impress the dignitaries, ecclesiastical and ministerial, at Constantinople. Wealth and social standing, as they always do, were useful in aiding his mission. He spoke and wrote French well, he was an officer of the Papal household, he was a scholar, and had been of Arthur Hallam's and Tennyson's set long since at Cambridge, and by every title he was an example of an accomplished English gentleman.

It was a charming if small company which met at the châlet in July, 1869, and from "the roof of the world," as Mr. Monteith playfully called Mont Prarion, laid the plan of campaign in Constantinople. The closest friendship had long united Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart with their faithful and generous friend, whose purse was always ready in the maintenance of their newspaper and the further-

ance of their reforms. The parting words of Monsignor Mermillod to Mr. Monteith will show something of the spirit that prevailed in the little knot of allies—who cannot be called Quixotes—for all conceivable promise seemed to be offered by the coming assembly of Christian pastors.

Mrs. Urquhart writes that Monsignor Mermillod said to the ambassador of the châlet: "You are going on the part of the Archbishop of Westminster, the Archbishop of Malines, the Bishop of Orléans, the Bishop of Mayence, myself, and several other bishops. You go invested with full authority to speak in our name." . . .

(Mr. Urquhart here interposed and said): "He goes from you, and he is the representative of a large body of English working men."

The Bishop said: "The conjunction is providential."

Afterwards, in blessing him, he added: "Receive our special blessing to strengthen you for God's work in which you are engaged, and for which you are going."

On the 14th of July Monsignor Mermillod also wrote to Mr. Monteith:—

"St. Gervais-les-Bains, *July* 14*th*, 1869.

"Cher Monsieur,

"Votre lettre m'arrive au moment où une dépêche me rappelle à Genève pour affaires pressantes. Je vais sans delai communiquer à Rome ce que vous me dites.

Le Comte Scherer s'occupe de votre affaire, mais il ne me dit pas encore le succès. J'espérais aller vous demander l'hospitalité. Tous mes compagnons de voyage ont été émus de votre si gracieuse accueil, et ils ont été charmés comme moi de cette vie intellectuelle qui s'abrite sous les sapins, et qui se nourrit de grands horizons.

"Je ne doute pas que Dieu vous ait donné une mission providentielle; ne vous étonnez pas des difficultés qui se trouvent sur votre chemin. J'ai été attendri de ce que m'a raconté Madame Urquhart, et je demande à Dieu de donner à cette grande âme, à la votre, et à celles de vos chers enfants, toutes les lumières, toutes les forces et toutes les bénédictions dont vous êtes digne. Tout votre respectueusement en notre Seigneur,

"GASPARD MERMILLOD.

"Evêque."

From Vienna Mr. Monteith wrote to his friends of the châlet:—

"My reminiscences of the 'Roof of the World,' and the revival there of the ways of primitive man (combined with the most abundant conceivable use of Post-office, rail, and telegram), are such as to tempt me to write a little book about it all — *Evenings in a Châlet, In Face of Mont Blanc, Roof of the World*, and what not—a miscellany of scenery and conversation; in which philosophic perspiration in the bath is broken by the arrival of dispatches from the four corners of the lower world, and fragments given of matter received and sent. It might be a memorable and brilliant thing if the man capable of writing it could also visit the châlet. Perhaps a small Alpine Club of those who have done so might make up such a volume, but it would require a strong-willed and clearly-judging president."

This is not the place to recount the success of Mr. Monteith in gaining the ear and the interest of many Eastern Bishops of the various rites within the Turkish Empire, who were then in synod at Constantinople; but a letter of Mrs. Urquhart expressing her happiness may be quoted:—

"CHÂLET DES MÉLÈZES, ST. GERVAIS, HAUTE SAVOIE,
"*August 20th.*

"MY DEAR MR. MONTEITH,

"One line before the post boy goes down to express the immense joy and consolation that your letters (all received together yesterday) have given my husband and myself. I feel that the *Te Deum* ought to be sung most solemnly for such result." . . . She concludes her letter: "We seem to have entered a new world, where all is hope and joy. One probable result will be our going to Rome —my idea."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE reader will already have been assured that Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart used every shilling they could spare on the causes they had at heart. No personal sacrifices were counted by them too great could a single murder by unjust war be averted. If they went to Rome Mrs. Urquhart rightly judged they must incur considerable expense, and keep a house in which they could comfortably receive their guests. Independent and even haughtily proud as she usually was in money matters, she accepted for the sake of the cause the house which Mr. Monteith put at their disposal in Rome.

Mrs. Urquhart writes to Mr. Monteith on the 5th of November:—

"It seems a month since we came, and it is with an effort I remember that it was only yesterday morning we arrived, half asleep after the night journey; and in that state indeed I went on during the day. Even St. Peter's only astonished me a little. But before I say more I must express some little part of the great gratitude we feel to you for having placed us as we are. It is like a fairy tale. We arrived and found this charming old house, breakfast laid for us by the attention of M. de Monaca,

the coachman coming for orders, &c., all perfect. To finish our domestic history I will tell you that a servant also dropped from the clouds, the son of Clementina, the housemaid, whom she calls 'the boy.' We took him on trial, and he is exceedingly attentive. David likes his looks, so we are inclined to keep him for the time we are here at least. Clementina can also cook very fairly and has made excellent soup to-night; so with her and Victorine, our own maid's help, and something from a restaurant, we shall do very well. But do not be afraid of our getting into anybody's hands. We go out to-morrow to market ourselves at 7 a.m., which will amuse David.

"Read the enclosed, and then understand that David has seen the writer and is charmed with him. He came to the carriage door to see me, and to repeat to me the words of the Holy Father to himself, for he had seen him since he wrote. He did tell him of David and his work and his approaching arrival, and then asked leave to return again to speak on the matter after he had seen my husband, to which the Pope gladly assented. Dr. Maupied* added, 'Voila où nous en sommes,' identifying himself with us. He comes to breakfast with us to-morrow morning. This morning also David saw Father Piccirillo, the director of the *Cattolicà*, to whom Père Collet had told him to go and to put himself entirely in his hands. He has acted on this to the letter. The Padre has dictated to him his letter to the Cardinal asking for an interview. The end of the visit was that David *kissed* his hand as he put it out. You may imagine the impression that must have been produced. We have been amused at thinking of the effect that will come by way of contrast after the ferocious

* F. L. M. Maupied, Doctor in Theology, Professor at the Sorbonne, Honorary Canon of Rheims, an eminent theologian, who had been for some time in correspondence with Mr. Urquhart.

character of David that has been spread abroad. Yesterday he saw Mr. Whitty, than whom nothing could be more amiable, he tells me. Monsignor Kirby came in this morning while David was out and I received him, and I believe won his heart. His Irish accent made me at home at once and I referred to Chichester, and then we got upon the Irish Church, so that I got the benefit of being Chichester's sister, now that he is in such good odour on account of his being engaged in that affair; and the benefit also of being able to say that I regret what he has done—not as being too much, but too little—and that his own original plan was *restitution;* not mere pulling down restitution for justice, not pulling down to get political support, and for the sake of pulling down. I can see that much can be made out of that subject. He invited David —who came in before he went, and who pleased him evidently very much—to dine in their refectory on Sunday.

"Now for the reverse of the medal. David saw yesterday also Father C. I will repeat his words: 'The moment I placed my eyes on him my object was to get away without saying anything that he could repeat.' Father C. is exactly where he was when he wrote you a letter last year, as from Cardinal Reisach, and on which had D. acted he would have done nothing more. He is the opposite pole to Father Piccirillo—I am not sure that I have the name right. None of the Orientals are yet come. Father C. knew about the decrees proposed at Constantinople, but did not know whether they had been actually passed. When David said that he had not heard, the Father remarked, 'You as a Protestant and a layman could not have decrees communicated to you.' Upon which David remarked with simplicity, 'Mais cependant c'est moi qui les ai rédigés!'

"This conversation, coming upon the depression from fatigue of yesterday and my own intense anxiety, fairly knocked me down as far as the flesh and mind go. The spirit has another world to live in. From that world visitations have come to-day, and the sun has broken out."

After some remarks on the high standing of Dr. Maupied, Mrs. Urquhart gives an amusing sketch of some Englishmen, who wished as soon as possible to dissociate themselves from her husband. It was, however, a very happy time for them. A cheerful letter from Mr. Urquhart so expresses the mood of both that we give some extracts:—

"*November* 17*th*, 1869.

"Yesterday was the twelfth from our arrival, and that day I took as holyday; the throng of work being over, and the load of anxiety relieved. We did enjoy our day. We started early; Prince George and Prince Herman (de Solms) accompanying us. We went first to the Vatican, and then to the Villa Albani, where we spent the day. It is true that early in the morning I had had an hour with the Archbishop of New York, the first man of dignity I have met here, and the first with whom there was no attempt at shaking hands. Two men, who both approach the Pope and have spoken to him about me, are of opinion that my work is done for the present, and we have now to await the Bishops, our friends, and the effect of the '*Travail*' proposed; it is now copying, and to-morrow or next day will be in the hands of the Pope. We are wonderfully comfortable, and have now many engagements. Our kitchen, too, is perfect. We had a little breakfast, and the fame of the dishes has come back to us—and then

so cheap. Truffles four francs for a pound. Woodcocks 1½ francs. Fish admirable, and half the price of London. As to soups (always the great difficulty) I have absolutely nothing to say. They have not yet lost that art, and we have them as the Romans have theirs.

"From what I said above you must not run into unfounded expectations. I have spoken only of the preliminary difficulties. These overcome there remains the desperate design behind. If the decrees have been passed in the Constantinople Synod, then indeed success is probable; but if not, success will be impossible save through the Pope himself. For our proposed work one of the points is the exclusion of the Veto in the Papal election. If this is accepted the position will be defined as to the Foreign Powers, and one grand difficulty removed. I am inclined to attribute the repulsion of one Cardinal to his having been frightened on this score."

Mrs. Urquhart was perhaps more clear-sighted than her husband when there were rocks ahead. On the 18th of November she writes:—

"My dear Mr. Monteith,

"Our fortunes have been various since I wrote last. The first news was too good to last. In such a work difficulties must arise, or this would not be an evil world from which we are to be delivered. David received on Sunday evening a summons to Cardinal Antonelli for Monday morning. I find it very hard to give you an idea of this visit. He called for Dr. Maupied on his way back, and brought him off to narrate to him and me together what had occurred. This is the general outline. The Cardinal began by asking him what he had come to Rome for! and

then ran on seeking to give the impression that he had been misinformed if David came to Rome with the idea that they wanted him or intended to do anything. I made notes as David narrated, but I can only tell you now that the visit ended very differently. David managed to interpose, to fix his attention, to be able to go back to the beginning of their intercourse, the visit to the Cardinal of C. He went over what then passed, which the Cardinal said was correct; then to his own interview with the Archbishop; and his, the Archbishop's, letters to Rome on the subject; to the plan, proposed and accepted in words, of sending him two persons to study. All this the Cardinal acknowledged had happened, and finally he said, 'But we sent you Monsignor Agnozzi' (the nuncio at Lucerne). Dr. Maupied had seen the Cardinal on the Sunday a second time when he mentioned that he was to see David the next day, and said that he had desired all the letters and documents sent by him to be put together that he might read them before the interview.

"At a certain stage in the conversation the Cardinal told David that he had delayed to receive him that he might read over the correspondence, but *had not found time to do so*. This may partly account for his manner at first; he felt he was unprepared, and wanted to get rid of him. He *became* very friendly, and *offered* to present David to the Pope. David did get in some of the things he wanted to say, and believes that he made a favourable impression. He is to see him again. D.'s impression of him is that he is sincere, but very frivolous. D. believes that he never did read the letters himself, but that someone must have reported favourably, and hence the favourable replies. Who that person was one would like to know. It has been providential that such replies were

sent to bring us here. For everything, as far as Rome itself goes (always excepting securing the Holy Father's good will), seems to remain to be done. David has also seen Cardinal Barnabo. The same story over again; that is, so far as having apparently made up their minds that there is nothing to be done. But except that, everything he said was good. He spoke enthusiastically of the Turkish Government. Dr. Maupied was present, on whom this must have had a useful effect, and is fully alive to the danger from Russia. He, however, had read nothing; having only received the 'Appeal' in English! I wish the Latin copies were arrived. All I brought with me are disposed of but one or two. David has seen Father Piccirillo since and narrated these two interviews to him. He became quite excited, and observed, 'Well, at any rate a beginning has been made.'

"Now I will confess to you that at first (my hopes having been excited by the impressions conveyed by Dr. Maupied) I was completely knocked down by the interview with Cardinal Antonelli. When we drove about this wonderful place afterwards I could take no interest in anything. I felt as if I should like to drive to the station and go back to the children. One expression of the Cardinal's, speaking of the Law of Nations, 'But what can we do more than we have done? We have no *fleets and armies* to go about the world to enforce it,' rang in my ears, and I said to myself, 'Is there no faith?' This from a prince of the Church whose weapons are 'spiritual,' whose object is to save, and to save by teaching, and in Rome over the tombs of the martyrs. It was not he only (a worldly man no doubt), but Father C.—in fact, though not in word—said the same, and reported the same of Cardinal de Reisach.

Well, at length it came upon me that it was I myself who had no faith. 'Not by might, nor by power, but by My spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.' Salvation is not to come out of the Cardinals, that only is evident. It occurs to me that the Holy Father must have called this Council partly because he saw the insufficiency of all those around him. I must tell you that David said when the Cardinal offered to present him that such was his great desire; but added that if the Pope had the objects in view which he, David, believed him to have, he desired to see him that he might be assured of this, and then to beg from him his direction and his benediction. He is still to see Cardinals Luca and Bilio. None of our friends among the bishops are yet arrived. But we have just seen in the paper that several Orientals have arrived and Greek Melchite bishops, whom David will try and see, getting an introduction from Cardinal Barnabo. He has just written to the Grand Vizier to tell him of the good sentiments he has here found, and upon that again to urge the special mission, suggesting that it should be secret.

"To-day has been the most interesting of all. We have been to San Clemente and spent a long time in the underground church, and saw with our own eyes the fresco of St. Clement, being enthroned by St. Peter and SS. Linus and Cletus on each side. It did really startle me to be able to read the names underneath distinctly, three such names in the church built over the oratory from which we had just come up, and to know that the bones of S. Clement and S. Ignatius are under the altar above. The link that is imagined to be missing is thus demonstrated to be perfect. And if the recollection of the martyrs does not give life to the present living men, *they* are alive and not dead, and

their life will save us through their prayers. The good Prior showed us all over it, Father Burke not being yet returned though expected in a day or two, from whom we expect a great deal. On coming in we found Chevalier Rossi in the act of leaving a message for us about the Catacombs. He stayed some time. D. is much pleased with him, and on Friday he is to take us over a Catacomb. So you see how effectual have been your introductions. He asked much after you. I have seen the Transfiguration at length to-day. That is worth coming to Rome for. I have been at a high mass at the Lateran on the day of the Dedication, while D. was with Cardinal Barnabo. The Princess de Solms and her daughter are here, which is very nice for us, and her sons are expected soon, who are such favourites of ours—one at least—Hermann. *The* pamphlet has come from Geneva, which gives the result at Constantinople and the project of decrees. David is almost alarmed, but the act is Monsignor Mermillod's and shows at least that he has 'burnt his vessels,' for he is mentioned in it as approving all, and he has sent them from Geneva to the bishops.

"We make great use of the carriage. You would like to see how David enjoys the mere driving about and recalling all his former delights in this place."

In a later letter she writes:—

"We went on desperately without regard to expense, because it had to be done, and determined to make whatever sacrifice might be necessary ourselves . . . as to success here it is quite uncertain. The Cardinals are evidently against it. The word here is, 'It is great, it is magnificent; but it is impossible.'"

Perhaps more than most of the strangers at Rome

that eventful winter Mrs. Urquhart appreciated the far-reaching importance of the great Council met together to restate Christian faith, and to reaccommodate Christian discipline to the evolution of humanity in the three silent centuries since at Trent the bishops had spoken. Cardinal Borromeo and St. Philip Neri and many other saints had then met many-headed heresy, and purified the human fabric of the Church of many stains. Doubtless there were also saints active for good within that chancel of St. Peter's, where discussion rose and fell with the same zeal and vigour as in any of the great Councils of the early centuries. But the meaner disputes of diplomatists and journalists, of the Tories and Whigs of the Ultramontane and Liberal parties, deafened many to the weightier issues debated within the precincts of the Vatican. The quarrels of factions that already seem so small no doubt played a very real part under the divine will in moulding the decrees of the Council; just as electric storms with their damaging rains, splashing mire and ravage of leaves, advance all growth and revive the dusty margins of the high road.

It was a fresh test of Mrs. Urquhart's singleness of purpose and trust in immutable justice that she could maintain confidence in the hurly-burly, a confidence that waxed faint even among some Catholics. Yet if ever an assembly was to declare that oneness of divine and human righteousness in

thought and action, that common purpose of God and His image—man—tending to their reunion in perfect Life, which is the end proposed by the Church, and for which it exists, it should have been the Parliament of the Vatican. No doubt it showed the limit of human endeavour, but it attained that limit better than any assembly has yet done, and who can measure what might have been further attained had not war and invasion cut short its deliberations. Mrs. Urquhart's affectionate reverence for its action was unflawed even when delay after delay occurred in getting signatures for a postulatum, setting forth Mr. Urquhart's desired reform, or rather recognition of ancient canonical discipline in the conduct of soldiers and all concerned in bloodshedding under the warrant of war. As she wrote, she made "whatever sacrifice was necessary" to further her husband's forlorn assault on prejudices revived and recklessly used by some of his own fellow-countrymen, and by one or two diplomatists, on whom no doubt he had in the past bestowed many bitter epithets. Early and late she was serving him socially and by her writing. The letters signed "Caritas" that were printed in the *Diplomatic Review* have peculiar interest from the good ends for which she used the daily incidents of that time, when fundamental principles and truths and the very bases of European society were pawed and chattered about as a watch might be by monkeys, and when dogmatic theology was in the air men

breathed. In the Tempietto, which Mr. Monteith had hired to be their residence, might be seen after a half Eastern breakfast, and in an atmosphere of Latakia smoke, soutanes and uniforms from many distant quarters, and at quieter moments the General of the Jesuits, Father Beckx, or other associate of the great company were not seldom in the inner sanctum where Mr. Urquhart received his most honoured guests. Il Tempietto, as No. 17, Via Sistina is called, had a history. It was built for a Polish Queen, the wife of Casimir the Great, and as long as Poland maintained an Embassy at Rome it was the ambassador's official residence. Many an attempt to put life into a lost cause had certainly been made within its walls, but who shall say that the cause for which Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart did battle can ever be lost, though for a time it may be in abeyance. Some day the cup of blood shed in unlawful war will become too full and bitter for the European nations to drink, if not too expensive, and Mr. Urquhart's words may serve to point at least to a remedy and to forge a link between a juster past and a more merciful future.

There seems little doubt but that at least some of the European Governments were fanning the flame of discord between extreme Infallibilists and Liberals, so as to shake religious influence; to enable the lay powers to interpret the syllabus and concordats as they chose and to throw off ecclesiastical ties. Men of no faith and doubtful morals took up the noble

voluntaryism of Montalembert, and attached themselves nominally to that school of ardently pious Christians represented by Gratry and Gerbet and Dupanloup, which desired reconciliation with progress rather than bitter opposition to the evolution of the century. Unfortunately the alliance of Mr. Urquhart with the Bishop of Orleans, which had given so much authority to the layman's voice, did not bear the strain of the Roman contest. That great prelate would not accept the idea of any Turkish influence which could possibly affect the Eastern bishops. To find his English and Anglican acquaintance professing a deference to the infallible authority of the Holy Father in its extreme expression seemed almost insincere, and that patriarchs of Cilicia and Jerusalem, bishops of the Oriental rite and jealous of their position, could be affected by a discredited agent of Lord Palmerston was a thought intolerable to the eager leader of the Opposition in the Council. It was a time, indeed, when friendships were put aside for principles, and so best, however great the pain of renunciation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THOSE interested have heard perhaps too much of that opposition. It was but on one point of the business concluded by the assembly. The earlier sessions were spent in full discussion of other articles of Catholic faith, on ecclesiastical discipline, on various adaptations of old practice to new conditions, among which Mr. Urquhart's supporters took care that his ideas should be represented. The Archbishop of Bulgaria and his tall Mongolian "theologian," or secretary, were keen in their friendship and ready to testify to the just and easy government of Turkey as contrasted with Russian practice. Forty signatures were obtained to back the postulatum concerning war, which was submitted to the Council, and which was drawn up according to Mr. Urquhart's views, and finally he obtained his private audience from the Pope on the 9th of February, 1870. He read from a paper the twelve propositions in which he summed up his desires and his scheme of action. Possibly his uniform as deputy-lieutenant accented his right to interfere in questions of the military conscience, but from a friend who saw

him immediately after we know that his exultation after the interview was great. "Nothing could be more perfect! All my anticipations have been realized," he said, "and work will immediately follow." Some of the Pope's words were, "God has inspired you with the justest views on the most important matters." Laying his hand on the Appeal* the Holy Father said, "I have read it all and approve it all"; at the end he said, "Now the first stone is laid."

Ten days later followed a private audience to Mrs. Urquhart, with which she was equally delighted. Pius IX. said that her husband "had written well," and had "de bons sentiments." He praised her as "a good woman" and sent his blessing to her four children, and finally said, "Il faut pousser. Frappez à la porte et ce sera ouverte."

The reader who has followed Papal action, especially of late years, will be interested in the twelve propositions read by Mr. Urquhart to Pius the Ninth. They were drawn up in French, but can be fairly put into English as follows :—

"1. The power possessed by the Revolution has its origin in the fact that the public Law of Nations and consequently the Law of God is neither comprehended nor applied in human societies.

"2. The Revolution is cunning, for it uses the veil of deceptive words, which lead honest men and even bishops astray.

* "The Appeal of a Protestant to the Pope."

"3. Russia uses Revolution as her instrument, and alone profits by its crimes.

"4. Your Holiness, who represents the conscience of mankind, is the only man who can re-establish Public Law.

"5. Hence it is that in the East it has been sought to lessen your authority, and that certain bishops have not understood that they were serving the purposes of Revolution and of Russia.

"6. In the West we have been able to perceive that the whole debate between Law and Revolution is summed up in your authority. Thus at the Peace Congress at Geneva, which personified the struggle, there were but two parties to it: the Pope defended by the Catholics and by me, and Garibaldi supported by Russia and the Revolutionary Party.

"7. It is for this reason that I have chosen Constantinople and Geneva as residences and posts for my observations, and I have come to Rome as the centre of Light, of Law, and of Respect.

"8. The Eastern bishops have been almost unanimous. The bishops of the West who have been the warmest defenders of this question of Public Law are Monsignor Manning, Monsignor Des Champs, and Monsignor Mermillod, all three independent of Governments and diplomacy. All three they contend in behalf of justice in the three cities which are centres of Revolution in the West: London, Brussels, and Geneva.

"9. The practical means is to profit by the Council.

"10. Obedience will return when ignorance is dispelled.

"11. For thirty years I have been solely devoted to this question and its issues.

"12. Support would be gained by the establishment of diplomatic relations between the Holy See and the Porte, which would facilitate the reunion of the Christian populations of the East."

After this reception by Pius the IXth Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart felt that their mission at Rome was fulfilled. They at least had done their part in bringing to the notice of the Christian Fathers assembled what seemed to them the bloodthirstiness of the laity and the laxity of ecclesiastical teaching. Henceforward both gave themselves up to the profound satisfactions which Rome offers to ardent and instructed spirits, who can not only learn its lessons, but who can by imagination enter both into its vast sadness and its infinite hope and patience. Just as Rome can give occasion to shallow scepticisms and to the contempt of the comfortable mind, so it remains a storehouse of heroic suggestion; and on its buildings, from the ancient walls to the cross on St. Peter's, the highwater mark of pre- and post-Christian life is indicated as nowhere else in the world. Often when she could not trust herself to speak her thoughts Mrs. Urquhart's lip quivered, her eyes filled with tears as she "walked in the ancient ways," both literally and in spirit. She and her husband stood curiously apart from the disputatious mob of that winter which struggled round the transept of the great Cathedral, where dogmatic truth was being slowly fashioned from the block of religious thought as a sculptor chisels the features of his ideal. They were absolutely incapable of intrigue, though with pains and labour they tried to convert men who could further their aims. Fervent Catholics were disappointed that they

did not seek formal reception into the Church, and even their friends attributed their attitude to pride. Part of a letter written about this time to a friend will explain some of Mrs. Urquhart's feelings.

"I do not believe that anyone has ever understood my husband, just because he is so easily understood, because he is altogether in his work, and not at all in himself. Lord Ponsonby had some idea of him when he said to him: 'Other men have said, Strike, but hear me. You may say, Spit on me, but hear me.' Consequently it is always painful to me to find any of his friends speculating upon his character. They are always wrong, and it is sure to be unprofitable. I suspect, however, that your idea of pride is connected with your belief as a Catholic; for I do not think our Protestant friends believe that he is 'beset by the demon of pride,' as some very dear friends of ours—Catholics—once said of him, and of me also. I admire you, however, for saying it to me and not to others."

No one who saw much of Mrs. Urquhart at that time could indeed accuse her of self-sufficiency or pride. Faith, which has been defined as *non la certitude aveugle mais la certitude éblouie*, was rising in her heart; faith the reward of singular teachableness and a childlike respect for authority. At first her husband's interest in classical history and Roman institutions occupied her much, but before long her whole interest was given to Christian records and monuments. As she better realized the vitality of the Latin Church and its universality, and grasped better the idea of its divine mission, her fears that

her husband's struggles in behalf of justice and law should remain sterile in a sterilised world were relieved. She saw witnesses of eternal justice at every turn, and she for the first time felt that the guardians of authority and principle were potent to resist the deluge. Already she had hold of the bark of Peter, though she would not yet publicly enter it; and henceforward, though her help was always at the service of her husband, though she passed six more years of labour and anxiety by his side, there is an absence of bitterness, a security that right would prevail, and a wider charity and tolerance in all she wrote and said.

And so with a happy heart she gave herself to the interests of the Roman spring; to the sermons and services of Lent; the Easter joy of St. Peter's; the memories of the Colisseum, where before the Italian occupation the martyrs were publicly venerated; the leap into light of the Vatican Dome, when darkness was settling down on the earth; the sudden flood of white mitres which that year followed the Pope and filled the balcony whence he gave his blessing to the universe. All was delightful to her in her new hope, her new reliance on the power that makes for righteousness, and would guide men, even after long waiting, to law and justice in the case of war. Rome was enchanted ground to her; by her reproachful eyes even her Catholic friends felt themselves rebuked, if they dwelt on the surface of things, and guessed

at coming events, or grumbled over what seemed hitches in the march of the Council. Catholic at heart more than many avowed children of the Church, Mrs. Urquhart gazed with a rapt face at the long line of apostolic fathers that converged to their great centre the Pope, when on Low Sunday the public were admitted to vision of the august assembly. Who could mistake her assent as the decrees passed were formally proclaimed? One day the reforms in the Catechisms, which were to fulfil her husband's hopes and justify his life-long contentions, would, she believed, be in like manner uttered to the consenting Catholic world. The reader can judge of her joy and enthusiasm. Soon after, the increasing heat, and indeed the consciousness that the whole subject of unjust war was committed to stronger hands than their own, made it advisable for Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart to return by pleasant stages to their châlet.

The course of events that make that year memorable need not be recalled. The Council, breaking up in July to reassemble in November, had not since held another sitting, and Mrs. Urquhart's hopes were dashed for a time, though the increasing obstacles to success only nerved her and her husband to renewed effort, at least to drive further into Roman minds the principles which had been so far recognised at the Vatican. Meantime they followed from their mountain look out the intrigues which forced on the Franco-

German War. A very interesting summary exists of Mr. Urquhart's views, and of his advice to the Porte, with which his intercourse had been much quickened by the affairs of the Council. Almost the first sentence written while the issue of war was yet uncertain denotes the tenour of this remarkable review of the whole Eastern question since Talleyrand was displaced to make room for the Czar's friend, the Duc de Richelieu, at the French Foreign Office in 1815.

"Either France or Prussia will be entirely shattered. I take the second alternative, and I will indicate the consequences fatal to the Turkish Empire and the way to avoid them." With all his eloquence he urged the Sultan to reestablish the Turkish power in the Danubian provinces at that favourable juncture.

It is only necessary to indicate this paper, but its existence explains some allusions in Mrs. Urquhart's letters which follow to Mr. Fortescue and Lady Waldegrave. The delight with which she had returned to the châlet was rudely interrupted by the daily news from Paris; the "exultation," to use her husband's own expression, with which they had seen their garden and the potato plot in full blossom was dashed. Even before the declaration of war her soul had been vexed by the hints of some English newspapers that the English Colonies might as well be allowed to go their own way of separation from the empire. She writes: "This plan of giving

them up, and the way in which it is covered over by certain phrases, makes all my blood boil and my soul shiver inside me with the sense of how rotten everyone has become." Mr. Disraeli's novel of *Lothair* filled her also with indignation. Fresh from Rome its tone was a personal insult to her. She would fain have reviewed it, but she had not the detachment of spirit or perhaps the light hand which could criticise such literature. She was apt to "tear the heart out of a book" without respect for its graces of diction, and to judge by more directly moral standards than those finer balances of ethics which can weigh the vice and virtue of art and taste. The following letter is an example of her keenness of political divination, while yet the world and the newspapers were quite at fault:—

"St. Gervais, *August 22nd*, 1870.

". . . It is very strange this bias of Mr. —— for Prussia; for not to put the two on a level is to say that Prussia is in the right. Indeed he does say so in the words, 'Put Prussia on her defence.' I suppose he is thinking of the two Governments when he says this. As for the people, probably there is not one on either side who does not believe he is fighting for his country, that is of those who think at all about it; the Frenchman believing that France was really endangered by Prussia, and the German merely seeing that France began the war. They are sheep driven only to slaughter as well as to be slaughtered.

"If the Governments are to be spoken of, then I hold

that the words, 'Put Prussia on her defence,' are a complete mis-statement. To be able to say them it is not enough to say that it was France that first pronounced the word 'War.' Even without going back to what you have so well spoken of—the past history of Bismarck in relation to Prussia—the mere incidents that have come out in the papers are enough to show that it was a plot to entrap France into a war. For example, there is the knowledge possessed by Bismarck before, as we now know, that France would not suffer a Hohenzollern in Spain. Why then was he proposed, and why did he accept in the first instance? I do not suppose that Mr. —— believes that he did so without the knowledge of Bismarck or the King, any more than he believes that Prince Charles 'ran away' from Prussia to become Prince of Roumania. Another small incident was given by *The Times* correspondent from Berlin, July 14th. He says that the King having telegraphed to Bismarck the interview at Ems with Benedetti, *he* (Bismarck) *lost no time in publishing it*, which was done the same evening. And then the effect produced by it was that all felt 'as if a stain had been wiped out from the national escutcheon. . . . People were thanking God that their honour had been ultimately vindicated against intolerable assumption,' &c. I see that even amongst the Prussians one has been found who dared to propose not to grant the necessary supplies, because 'Prussian robberies had better be made good first.' By this it is clear that the intention was to make that interview with Benedetti a cause of war, and that it was known that it would be war.

"As far as one can venture to hope or wish in such a matter, I certainly do with all my heart desire that

France may finally beat the Prussians. There are the evils to be avoided that must follow the triumph of the latter, which may be summed up in one word—Revolution. Revolution in France will be revolution in Italy, probably in Switzerland (at least the Swiss fear it, and therefore are all for France). Revolution in Italy means the loss of Rome, and all that would be lost with it, the decision that the Council may take, &c. All this must be so desirable for Russia that (humanly speaking) one cannot help expecting it. But then my husband believes Russia to be in such a state internally that she cannot afford the risk financially of a revolution. But you know this already; therefore we hope that France will succeed in driving back the Prussians. But I confess I never felt so anxious for news in my life. As the case now stands, France having received these blows and been put into such a state of fear, and made to feel the volcano under her feet—it seems as if the best thing that could happen for our work would be that Prussia should now receive blows in her turn; and blows there will be if the success is not absolute, as she has evidently staked all on the issue, her last soldier and all her reputation and prestige as a military power.

"I am writing this while a most interesting conversation is going on. So do not be surprised if it is very *décousu*. We have here the great friend of Prokesch, Baron Warsburg. He is a very nice person; frank, simple, intelligent, but not very strong. You can imagine how many circumstances, conversations, &c., all of which throw light upon events, and confirm in every respect my husband's judgments. Above all, they increase the estimate to be formed of Prokesch, especially as to character. For example, in an interview with the Viceroy of Egypt, at

which Baron Warsburg was present, he described how the Viceroy began to thank Prokesch for all he had done for his country, &c. Prokesch said nothing. The other then spoke of Aali Pasha, and said that it was his fault that he (the V.) had not been able to attain all he wished. On which Prokesch began in a tone of indignation and with the greatest hauteur and dignity to put down the other, at length exclaiming with fierceness, 'C'est un mensonge,' when the other reiterated that Aali Pasha was unjust to him. He then told the Viceroy that as long as he (P.) was at Constantinople, he might be sure that Turkey would never yield to his pretensions, and that the Emperor was *now* entirely of his opinion, and that *M. Beust had been obliged to yield on the point.*

"In reference to present matters, one most curious thing we have learned about Bucher.* Then Baron Warsburg tells us that many Austrians, Professors, &c., are quite blind with respect to Bismarck, and at this moment are for him, notwithstanding all, *entirely* because of Bucher.

"Their argument is: He is playing a game for Germany; he is obliged to act as he does, but when the time comes he will cast off the Hohenzollerns, whom he despises and dislikes in his heart as much as the greatest democrats, and proclaim a German Republic! And all this they believe merely because he appointed Bucher and because Bucher serves him, they believing that B. knows him and serves him on account of his real sentiments and intentions! It had therefore been of the greatest interest to him to learn from us the real history of Bucher's defection and appoint-

* Lothaire Bucher, strongly Republican; under sentence of death *par contumace* for the part he had taken in 1848. His services were secured by Prince, then Count Bismarck, who called him 'my other self who has completed my existence.'

ment by Bismarck, and he says he can make great use of it. He has also told us of a conversation between Bismarck and Prokesch, at which he was present. This was before the Denmark War, at an interview at Gastein between the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria, when it was a question of a reconstruction of the German Constitution.

"The Emperor (as I understood) would not come forward as Emperor of Germany. Prokesch recounted the scene to Bismarck, when the latter became excited and declared that if the Emperor would not play that *rôle*, his King should. He said, 'I desire war with Austria; it is necessary for us, and we must have it. Then you will see the *rôle* my King will play. You will see comment je le lancerai et comment je lui ferai sauter le ruisseau.' This scene seems to me of a piece with all his speeches; he takes the *rôle* of a coarse, ferocious joker, and thus gets credit for frankness and sincerity. I forgot that he ended by saying, 'And I will take him to Rome, and have him crowned Emperor of Germany!' I had just been reading in Galignani that the German papers are saying that after the war the King is to go to Rome for this very purpose, on account of his Catholic subjects in South Germany! And, moreover, that the Pope is well inclined to do it because he is so angry with France.

"Very sincerely yours,

"H. A. U."

A curious retort to the doctrines advanced by modern war-makers is in the following paper, followed by a stirring appeal to so-called "religious people" who remain unconscious of their share in public crime:—

ON THE NEW "LAWS OF WAR," AND THE SUCCOUR TO THE WOUNDED.

"Châlet des Mélèzes,
"*October* 12*th*, 1870.

"Sir,—In a recent letter I called your attention to a quotation from Cardinal Alberoni on the defence of a nation, which you will find at page 109 of vol. i. of the *Pillars of Hercules*. I suggested your writing upon it in reference especially to the Proclamation of the Prince Royal, and the practice of the Prussians of shooting all peasants found resisting, and burning the village to which they belong. I am reminded of it by seeing in the *Journal de Genève* a telegram from Berlin, reporting one from Versailles, in which this occurs :—

"'A squadron of the 16th Regiment of Hussars has been *treacherously* attacked by the inhabitants of the village of Ablis. As punishment the village has been destroyed by fire.' They not only do these things, but they take every means of proclaiming them. They not only revenge the acts, but they brand them as treacherous (as if the inhabitants owed allegiance to the invader); they desecrate the sacred name of Law and say that they are 'contrary to the *Laws of War*.' This is what has to be protested against in the name of law and justice, and for the sake of our own safety. If these things are passed by in silence, it will be accepted as true that such are the 'Laws of War.' In whose favour is this distinction drawn between regular soldiers fighting for pay and the people fighting for themselves? It is evidently in favour of the side attacking, and against the defence. It favours the system of regular armies. Every male in France is now supposed to form part of the local National Guard—'Garde National

sédentaire.' That is that he may fight on the spot for his village; and yet I have not seen protests made by the French Government against these acts and doctrines of the Prussians, treating those who obey the call to fight as traitors and assassins. Prussia is evidently not doing all this merely because the army is to be protected against the difficulties that might be thrown in the way by the peasants resisting, but must have an ulterior object; for the former might be attained without the parade that is made about it. Fancy telegraphing that they had burned a village! It is Russia's interest, as the enemy of all, and the Power who lives for the sake of conquest, to spread the idea that the natural way of defending a country by each man being a soldier is a criminal proceeding.

"And this forms part of the same system which treats the soldier as a hero, no matter in what cause he fights, and vaunts the modern humanity, as opposed to ancient barbarism, because he is taken such good care of when wounded.

"These societies for helping the wounded on *both* sides will, I fear, help very much to render ideas as to the justice or injustice of a war still more lax (if that is possible). I have just seen that the Prince Royal of Prussia has applied to one of these associations in England for £10,000 for the hospital at Versailles! Is it possible that money is given in this direct fashion? I imagined subscriptions would go into a common fund, and that there would be an equal division, and the money spent by the agents of the Society. But here the Prussians apply for a certain sum for a special object, as if they had some right to it.

"I wonder if it has ever occurred to any of the thousands now occupied in contributing to these associations for the

relief of the wounded, that the meaning of the thing in which they are engaged is just this: Neutrals voluntarily taxing themselves with a rate-in-aid for the belligerents! And will the objects of all this busy philanthropy benefit by it in the end? Hitherto part of the necessary provision that each Government has had to make, and has made before going to war, has been all that is connected with the care of the wounded. But if an immense association does this for them, why should they not profit by the circumstance to spare their exchequers, and so have more money to lay out in gunpowder and cannon?

"For example, if the Prince Royal of Prussia gets the £10,000 he has applied for, it will be the same—as everyone must see—as paying £10,000 into the Prussian Treasury. For no one can suppose that, failing to get it, the hospital at Versailles will not be supplied with whatever is necessary to cure his wounded soldiers, the life of every one of whom is more valuable to him than to anyone else, as when cured he becomes again available for the purposes of slaying men, burning villages, &c., in which he is employed.

"As war is now made and carried on without any reference whatever to its causes, the soldier can only be looked upon as the raw material employed in destruction.

"If an association existed for the relief of wounded robbers, everyone would see that the result would be to encourage robbery, and that it was a perversion and misapplication of the obligation of charity, although any person might succour a wounded robber who chanced to come across his path.

"But the most melancholy reflection connected with it is what is not done, and how this is substituted for what ought to be done. What is not done is to see how war

is to be prevented; that is, how such wars as are now waged could be rendered impossible. You have seen quite enough of what comparatively insignificant efforts made by individuals in that sense can do, in awakening the dormant sense of right, and directing the attention to there being an existing law to which nations are subject as well as individuals, to be able to conceive all that might be effected by a general association of one tenth or twentieth part as to numbers of this one for the wounded.

"The one is thought of, invented, proposed. Everyone rushes to join it. No one proposes the other. And whatever feeling there is of horror for these crimes, which might be turned into an intelligent operation for preventing them, is spent upon this perverted philanthropy, and so made a means for promoting them.

"Your obedient servant,

"H. A. U."

"THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF PUBLIC CALAMITIES.

"*To the Editor of the 'Diplomatic Review.'*

"SIR,—The contrast between this Christmas season, with all its hallowed memories, and the sight presented to our eyes this day by the earth, to whom a message of peace then came down, is too striking not to move the hearts of all who have not lost their faith. When hearts are so moved, prayer becomes the natural refuge. 'When my heart is overwhelmed,' said the psalmist of old, 'lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.' One event above all others turns the minds of Catholics in that direction, and of many also who are not Catholics. I mean the criminal occupation of Rome, and the virtual imprisonment of the Pope. In our churches a special prayer is used in reference to war and the sufferings it entails. But in this prayer,

although we are made to ask that all these events may be made to turn to the advancement of Christ's kingdom upon earth, there is not one word in the sense of connecting them with ourselves; no confession of sin, no expression of contrition is put into our mouths.

"On this point I desire to make, through your columns, an earnest appeal to those to whom the inestimable gift of light has been granted. Not one of us who now see guilt and sin as well as crime and danger in public acts that are unjust, and in public maxims that set up any other standard than that of the Ten Commandments, but were once as blind and as indifferent as those who still remain so.

"To the Jews it was said by the prophets, in the time of their calamity: 'Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save, neither His ear heavy that it cannot hear; but *your iniquities have separated between you and your* GOD.'

"'*Your hands are defiled with blood.*' 'None calleth for *justice*, nor any pleadeth for truth.' 'Their feet run to evil, and they *make haste to shed innocent* blood.' (Isaiah lix.)

"Here is the very picture of the world we live in. But the world sees it not. *Sin, to be repented of, must first be understood.* Those who are not conscious of their share in the sufferings of their neighbours or in the blow that has fallen on the head of their Church *cannot* repent of that share; in their general confessions no place can be given to that particular sin that has been the direct cause of what is now happening—the actual shedding of innocent blood; the indifference to its being shed; or the active participation in the shedding of it. The sufferings endured will not in themselves bring light. The

prayers offered up not founded on intelligent repentance cannot avail. It is, then, for those who do understand, to make that confession of guilt which the case requires, for themselves and for their neighbours. In such self-humiliation I am convinced we shall alone find the strength that is so much needed by us. 'To whom much is given, from them shall be much required.' It is to those I speak. Each of us who sees where others are in the dark has to become a guide. The road which the human race is now traversing is not a wide and plain one; it is one full of pits, and quagmires, and snares. To keep one's own feet safe and to direct others requires constant watchfulness, constant effort, and constant fear of falling.

"Having just received a letter from an ardent Catholic upon this subject, I subjoin the following passage from it:—

"'Too long have we Catholics been dormant and inactive. Now we must rise and show the strength which lies in the faith our Lord came to implant in the hearts of men. Because this faith slackened, and because the works did not correspond to it, all human work is impotent to save the crumbling edifice of human society. The Holy Father himself has said:—"Sacrifice and blood are necessary to restore in the human race the consciousness of its divine destiny." He has also said: "What is to God the death of a sinner? It is a holocaust of the just that is required to appease the divine wrath." (Que fa a Dio la morte d'un peccatore? Si vuole l'olocausto del justo per placare l'ira Divina.)

"CARITAS."

CHAPTER XIX.

IF only for their grasp of a very complicated situation Mrs. Urquhart's letters to Lady Waldegrave at this juncture are interesting, and so different from the tone of contemporaneous English politicians that they startle, and yet carry conviction with them of the writer's wider horizons in European politics. It is throughout her life evident how little Mrs. Urquhart sympathised with that cant, at once ignorant and obsolete, which set in opposition the action of just men in Europe and just men in Turkey. She was righteously indignant that the pretext of "Christianity" should be used by some very doubtful Christians of Western Europe to cover their cruelties and injustice and ambitions in the East. She had rejoiced in the good relations of the Vatican and the Porte, now stemming lawlessness and practical Atheism hand in hand, though they were the heirs of Lepanto and Belgrade. The battlefield had shifted, the ensigns of the combatants were still nominally the Cross and the Crescent, but the aims fought for were altogether different. Perhaps one of her titles to respect was Mrs. Urquhart's honest

recognition of this fact, accompanied as it was by an ever-growing faith in Christian dogma and standard of perfection.

Her eager hope that the Pope might be divinely aided to infallibility was balanced by a constant memory of our Lord's warning that Tyre and Sidon would fare better in the Judgment than the chosen race, who neglected his teaching in their vaunted orthodoxy. She and her husband had returned to their favourite winter station at Montreux, whence Mrs. Urquhart writes to Lady Waldegrave :—

"19*th November.*

"I have not been able to continue, for we have been having very sleepless nights. Just now I have read Prince Gortschakoff's circular.*

"Beust, as a result of the War of 1866, sent out his circulars proposing to the Powers to do for Russia what she now does for herself, as the result of the War of 1870. You will understand that to us the whole thing is a play—a solemn farce ; because the Treaty of Paris was against Turkey and not against Russia. This farce was so openly played that at the Congress of Vienna (the second held during the continuance of hostilities) Russia, taking

* On the 9th of November, 1871, in the crisis of French disaster, Prince Gortschakoff presented a dispatch to the European Powers repudiating the Treaty of 1856, so far as concerned Russia's sovereign rights in the Black Sea. Lord Granville refused consent to its proposals, but on the 28th he agreed to the conference proposed by Prussia, on the understanding that it should assemble without any foregone conclusion as to its results. Mr. Urquhart and his wife had much to say about the action of Russia in repudiating the Treaty of 1856 while France was at the lowest point of her fortunes.

the line of opposing 'the neutralization of the Black Sea,' presented a paper which contained most invincible arguments, and which might have been written by David himself, to prove that Turkey had the natural command of that sea and not Russia; bearing particularly upon the stipulation for the exclusion of men-of-war from the Dardanelles; and arguing that it was for the interest of Turkey herself not to revive it. Of course, when Russia did speak the truth she was not believed, and as she opposed it then, it was supposed to have been one of the results of the 'taking of Sebastopol' and the 'fall of Kars' that she agreed to it at Paris. You know that Louis Napoleon rejoiced in the fall of Kars as enabling the Czar to agree to peace without the loss of honour. 'L'honneur des armes une fois satisfait, c'était s'honorer aussi que d'agréer aux vœux de toute l'Europe.'

"With this will reach you three *Diplomatic Reviews:* one containing 'Beust's Circular'; one an article on the last Parliamentary Paper on Turkey (in Lord Stanley's time, when they seem to have been preparing to accept Beust's plan of interference, but some of the reports given in it must have helped to make them give it up) and a *Diplomatic Review* of November, 1863, which contains papers relating to the guns we sent to the Circassians. In that see a letter to David from a Daghestanee Chieftain.

"Yours most affectionately, H. A. U.

"The Memorandum on the Principalities must come later."

"MONTREUX,

20*th December*, 1870.

"MY DEAREST FRANCES,

I have two things to tell you. We have received the complete approbation of David's letter to Constantinople (copy of which you have received) from Prokesch.

"The letter conveying this also speaks of the Address of the Foreign Affairs Committee to the Sultan in these terms: 'The address to the Sultan is excellent, and says what *ought to be done*, but I am sore afraid Turkey will not be allowed by her friends to make use of her energy and intelligence.'

"We are told that the Baron agrees also with D. on two points: one that war will not be the immediate result of the 'complication,' and that the Pope ought to remain in Rome.

"Another passage I will give verbatim. 'So we go to a Conference! Russia and Prussia will be the leading Powers in the deliberations! Since 1856 I considered the Treaty of Paris concluded for the benefit of Russia, and if Turkey and England had *really* the courage to annul the stupid neutralization—that is to say, the Russification of the Black Sea—they would do well.'

"We have had a visit from Yussuf Karam, the rebel Prince of the Lebanon! The former Kaimdicar of the Maronites. If you had read D.'s book on the Lebanon you would have seen his name there. He came from Rome to see D., hearing there where he was, to get him to intercede for him with the Porte. He seems to be a victim of the French, having resisted the measures of their *protégé* Daoud Pasha, who, he says, trod all their ancient rights under foot. The French then invited him to France, and then tried to keep him there, as if he had been a prisoner. I wish I could have written down all he said. The whole of the first evening he was occupied in telling us about the events in the Lebanon and his own adventures. The so-called 'massacres' were evidently got up by the French to lead to the occupation: the Turkish commanders must have been bribed. Karam found this out, and hence the persecution of the French.

"Some of his expressions were most remarkable. 'Formerly the word of the French Consul was as good as eternal truth to us. That was so when you were there, but it is all altered now.' 'If the Sultan were to grant us independence to-morrow, I would go on my knees and beg him to take it away again; Turkey is our only protection.' 'You know it is the Mussulmans that are oppressed and not the Christians.' (These words were among the first he uttered.)

"The impression made on me is that it is not only the Turks whose fidelity to the Sultan is endangered by his listening to the advice of the foreign Powers, but that the very Christians, in whose behalf their advice is supposed to be tendered, having found out that this patronage of them is with the ultimate design of getting possession of the country, now look to the Sultan to protect them, but will be equally exasperated against him if that protection is not afforded."

She writes again to Lady Waldegrave on December 27th:—

"I think you cannot have yet received my last letter about Karam and Prokesch. It cannot fail to strike you that he should call the 'Neutralization' of the Black Sea its '*Russification.*' If he and David see these things alike there is a cause for it, and that is not that one is a 'follower' of the other, but that they have passed through the same experience. I have so often heard David say that he could have understood nothing had he entered public life later, and not understood, by being there to judge for himself, the affairs of Greece. Prokesch was also there, and at the same time, though they never met. Here is the conclusion he came to in 1827 (and before the battle of Navarino): 'Unless I am altogether mistaken,

England and France are miserably deceiving themselves, and are working out the plans of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg. They say they are binding Russia, and *see not that it is they who are bound.* They desire to prevent Russia's making war, so *they endeavour to gain for her her object.*' You will find this and much more in his *Memoirs* (dated October 3, 1827), published a long time ago.

"Do not suppose that I am expecting a great deal because I have written so much. It is long since I got into the way of never expecting anything at all; but not on that account being idle. In fact no one would be more surprised than myself at anything being done not in the sense of what we may certainly call England's traditional policy.

"But surely Chichester would not use the word 'follower' with respect to David. It is a painful word to me, whether used affirmatively or negatively, and one I think not applicable to him, as he propounds no theories or doctrines with respect to these matters. He has made the East his field, and he states certain things about it on evidence which can be tested. When Lord Ponsonby, laying his head on his shoulder, turned to me and said, 'This is the man; he has always told them when they went wrong, and what they had to do to be right,' he would not have said that he was a follower of his. The question is whether he cannot be made use of; whether his knowledge and experience are to be cast aside when they might be turned to account, and at no cost to anyone. The address to the Sultan, which you see has been approved of by Prokesch himself, was written in England without any suggestion from here or question asked. We only saw it in type, written by a man who had studied the subject for himself, as he might Latin or chemistry.

"But I fear that Chichester will not be in London for the Conference, if it is to meet on the 3rd of January,

and this will be in time to have it over before Parliament meets. So that the question cannot be even asked as to the number of ships that Russia *has* in the Black Sea; that is, in the sea of Azoff and at Nicholaieff, and thereon. The papers declare from an eye-witness that he saw 33 Monitors at the latter places, the places said to be in the *interior of the empire* at the Congress of Paris; so London and Bristol and Hull are in the interior of England."

In 1871 diplomatic relations were established between the Vatican and the Porte to Mr. Urquhart's satisfaction, and the still more personal pleasure of his wife, who had learned to refer her hopes for the declaration of moral law to the action of Rome. So much doubt has been cast on the reality of Mr. Urquhart's action in politics that a letter from Monsignor Franchi, then representing the Pope at the Porte, enters into a Memoir of Mrs. Urquhart as one of a thousand confirmations of her husband's value and judgment. Monsignor, afterwards Cardinal Franchi, was one of the most experienced and wisest of European diplomatists.

He writes on the 25th of June, 1871, from Constantinople:—

"MON CHER URQUHART,

"J'ai reçu avec un grand plaisir votre aimable lettre du 12e courant, et je vous remercie des bienveillantes paroles que vous avez voulu exprimer à mon égard. Du moment que j'ai été nommé par le Saint Père pour remplir cette importante mission à Constantinople, j'ai pensé tout de suite à votre honorable personne. J'étais très sûr que vous en auriez éprouvé une joie tout particu-

lière et que vous m'auriez accompagné avec vos vœux s'il vous n'était pas possible de me faire une visite. Oh! comme tout ce qui se passe ici me rappelle les discours que nous avons faits tant de fois sur l'Orient et sur les grands interêts de la religion Catholique!

"Je crois, mon ami, que ma mission a fait quelque chose de bien. L'accord avec la Porte est presqu' à sa fin. La participation des laiques dans l'élection des Evêques est admise dans le sens que vous aviez indiqué, c'est à dire au bon témoignage sur les qualités des candidats. Des autres points sont arrêtés sur les garanties de la fidélité relativement aux élus à la dignité épiscopale, à l'administration des biens, conservations des rites et des liturgiques, &c. De sorte que j'espère d'avoir tout fini dans le courant du mois prochain. J'ai assisté hier soir au diner donné par le Grand Vizier dans l'occasion de l'anniversaire de l'avénement au trône du Sultan, et j'étais placé à la droite de Mehmed Kinpresti Pacha, qui m'a dit d'avoir reçu votre lettre, et qui m'a promis de m'envoyer la brochure de laquelle vous me parlez.

"Nous parlons toujours de vous avec le Baron de Prokesch, et nous nous rappellions toujours vos grands services rendu en général à la société, et en particulier à la Turquie. Pour ce qui concerne ma personne je suis très content d'avoir visité l'Orient, et je suis convaincu que si nous aurions eu une idée plus exacte des Mussulmans et de leurs interêts nous aurions pu en profiter d'avantage.

"Je vous prie de présenter mes compliments à votre femme, et d'agréer en même temps l'assurance de ma haute estime et la considération avec laquelle je suis votre devoué ami.

"(Signé) ALEXANDRE,
"*Archevêque de Thessalonique.*"

CHAPTER XX.

IN the spring of 1871 appeared a thick pamphlet, entitled *La Désolation de la Chrétienté*, to which we have already referred as a treatise that, beginning with the negation of courtesy implied in our modern salutation by hand-shaking, deduces the wreck of Christian practice in Europe from neglect of the ritual of societies, notwithstanding their claim to be progressive. It was published in French, and attracted a remarkable amount of attention from men concerned in social reform and desirous to check the too apparent degradation of manners in Western Europe. In a volume on *L'Organisation de la Famille*, published soon after the appearance of Mr. Urquhart's treatise, M. F. Le Play wrote of it as a masterly summary of the consequences of ill-manners, and remarks :—

"Writers who devote themselves to procure social peace in the West should unite their efforts at an epoch when the favourite organs of opinion urge differing nations, differing classes in each society, members of each factory, and of each home, to universal antagonism. This is then

the right place to mention to my readers the writings where my friend, Mr. David Urquhart, sets forth after his peculiar terse fashion the conclusions which he, as I have done, draws from Eastern practice. Mr. Urquhart especially insists on the mutual consideration imposed on nations by public law and on individuals by dignity of manners. He has recently recurred to the importance of politeness which is disappearing in the West, but still preserved in the East, and which always reappears at epochs of established order by the natural relations of age, of parentage, and of hierarchies. He has lately pointed out the urgency of this portion of reform in a work entitled *La Désolation de La Chrétienté.*"

To Mr. Urquhart M. Le Play wrote:—

"Ces lectures m'ont ramené pour la centième fois au désir de pouvoir organiser un organ hebdomadaire qui s'appliquerait à combattre les idées fausses, au milieu desquelles se désorganise l'Occident.

"Vos idées se placeraient au premier rang dans ce recueil avec celles qui tendraient à rétablir l'ordre dans les éléments fondamentaux de la vie privée. Vous m'aidez à comprendre pourquoi l'herbe pousse aujourd'hui sur les lieux ou existèrent autrefois Babylone, Ninive, Carthage, et tant d'autre villes fameuses. Il me semble qu'un journal Français conviendrait mieux qu'un journal Anglais. Notre langue est encore plus répandue en Occident, et il me semble (je désire connaitre votre opinion sur ce point) qu'elle a été moins obscurcie que la votre par la voix parlementaire."

Set against the obloquy and ridicule from which

Mr. Urquhart had suffered in his own country, the consideration shown to him by first class men abroad was gratifying to his wife, and M. Le Play was something more than an ordinary "first rate man." A scientific mineralogist, he had travelled much and particularly in Eastern Europe, and had published a series of monographs on the customs and life of workmen in various countries. He approached social subjects neither in a religious nor an irreligious temper, and based his conclusions on the immense mass of facts he had collected in the more primitive as in the most advanced states of society. Napoleon III., with the correct judgment he often showed in his earlier career, made M. Le Play a senator, and appointed him chief commissioner of the three great exhibitions of his reign, and since his death a very considerable group of men have devoted themselves to continuing his work in building the foundations of "La Paix Sociale," as their Society is named, according to his instructions.

Among many letters of congratulation we can select but one more because it is written by Père Roh, a Jesuit, who had acted as Secretary, or "Theologian," to the Bishop of Paderborn during the Vatican Council. He was a man of wide and mature experience and knowledge, and one of the notabilities of the assembly met together at Rome. That it may have its full force it is given as originally written:—

"MANHEIM, 27 *Mars*, 1871.

"MADAME,

"Quoique je suis bien occupé j'ai achevé la lecture très attentive de l'admirable travail de M. votre mari. C'est un ouvrage que je re-lirai et que je méditerai souvent. J'éprouve un profond regret et une profonde humiliation d'être arrivé à l'age de soixante ans ignorant tant de choses si nécessaires et si simples, après tant d'études. Si j'avais su tout cela, il y a 30–40 ans mon action en classes et à l'église eut été tout autre. C'est bien tard pour moi que de commencer, mais ce n'est pas trop tard pour bien d'autres, et je ferai mon possible, afin qu'ils fassent mieux que moi. Je m'appliquerai à faire connaitre en Allemagne cette admirable brochure, et je vous supplie de lui procurer de votre part la plus grande publicité possible."

Père Roh subsequently proposed "that a French treatise should be drawn up by an ecclesiastic on education embodying Mr. Urquhart's views."

Mrs. Urquhart writes in her terse way on the subject: "Of all matters human the most important must be, and is, the disposition in which a man approaches his fellow men, whether by motion or by expression, according as the meeting may be, in person or in thought. The difference in salutation is between being humble and modest and being insolent and false." Mr. Urquhart's objection to the handshake was but one of his remonstrances against modern manners in the West. A letter of his to the Austrian diplomatist, Baron Warsburg,

is illustrative of the underlying sense which few people are able or willing to perceive in his refusal to make a pump handle of his friend's arm. Of the words, at the beginning of English letters, "Dear" and "Sir," he writes:—

"I am charmed with your mode of address; I mean, the dropping of those—to me—painful epithets. It is not merely the execrable 'Dear' but the 'Sir,' and still worse, the 'Monsieur.' What a different existence that of the Romans, who in their grand tongue and with their noble manners wrote, 'Mutius Scaevola to Paulus Publicola greeting.' Such a people deserved to prosper greatly and to live long. Our society is being decomposed by the false vanity-exciting and bargain-making forms of speech. These began first; they effected the earliest fissures; they prepared for the gaps and breaches into which the grosser forms of vulgarity have now struck their roots. My next work will be on the 'Sir' and its effect on modern society."

Mrs. Urquhart perhaps never had worked more steadily or with more concentration of purpose than during the years that remained of her husband's life. Drafts of letters in her writing show the wide circle to which her husband had gained access since his winter at Rome. Many high officials lent their serious attention and approval, among whom rank perhaps first, as men of world-wide experience, Cardinal Franchi and Cardinal Manning, who was her chief English friend among ecclesiastics. But it was a well-nigh impossible task to keep daily politics out

of the combinations which Mr. Urquhart sought to effect towards the furtherance of his principles. At one time a disciple of Bentham, and supposed to be that very dangerous item of the House of Commons, an independent and visionary Radical, he was now enthusiastically waving the flag of Authority. He saw in European revolution everywhere marks of Russia's cloven foot, and in all governments by Ministries and majorities possible, indeed questionable, agents of Peter the Great and his foreign policy. He turned to legitimate Sovereigns, to the Chief of Islam and the watchman at the Vatican, as still at least conscious of the European danger from Cossack invasion. So among the mass of writing from Mrs. Urquhart's indefatigable pen there are elaborate papers addressed to the Comte de Chambord, and even to Don Carlos, as well as statements for the guidance of Roman princes and pashas eminent at the Porte. On her own personal account she took a strong interest in the doings of the Swiss priests who tried to establish the "Old Catholic" schism. In France the dreadful awakening of 1870, and the Chamber elected when intriguers seemed temporarily stunned, might she thought be open to ideas of justice and international law.

The Porte must take to heart her increased danger, which ripened as the years before 1876 drew on. Rome only needed diplomatic warnings; her conscience was awakened to action in condemning unjust wars. There

were texts in the everyday papers in support of Mr. Urquhart's contentions. For instance, of Marshal Bazaine's trial Mrs. Urquhart could fairly write:—

"The false idea of war degrades the character of all concerned in it. What comes out in Bazaine's trial tends to prove the same. How false to talk of military honour when the soldier has become, as Sir Colin Campbell said to David when he gave him that warning on leaving for the Crimea, 'a hired assassin.'"

While, however, she took almost passionate interest in the triumph of principle on whatever stage—French, Spanish, or Italian—a few words from one of her letters to Mr. Monteith at this time will exactly show the conduct she considered right for lookers-on at Bourbon or Carlist efforts.

"Will you tell General C. that Mr. Urquhart, were he a Spaniard or a Frenchman, would undoubtedly be fighting to restore Don Carlos or the Comte de Chambord to the throne, if such occasion arose; perhaps he will better understand him when he says that he holds it not only foolish but *criminal* to take any part with either, not being a Spaniard or a Frenchman. If such active participation in bloodshed could be justified on account of political principles or opinions, or personal admiration for the individuals concerned, then my husband's conduct in fighting for the Greeks could be justified; yet you know that it was the being convicted in his own conscience of murder by the words of a Turkish soldier for having taken part in that insurrection, not being a Greek, which changed him then and determined his whole subsequent life.

"I have had the opportunity of seeing lately a letter of General C.'s, in which he speaks of having formed the determination of devoting himself to the cause of the Pope and against the revolution. It made my heart ache at the time, and made me long to have the tongue of an angel, to be able to show him that he had entirely mistaken the way. It is so rare to find anyone devoting himself to anything which is not gain or personal advancement in some way.

"There are two ways by which it seems possible to affect such a man, and to lead him at least to doubt whether he be pursuing the right course. One is to awaken him to a sense of the *law*, which has to regulate men's conduct where bloodshedding is concerned, which determines also his duties towards his own country and forbids him to be mixed up with the internal affairs of another. But it seems next to hopeless to make any modern-grown man feel this, and particularly, I suppose, a Swiss as he is. But there is another way of attaining the same end, if you can make him understand that it is not by cannons and rifles that the cause of the Pope can be sustained and the revolution put down."

Often as it has been exposed, the following letter of Mrs. Urquhart to Mr. Monteith concerning the Western cant about Turkish persecution may not be out of date. She writes of an essay published in the ultra Catholic *Monde* :—

"They are most effectually doing Russia's work. The nature of the Memorandum is a pretended history of the Crimean War, which begins by saying, 'Mais ce que le lecteur a perdu de vue, et ce qu'il nous importe d'établir par

des documents authentiques, ce sont *les griefs de la Russie contre la Porte, c'est à dire la véritable cause de la guerre!*' It then gives at length a Russian Memorandum of 1854. The conclusion is calling for an intervention to cause the Porte to respect its engagements, &c.

"You know that Monsignor Azarian told Mr. —— that the Turks have been pushed into the line they have taken by Russia and Prussia, on purpose to enable Russia to say 'the Treaty of Paris has been broken by the Porte; we can break it too.' But the practical question is, How can such a statement serve anyone but Russia? Will it serve the Christians? If they are now persecuted, is it not precisely because the Porte is encouraged to follow the example of Europe and is doing so. It is frightful what is being done. But it is exactly what the Swiss have done here at Geneva and the Jura, to the populations given to them by Europe; whereas the Christians in the East were conquered by the Turks, and the Europeans have only intervened there for their own selfish purposes. No bishops are as yet imprisoned in Turkey. They have only handed over the churches to the excommunicated priests and a handful of schismatics, exactly as they have done here. They do not prevent the Armenians from worshipping in a private house after having turned them out of their church as they do here. (This has just happened at Porrentruy in the Jura.)

"And then all this is said to 'be inspired by a Catholic sentiment.' That makes me so indignant. That which is false cannot be Catholic or Christian, or anything but false and the devil's work. An article in the *Decentralisation* the other day spoke of the Crimean War 'as made by France to please England!' And these are the people that are by way of combating 'the revolution'!

"You are better fitted to speak on these matters than anyone, on account of your visit to Constantinople for my husband and what occurred. You know how the Turks can be dealt with and influenced. You know that the Armenian schisms were begun principally by M. Bourré, the French Ambassador. Have they forgotten all this?"

CHAPTER XXI.

IN 1872 Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart resolved to make a home for themselves more enjoyable than any villa they could hire, at Montreux. They bought a plot of land adjoining the lake and enlarged the small house they found in its vineyard, until their dwelling within was not an unworthy post whence to look out on the scenery of Chillon, from which they were separated only by a bay about a mile across. Most of those likely to read this book will know the noble lines of the Dent de Midi, the perspective of mountains that rise from the Rhone valley; the densely-wooded abrupt heights of Nay and Jaman, that shelter Montreux and Clarens to the north; the lake itself backed by the mountains of the Chablais, and which roused the best enthusiasms of Rousseau for that beauty of nature which he was the first to praise adequately. Though beauty of a different kind and without the fine air of the Prarion, it was the fairest winter home Mrs. Urquhart could find; very accessible from Geneva, and honoured by more sunshine than any other Swiss resort north of the Alps. She describes the châlet of Grand Trait to Lady Waldegrave as follows:—

"We have two of the large barques anchored under our windows (besides small ones), which give quite a sea-like air, besides the swans and seagulls which always come to us in bad weather. At night the lights at different heights round the bay give you the feeling of being at Dover. We are enjoying ourselves immensely in all that respects the house and its surroundings. The pleasantness of the position exceeds our expectation. The house will be quite charming when finished, and even now with various small inconveniences we enjoy it; it is so pleasant to feel that one is in one's own house. Then it is a pleasure to look round the walls, all in nice wood, after having one's eyes tortured by the ugly paper we had at our lodgings. I assure you the two large rooms in the centre of the house look beautiful, 14 French feet high (about 16 English); the one with the ceiling, or rather instead of a flat ceiling having rafters like a church, deep and narrow. This is the drawing-room. It is lighted by one very large window, which projects beyond it, looking on the lake, and in which there will be a divan. The window is being made in iron to give as much room for the glass as possible and yet be strong enough.

"The other room, hall and billiard-room, has a flat ceiling. But it is divided into square compartments. All is wood, you understand—ceiling and walls. The divisions are put together in a new way so as to give them great solidity and close the boards perfectly; a way hit on by David, and a great improvement on our mountain châlet.

"Were this house in England I am sure it would be imitated by several. For besides the beauty it is so very much cheaper. The wooden walls as compared with the stone with plaster, &c., are about one-fourth of the expense. Building in the ordinary way we could only have afforded quite a small house. Then you get rid of

paper and paint. The wood will be all oiled with boiled oil, and in the bedrooms it will be relieved with red; that is to say, parts arranged in regular forms will be either in cherry wood or mélèze, or tinted to look the same (not done in oil paint).

"We have had a day now and then lately quite perfect, bright and fresh, and I never enjoyed myself more. It is such a comfort to see David free from pain, as much as it was terrible and alarming to see him in his former state. I do not know what would have become of him had he not had the resolution to make the effort to abstain from eating and to take but the one meal. In this weather he would never have got round as he has done before without making this change. The pain was not only terrible but it seemed to be depriving him of the power of digestion when he did eat. His one meal is now a really good one and leaves no ill effects or uncomfortable feelings after it.

"We have just made a purchase in the country of a parcel of cherry-tree wood for little more than common deal, and also of a particular kind of fir trees (called here 'arola,' and which is the same as the fruit-bearing pine of Siberia), which is nearly as red as mélèze, and which we will use for the balustrades to the balconies and terraces. Getting pretty wood cheap here is a great advantage over England."

There is something very pathetic in Mrs. Urquhart's constant effort to impart to others her own sense of right and her own illumination of conscience. She never slackened, she never feared in its ultimate results for the "far-off divine event" for which she and her husband toiled. Her sayings were often as memorable as terse. "The great evil of our times

is not the abuse of power but the abuse of thought" contains a truth it were well to digest. "The Pope inherits all the power conferred upon Peter" was her short argument in favour of infallibility. "Being afraid of the truth does not profit us even in this world, and not to use your arms does not avail you before your enemies," was her appeal to a lukewarm and lazy friend. "You want to save humanity by blunting the edge of the sword instead of going back to the laws to arrest its sweep," summed up her and Mr. Urquhart's lifelong contention. How true it is to say, "Every one is so easily got not to judge for themselves!" The difficulty of their lives was to rouse in others personal conscience and personal judgment. In 1872 there was, perhaps, more prospect of success in this at Paris than elsewhere. The lessons of the war were fresh, and left enough humiliation in the minds of true patriots to prepare them at least to listen to the long-forgotten alphabet of morals with the respect paid to foundations when a brilliant superstructure has been razed to the ground.

The Abbé Defourney, curé of Beaumont en Argonne. was a friend and fellow-worker with M. Le Play. He had seen war face to face, and his very interesting account of the battle of Beaumont was published under the title *Lettres à Madame Urquhart.* He had studied the ancient laws and customs of his parish, and in their primitive wisdom he believed

rules of life were indicated which might well be used in the revival of his country. He had greatly assisted Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart in their equipment for their Roman campaign. He busied himself in Paris with their desire to present their plan of moral reform before the more honest and sincere men of the Chamber. The report of this new effort from Mr. Monteith's pen will show how fresh seed was ever being scattered by these untiring workers. It may be that some of it has taken root, and to a certain degree effected its end, though the name of Urquhart may be for a time forgotten.

"HOTEL BRISTOL, PARIS,

"*January*, 1872.

"It was impossible to get off any letters yesterday, and even now M. Defourney has to defer whatever he has to say until his return to Beaumont, the middle of next week. The going to and fro between Paris and Versailles calling on deputies, and finding them to be in the Assembly or just going, waiting there in the *salle d'attente*, has consumed much time, yet the results of our visit seem to be very considerable.

"Our first visit was of course to M. Le Play, who, as I already told you, came here afterwards for a long conversation, accompanied by a young Lieutenant of the Navy, M. Cave, on whom he seems to rely for any amount of work. He put M. Cave at our disposal, and M. Cave cordially acquiesced.

"M. Lucien Brun, a deputy and man of influence, as the recent turn in affairs and the retirement of M. Thiers shows, only made acquaintance with M. Le Play last Sunday; but the effect of his introduction to us was to

make him eager to hear us to-day, for yesterday he had not more than a moment. By appointment we called on him at his house at Versailles at 12. We could only get about thirty-five minutes, the Assembly being about to meet for a stormy debate. The result was that he will present the deputation and their friends and papers, &c. &c., to a meeting of 250 deputies, whose resort for occasional conference is in the Rue des Réservoirs. This is called 'The Réunion des Réservoirs.' The majority of this section of the Assembly is of a kind that makes M. Lucien Brun confident of success: he will willingly be the *rapporteur*. At the same time he says that an adoption of the * Tribunal is not to be expected to-day or to-morrow, of which of course we were already perfectly aware. M. Pierre Pradié, député of the Aveyron, with whom we have had a conversation of perhaps an hour yesterday, is thoroughly interested, and he will introduce our matter into future numbers of a series of essays which he calls *Notes à mes collégues*, and which he distributes among them. They seem thoughtful and sound enough; he is evidently a man whom all must esteem.

"M. Le Play, in response to my sketch of your work in England, and the necessity of doing something of the same kind in France, at first seemed to think it impossible. But to-day he tells us that after reflection he sees a way to a beginning, and he has a workman engaged in one of the *ateliers* organised according to his ideas, who he thinks may be fit, perhaps eminently fit, to be the centre of such a movement, and he will put us (*i.e.*, you) *en rapport* with him." After mentioning several probable allies, among which was the honoured name of M. Augustin Cochin, Mr. Monteith adds: "M. Lucien Brun told us that the Comte de Chambord 'n'estime en France que M. Le Play.'

* International Tribunal to judge of wars.

M. Le Play repeated three times, 'Des documents, des documents, des documents!' He begs for a supply. We think the best beginning for M. Le Play's '*Ouvrier*' would be a translation of the working men's address." In forwarding this report to Major Poore Mr. Urquhart adds: "You will see the importance of the working men; all depends upon them."

Events and intrigues moved too rapidly to be overtaken by a labour which necessarily requires time, indeed centuries, for its fruition. To check the drift of Western Europe was not to be done in a year or a dozen years. None the less may we think respectfully of the gallant stand made by the little knot of Mr. Urquhart's French adherents. A deputation of working men, trained in the "Foreign Affairs Committees" of North England, was received on the 23rd February by a Committee of the Assembly, presided over by the Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier, and was received with interest and respect. Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart spent ten hopeful and busy days at the Hotel Bristol. Their labours seemed nearer successful termination, and apparently prospered better than in any past efforts. Mrs. Urquhart was eager yet happy, a combination that suited her well, and she could enjoy some Paris pleasures with unusual zest. At that time the amusing satire of M. Gambetta in Sardou's play "Rabagas" was delighting all the world, and few applauded the hits in it with more appreciation than she did. Yet the very reception of the

play proved the reaction of the Parisians from their attitude of the previous year. Not they themselves but their leaders, their broken idols, bore the blame of all that had befallen them. The mass of the Assembly heard of the English working men with no little surprise at their interference in questions of international policy. Their petition prayed that "the caprice of a minister or of a cabinet should no longer be allowed secretly to dispose of the fate of a nation and, in consequence, of the fate of humanity everywhere." No one at that time realized that if working men remained outside these national interests ministers and cabinets would be more irresponsible than ever, if indeed they were not mere explosive weapons in the hands of a plebiscite. But in 1872 questions of purely interior politics occupied French minds to the neglect of all others. The question of Monarchy *versus* Republic obliterated even the memories of Sedan, how much more international right and wrong. Confessedly but little result followed from the presentation of these strangely "international" working men; but who shall ever say how many "forlorn hopes" must be spent to gain an inch of advance in true progress!

To enumerate the subjects of which Mrs. Urquhart wrote during 1873 would be to attempt a history of European politics. In January, 1874, Mrs. Urquhart received a sharp reminder that in "free" Switzerland, as in every democratic system of society,

the law could be sharply and illegally used by the dictator, who is always, whether visible or in shadow, the spring of action. In a letter to Lady Waldegrave she describes the affair :—

"MONTREUX,

"*January 28th*, 1874.

"MY DEAREST FRANCES,

"We have just had indeed a specimen of Swiss law : a domiciliary visit from a Juge d'Instruction, with his huissier and his greffier, and the Juge de Paix. It was as you may suppose very unexpected. It turned out to be in reference to a certain 'Appel des Catholics Suisses aux Puissances signatures du Traité de Vienne,' which was discovered and sent to the *Journal de Genève* and published. (They must have done so by taking it out of the post.) It seems there is a law which may be twisted so as to include such a document, one which inflicts severe penalties on any Swiss calling for the intervention of Foreign Powers in such a way as would be dangerous to the country. This document does nothing of the sort. It purports to be an appeal from the districts of the Jura and Carouge in Geneva, which were added to Switzerland by the Treaty of Vienna, with very precise conditions on the matter of religion. The appeal is to all the Powers to pronounce a judgment on the case of their violation. I mention this that you may fully understand. But David is not the author of it in any degree, nor has had any hand in its correction or distribution. Of the existence of the law in question he was equally ignorant. Still the people at Berne have got immensely excited about it, though there is no reason to suppose that a single signature has been affixed to it, and sent orders to have David interrogated and the house searched for *épreuves* of the document. (The law it seems specifies an inhabitant of Switzerland as well as a

citizen.) Fortunately he and all who came were exceedingly civil, and made it as little disagreeable as possible. But it was an interrogatory worthy of the 'Holy Office' (as Lord Stanley said who had come over a few hours before from Geneva), except the torture, and lasted two hours, during which time our dinner had to wait. David gave very precise negations to all, as he was able to do, and nothing incriminatory (!) was found. One would suppose, therefore, that all was over. But as the Juge read to David the orders he had received, and they contained very strong terms, such as that the visit was to be paid even at night if necessary, and then it was added that 'measures *were to be taken to keep him at the disposition of the Federal authorities.*' This shows a very strong animus, and besides we see and know how entirely arbitrary all their proceedings are. Such an order in itself shows what they think they may do. The Juge contented himself with David's pledge that he would not absent himself without previously informing him. I do not know whether I exaggerate; but I see so much of their violent proceedings at Berne lately that I am not at all easy. I cannot help having before my eyes David carried off to prison, and though nothing can be proved against him, in his state of health it would be something terrible. He just goes on from day to day with great care, by the bath, by all the comforts we can give him. The idea of his being shut up even for a night and without me! I cannot tell you how I am upset. I beg and entreat of you to see what you can do to protect him. Can you not get the Foreign Office to write something? David is in fact at this moment a prisoner on parole, though nothing was found against him! I would have telegraphed to you, but it would be useless, as the simplest ones never arrive in London, whether given here in French or English,

in intelligible form. But could Chichester not telegraph to Berne, or get a telegram sent? The document was written and printed in France."

In a letter written next day Mrs. Urquhart gives Lady Waldegrave further particulars about the visit and the measures she had taken. She concludes:—

"In my hurry yesterday I said nothing about the Dissolution, which must be very disagreeable, and I am very anxious to hear about Chich's election."

Some friendly pressure on the part of Mr. Bonar, the English minister at Berne, suggested by Lord Granville, soon removed all anxiety, and as the forms used in the domiciliary visit had been legal there could arise no occasion even for a "little war," which, indeed, Mrs. Urquhart would have been the last person to invoke. Nor is Switzerland as convenient for bombardment as African or Asiatic shores. Their friend, Père Collet, indeed, was summarily exiled, but that was probably because of his services to Bishop Mermillod, with whom Geneva was squabbling volubly just then.

The election of which Mrs. Urquhart wrote was that for the County Louth, which Mr. Fortescue had represented since 1847. He had helped to secure great benefits for the class of Irish tenants who now threw him off, by Mr. Gladstone's legislation of 1870, in which, as Chief Secretary, he had taken so large a part. Indeed it was he who laid

the foundations by that legislation for all the remedial measures which afterwards followed. No man of all those Home Rulers who have since bewildered the House of Commons by their patriotic outcries did more than Mr. Fortescue to gain sympathy for any injustice there may have been in the Irish agrarian system. No seat should have been by every tie of gratitude more assured than his; but when the wave of political change swept his party from office in 1874 he was left at the bottom of the poll. His sister writes in amazement, and remarks of the cry of Home Rule, "My idea is that it is a very ridiculous word, and a very false pretence for a few people to get into notice. It seems as if the better part of the clergy were losing their influence." The next letter was of hearty and bright congratulation that Mr. Fortescue had accepted a peerage with the title of Carlingford. Probably Mrs. Urquhart was in some degree relieved by the change of her brother's scene of work from the House of Commons to the House of Lords. She had given but conditional approval to the Land Bill, and now she writes of a speech in which Lord Carlingford claimed for it good results: "Your speech is remarkably clear about it; I hope it will not be disturbed by fresh changes." "Fresh changes" there were indeed! but whether for good or evil the first impulse was given to the policy of sympathy and respect for Irish grievances which have since attained such momentum.

CHAPTER XXII.

FOR some time Mr. Urquhart had directed experiments on a small scale at Montreux, and with better appliances in England, for the preservation of fresh meat; and in the early summer of 1874 he and Mrs. Urquhart determined for various reasons to see how their experiments prospered, and to visit their friends in England. For long Mr. Urquhart's health had been precarious, and only constant and loving care enabled him to speak and write with something of his old energy. His wife's devotion was unfailing through the long nights of sleeplessness; the seizures of violent pain which at times suddenly prostrated him; the wear and tear of revisiting scenes where his followers looked to him for the old fire. A very serious illness resulted after two months of English excitement, and all engagements were necessarily broken. On his return to Montreux in the autumn he rallied, and was able to defend himself with his former vigour against some inaccurate remarks in Mr. Evelyn Ashley's *Life of Lord Palmerston*, remarks which Mr. Ashley undertook to withdraw in future editions. The appearance of the *Greville*

Memoirs also called from Mr. Urquhart an interesting explanation rather than refutation of Mr. Greville's impressions. Mr. Urquhart did not live to read the second series of the *Memoirs*, and it would have been useful to know how he would have dealt with the pages, which gave a rough sketch of Lord Palmerston's conduct in regard of the publication of *The Portfolio* and the affair of the *Vixen*. This is not a memoir of the noble but unappreciated Quixote who was Mrs. Urquhart's husband. However, as some justification of the support she gave him in what may be called his anti-Palmerstonism, some lines may be quoted from Mr. Greville touching Mr. Urquhart's resignation of the Secretaryship at Constantinople, to which Lord Palmerston under Royal pressure had appointed him.

"When the death of the King (William IV.) was approaching, Palmerston foresaw that he would have to change his tone with regard to Eastern politics, and consequently that it would be convenient to throw over Urquhart, which he proceeded to do. This man, first his tool and then his victim, turned out to be bold, unprincipled, and clever, and finding his prospects ruined and his reputation damaged, he turned fiercely upon him whom he considered as his persecutor and his betrayer."

Every page of this memoir goes to prove that Mr. Urquhart was not unprincipled, but rather, for the time he lived in, *over*-principled, to be rightly measured by the standards of diplomatists and

politicians. He undoubtedly, by his publication of *The Portfolio*, stirred up occult powers, which were able to neutralise the influence he should have had. Mr. Greville's concluding remarks on Lord Palmerston's conduct at the time suggest that Mr. Urquhart's contentions cannot be considered as individual hallucinations:—

"It is fortunate for Palmerston that the matter has broken out at the end of the session, when people are all on the wing and there is not time to sift anything to the bottom; but still the charges are so grave, and they involve such serious consequences and considerations, that it is absolutely necessary the truth should be sifted one way or another. The foreign ministers all believe that Palmerston is guilty. Dedel told me last night that Pozzo had said to him: 'Quant a moi, je ne dirai pas un mot, mais si tout cela est vrai, il faut aller aux galères pour trouver un pareil forfait.'"

Of nothing did Mr. Urquhart so bitterly complain as of the silence of the Press at that juncture, the predetermined resolve of "Society" to shield Lord Palmerston and to shut its ears to Mr. Urquhart's vexatious and disturbing revelations and exhortations. But Society has changed considerably since 1839, and if Mr. Urquhart's words and works were better known it would be a matter of surprise to many how reputations he denounced have proved unfounded, and how the consensus of better-informed opinion has upheld his assertions in the political sphere; taking for instances the results of the Crimean War, the

value of the Suez Canal, the reserve of strength of Turkey, the mistaken policy which alienated and weakened Persia. Mr. Urquhart's denunciation of cant phrases, used without attention to their no-meaning of disrespect in externals, which disintegrates human society, and a dozen "fads" of Mr. Urquhart's—as they were esteemed during his life—are getting into our current thought. No doubt her faith in Mr. Urquhart's aims reconciled his wife to much which must have seemed at first to her unexpected, if not eccentric; but witnessing the results of his teaching, or rather the results of that social drift against which he struggled every year, she adopted his ideas with greater zeal.

There will be few at present among the young men of our time who can understand the courage needed to share as she did her husband's opinion of Lord Palmerston. Many memoirs have been published, excellent diplomatic records, particularly in France, which throw light on the foreign politics which in England had been *caviare* to the general and confided with delighted ignorance to our "only Minister" after Canning's death, the "plucky" man who maintained our "prestige" at any risk. Quite recently Talleyrand, in his *Memoirs,* who was no doubt unfriendly, says:—

"Lord Palmerston is certainly one of the cleverest, if not the cleverest, men of business that I have met in my career . . . but one trait in his character spoils all these

advantages, and to my thinking prevents his being considered a true statesman. In public affairs he is so passionate that he is capable of sacrificing the most important interest to his resentments. Nearly every political question is mixed up with a personal question, and while he appears to defend the interests of his country it is nearly always those of his hatred and of his vengeance which he serves. He is extremely artful in concealing those secret motives under appearances which I may call patriotic. By this art he always succeeds in acting on a considerable portion of public opinion, which he draws with him in the direction of his private passion."

This is not the somewhat mythical figure we admire among English Premiers as the Great "Jingo" who taught Englishmen the boast, *civis Romanus sum;* but Talleyrand's report agrees well with the Lord Palmerston of Mr. Urquhart's belief.

Many of Mrs. Urquhart's resentments had merged, however, in her new hopes, indeed her new faith, in a central religious tribunal where all moral causes could be judged. Both she and her husband were to the end in the attitude of St. Paul's athletes, so running "that they might attain the prize" of an immense moral reform. They did not look back even to note the discomfiture of their most real and practical enemies. In this smooth and polished society of ours we half forget what active enmities exist, and not the less dangerous when the weapons used are ridicule and suggestions of unsettled intellect. No one could indeed hint that Mrs. Urquhart had

not strong sense, but it required strong courage, great-heartedness, and a magnanimous disregard of consequences—not common in women—to accept the worldly defeat which to all appearances was her husband's lot. Defeat in nearly every direction, defeat of which she was reminded in her correspondence in the newspapers of the day, and sometimes even in the pitying glances of her friends. The trial was greater to her than to Mr. Urquhart, for her nature was less buoyant, her heart was more concerned in his success or failure, and she had a wider family circle, whose approval was precious to her.

It is singular how she bore so much strain, and yet could be so eager a patriot. There is so strong an interest felt now in Persian politics that the following letter may have some value for the reader, and once more show how keenly Mrs. Urquhart collected information of what was passing on the Indian route of Russia. It is addressed to Lady Waldegrave:—

"MONTREUX.

"MY DEAREST FRANCES,

"I have just seen in the paper that 'Mr. Taylor Thompson is proceeding to Persia,' and I cannot resist one word. Sir John McNeill is still alive, and now that Lord Palmerston is dead would doubtless serve again. I speak of the author of the *Progress of Russia* and our former envoy in Persia." Mrs. Urquhart enclosed a sketch of Mr. Thompson's position. "An act of his was the cause of our last attack on Persia, in 1856. He appointed a certain Mirza Haslim Khan to be his first Persian Secretary, who was connected by marriage with the Royal family.

The Shah objected to the appointment, and Mr. Taylor 'hauled down his flag.' Mr. Murray succeeded to him to carry on the quarrel. He left the country, the Persians marched on Herat, and we attacked Persia without a declaration of war. A letter from Commander Jones, 'Political Agent with the Forces and Resident in the Persian Gulf' (a curious place to reside, is it not?), reported of himself that he had 'been able to maintain the illusion that the Force would not quit India until the Fleet hove in sight of Bushire. His words are: 'This illusion I had been able to maintain perfect to the last moment, though the object I had contemplated of an immediate descent on the coast failed from the Fleet being scattered in various parts of the Gulf.' This was noticed in the *Bombay Times* at the time, which said, 'We have been made to play the part of pirates, and not of soldiers.' The Foreign Affairs Committees protested, but I believe no one else took any notice. Surely there must be something very defective in our education in reference to public affairs, and especially war and peace, when a man could imagine by such treachery he was serving his country, and then consider the result of not even blaming him for it, perhaps even commending him."

Mrs. Urquhart wrote many interesting letters to her brother and to Lady Waldegrave on Swiss politics, of which the following is a specimen :—

"I have been sending you occasionally some newspapers about Swiss religious affairs. You will tell me if you wish me to continue or not. As to the motive of all this, I do not know that we need go further than passion and the love of domineering. Is not tyranny as much in the evil part of man's nature as the love of justice is in the good? It takes this particular turn in Switzerland from

the circumstance of the times. Men in authority here are found to imitate Bismarck and the great German people. Those recent events have given the impulse at this particular moment.

"From many things which we have observed since our residence here, this country is particularly open to the exercise of violence in any shape. In the minds of the people there does not exist any foundation of a sense of justice in the abstract. They have no 'Common Law.' They have merely written codes carried by a majority, and therefore their idea of what is 'lawful' comes naturally to be made synonymous with anything voted by a majority. With all the apparent 'freedom' in the shape of elective officers, judges, and everything, things are done that could not be done among us by these same officials, as we found in reference to our carpenter's wife, who was expelled by an order of the 'Prefect' of Vevey because the Garde Police here chose to report her under a false name, and accuse her of not being the carpenter's wife. There was no investigation whatever.

". . . . Having written so much on this subject, I say no more. We have some days delightful (as to-day) with bright sun, when it is at once very warm. Yesterday was sleeting. Primroses begin to appear. David has been much urged to write more in continuation of his article in the *Diplomatic Review* on the *Greville Memoirs*. He has been doing so, and it has been too much for him. I have got him to stop for the present. Our whole life here is changed by our new friends; changed much for the better. What pleasure is equal to that of the companionship of a human being whom you can love?

"Your ever most affectionate sister,

"With best love to dearest Frances,

"H. A. URQUHART."

It is hardly necessary to say that 1875 brought with it the insurrection of Herzegovina and forecasts of Turkish bankruptcy and Russian war. Mr. Urquhart sympathised entirely with the patriotic or Conservative party in Turkey. He viewed the new Constitution contrived by Mahmoud Pasha with disdain, as it pretended to introduce the European system of elective Parliaments and other machinery of the Western Governments into Turkish life. Mr. Butler Johnstone, M.P., had become a very eager disciple of Mr. Urquhart, who gave him letters of introduction and private intelligence to use freely at Constantinople.

Mr. Urquhart was the moving spirit of his English organisation—the Foreign Affairs Committees. His letter at this time to the Sultan and to the Sheik ul Islam belong to a future record of his life. What influence they may have exercised over the gallant stand made by Turkey in 1877 cannot be gauged, be it small or great; but it was the influence of an earnest friend of justice and law, which he believed to be menaced by Russian encroachment. The labours and excitement shared to the full by Mrs. Urquhart during that great crisis in Eastern affairs are graphically described in her correspondence; while Mr. Urquhart writes on December 18th, 1875 :—

"I have this morning been at work again on the Suez Canal for the French. I have written a long exposition of the Loan case (an extract is given in Mr. Crawshay's

speech), and have followed it up by a second letter on the Herzegovina insurrection. Both are gone and are now printing in London, and being translated into Turkish in Paris. . . . As to my health all I have to say is that I think no more about it. How Mrs. Urquhart stands the work is what surprises me. I suppose it is in part owing to the change of diet—she has given up meat and often does not breakfast. Mrs. Ross, under a similar *régime*, has so much recovered strength and health that she can go on copying for hours, and she can make out my worst scrawl. Yesterday she copied a long letter, abominably written, to the Comte de Chambord, which this time last year I had left unsent from disgust and despair."

Some of our readers will remember Mahmoud's act of bankruptcy which so damaged the situation of Turkey; the extinction of Carlism in somewhat muddy waters; and the policy by which Prince Bismarck healed Danish and Schleswig-Holstein sores. The drift of the time, the power of intrigue and corruption, were too strong for the two valiant fighters on the Prarion.

Yet the events of 1876 supplied them with a just indignation that could not be suppressed. Perhaps few well-informed Englishmen now see the frenzy into which England was thrown for party purposes by the exaggerated report of Bulgarian atrocities with any feeling but of regret. For facts which sufficiently refute that account we can refer to the *Diplomatic Review* for October, 1876, and we know how largely Mrs. Urquhart contributed to its pages. It is worth

perhaps recalling, with reference to the Roman Catholic attitude in Bulgaria, what Dr. Vaughan, now the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, said when asked to recommend collections for the relief of the supposed sufferers:—

"If the bloody cap of revolution was to be pulled out and placed on the head of anyone, let it be placed on the head of the Tartar and not wholly on the heads of the Turks. Moreover it was certain that the Roman Catholic population of Turkey had refused to join in the revolution. They felt that though the Turkish Government was deeply dyed with crime, it was better in the cause of liberty, both civil and religious, to remain under the Turk than to be transferred to the tyranny of the Tartar."

The present good relations of Bulgaria with the Porte confirm this estimate; but who shall ever tell how the pretence of Christian persecution has been misused; how often the Mussulman resistance to Russia has been called the fanaticism of Islam. One of those who were Mr. Urquhart's allies in the cause of justice and truth, Baron Prokesch Osten, was taken from his side by death in the October of that memorable year. It is difficult to doubt that Mr. Urquhart was in consequence depressed. For years Mr. Urquhart's health had been precarious. In the autumn of 1876 a last effort to restore it partially was attempted. By the generous kindness of a friend a dahabeah was put at the service of the family for a voyage up the Nile, and Mrs. Urquhart's brothers relieved her of

anxiety in regard to money matters. The longed-for visit to the East was to be paid by her in this sad fashion. She wrote to Lady Waldegrave on the 4th of October, 1876 :—

"GRAND TRAIT, MONTREUX.

"MY DEAREST FRANCES,

"I find I have ten minutes before post and give it for want of more to you and C. I want to tell you that all is settled and well settled for the Nile. The best person we could have accompanies us : our friend here, who is also a surgeon, Mr. White. His dear good little wife lets him go principally on our account. Our tickets are actually taken (I conclude) for the 3rd of November from Venice, and the dahabeah is ordered at Cairo. It is only now that I believe we are actually going, though we must always feel how uncertain everything is on account of David's health. He has been laid up ever since we returned from the châlet (17th September), and is still on the sofa. What should I have done without David (junior)? He is still with us, but returns to Zurich next week. Just as David was getting better he injured his right wrist in a strange way, and this caused the most violent pain of all, acute inflammation, so that he was indeed helpless. It seems that he is destined to pain."

Destined to pain! but not to more pain than was his wife's during the months that followed. The next letter to Lady Waldegrave is written by their eldest daughter, "Maisie," who says that her mother "has done too much" and "is obliged to stop writing for a few days." Mrs. Urquhart adds by her daughter's pen that "things look rather gloomy to-day," and "Maisie is invaluable." The journey was one of

those terrible times of pain and weakness which make us often doubt if any journey is worth the cost for a dying man in constant distress of body that is only relieved at intervals by chloroform and morphia. "What a variety of suffering seems to be his fate," his wife writes on their arrival in Egypt. "If we were only at Cairo! but we have still four and a half hours' journey to reach the end, and until we are at Cairo nothing can be done towards preparing our boat. I can think of nothing but David; otherwise how I should enjoy all here. Every figure is a picture."

At Venice Mr. Urquhart's indomitable energy had possibly led him into imprudence. His daughter writes: "My father enjoyed the gondolas in spite of the cold; the sight quite cheered my father. He was reading extracts from Byron's poem on Venice almost all the time that we were in one. My father had intended to be carried to the Doge's Palace, but the cold was too great."

Mrs. Urquhart wrote but few letters during that winter, when hope for her husband's recovery was slipping from her grasp. Harriet, her second girl, writes from Luxor to her uncle that her father "has had a very bad night. When we arrived we dipped our ensign and fired a gun. We were answered by the three Consulates — English, French, and American. Our boat is very gay; decorated with palm leaves in honour of New Year's Day." An

account of Luxor follows, and then a bit which shows that the children's education did not suffer too much by the lotus-eating life on board a Nile boat.

"The only other dahabeah here is the one that has been with us almost all the way. The owners are very nice people. A young doctor who is with them offered to give us some lessons in Latin, so we are getting on well in that language. My mother told me to tell you that we have been learning out of that little green book you gave her long ago, called *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*. I have just learnt Milton's *Allegro*, and have begun the *Penseroso*. I am afraid my father will not be able to go and see anything till we come back."

The boat got on to Esneh, and there Mr. Urquhart was carried on shore to pay a visit to the Governor, Osman Bey, with whom he talked in Turkish for a while. Mr. Urquhart had been treated since he landed in Egypt with the respect due to a pasha equipped with the three horse-tails of his rank. On his arrival at Cairo he found a telegram waiting, sent by order of the Sultan, to greet him with salaam and the expression of his high esteem. It was brought by one of the Khedive's people, with an order that their boat might pass the cataracts before others.

Fortunately when Mr. Urquhart's health became worse at Luxor his friend at Cairo, Selim Pasha, gave orders that any steamer going down to Cairo should be ready to take the dahabeah in tow; but the end was not to be yet. With varying hopes and fears his family brought him to Naples on his

return journey. A sudden change for the worse occurred there, and his son David wrote to Lord Carlingford on the 18th of May, 1877:—

"My dear Uncle,

"After all our hopes of the recovery of my father he had a relapse yesterday morning, and after a day of suffering he was taken away from us at nine o'clock last night. It was so sudden we could not believe it. He had been so well and strong the day before. My mother bears up wonderfully well. He suffered so much all day that he could only speak a few words now and then, though he knew his position.

"But I cannot write more now. We intend taking him to Montreux—which is our home, at least, for the time being. We cannot bear to leave him here so far away. It would be a great comfort to her to have the grave at Montreux."

Though this slight memoir of Mrs. Urquhart's life has only attempted to justify her devotion to her husband by some imperfect outlines of his life and work, it may be imagined how great was the sense of loss to his friends and adherents. Besides the usual cordial letters of sympathy which the death of a relation calls forth, Mrs. Urquhart received admirable proofs of sympathy from the working men of the English Committees her husband had founded, and from some very unexpected quarters. Perhaps the most intelligent in their condolence were the French writers and journalists with whom he had had intercourse. But there were no elaborate essays

in English papers only awaiting his death for their publication; and in foreign, rather than in home biographical notices, will remain a trace of his career. M. de Carné, a writer in M. Le Play's Review, *La Reforme Sociale,* bore witness to David Urquhart's championship of some "rights of man" omitted in modern programmes of human progress. The concluding sentence sums up the hope in which the unaccredited hero died; the hope that sustained his widow in her strenuous effort to uphold his principles, which were also hers, at any personal cost until death claimed her too. Translated it says:—

"Mr. Urquhart fell literally crushed by work, and an eminent ecclesiastic, his friend, could observe with truth that he was a martyr of the great cause he had embraced. At least he had one supreme consolation in the hour of death. He could say that he had laid the first stone in reconstituting international law. He had bequeathed to the Œcumenical Council his ideas, his projects, and his hopes. One day that Council will resume its labours, and the question put by Mr. Urquhart will receive a solution. At first this solution will appear of little consequence in European eyes. The Council will speak, and Europe will remain unchanged. But his profound historical studies had taught Mr. Urquhart that the doctrines put forth throughout the world by these assemblies, so apparently unsupported by force and sanction, slowly undermine received ideas and practices until a day comes when they assert themselves in luminous and victorious form."

There is much in subsequent European history to confirm this expectation. At the time of Mr.

Urquhart's death who could have foreseen the useful action taken by the present Pope? Who could have imagined the increased respect felt at any rate for the Turkish people since the stand at Plevna?

It has been well said that the pathos of self-sacrifice lies in its insuccess. But it may be asked whether that pathos, that appeal at once to compassion and admiration, be not in itself a success. For the ends Mr. Urquhart had in view who could refuse admiration? Let us clear our minds of patriotic or other passion, and look at the results of a war, little or great; the irremediable consequences, as dangerous to the victors as to the vanquished, of even an unauthorised razzia, with its demoralisations, its seeds of cruelty and precedent, and we shall not doubt the urgency of Mr. Urquhart's protest. He may have been sometimes mistaken in facts, though he had an accurate memory and great knowledge in his estimate of persons. He certainly awakened by his individual methods antagonisms which hindered his reforms, but no man of his time more perseveringly preached a radical cure for the condition of chronic warfare and international anxiety which troubles us. Possibly the chief mistake he made was in resting his main argument on the immorality of illegal and unjust war. Had he dwelt more on the loss and expense involved by the increasing tendency to piracy, and by the *felon blows* of our "civilised"

communities, he might have secured more attentive listeners. But he was a man of logical principles, to whom compromise and opportunism were perhaps unduly contemptible. He could never have represented or largely led English opinion in political affairs for reasons not wholly discreditable to him, as the reader will perhaps have felt. But there seems no doubt that he has largely leavened English prejudice after the silent, imperceptible fashion in which leaven works. Many a leading article of to-day would have rejoiced his heart, though many another would have yet more bitterly angered him by modern denial of the very premises of his arguments. Some of his armour is rusty; the developments of physical science have altered some conditions which he considered stable; but should we not admire the soul of a Nelson though he fought his battles in wooden ships, or the legal science of a Vattel though he wrote before the so-called enlightenment, or the chivalry of Don Quixote when he for ever raised the human standard of valiant enthusiasm, even when he tilted with windmills. No more unselfish champion of justice and the rights of men, whether black, brown, or white, has lived in our century. No man reaped less reward for genius and labour spent in strenuous redress of wrong than David Urquhart. It is at least some relief, as his unrecognised virtue recedes from us, that he was blessed by a wife who in herself could rightly balance the griefs and disappointments of his career.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TO so earnest a soul, so conscientious a thinker, the adoption of the Roman Catholic faith was no passing incident of Mrs. Urquhart's life. To some extent it remodelled her character, not indeed excluding one of the gifts she possessed naturally or had acquired, but widening the field for their exercise, and giving them due proportion in the edifice of her life. Conviction of the divine authority, as it is enunciated in the Church of Rome, had been forced on her for years as she saw her husband seek in vain for the sanctions of the higher justice among secular governments, and at last find in the assembly of the Vatican Council the only human means of vindicating his theories of reform, the only ears which would listen to the Decalogue with a true deference. We know from a passage in one of her spiritual diaries, written shortly before her death, that a sermon in 1870 at Rome opened new lights for her "on the duty we owe to God as our Creator and Father." We have seen how the Bishop of Mayence, Monsignor Ketteler, had favourably listened to Mr. Urquhart's appeal to Catholic justice. As his wife read the

Bishop's well-known pamphlet on the coming Council, published in 1869, in a room of the mountain châlet, she afterwards loved to recall "how it flashed on my mind that I must become a Catholic, eight years before I did become one." The process of mental struggle was prolonged by reasons not so much of intellectual doubt, but of respect for her husband. He had determined for himself, and had indeed been supported by very good authority, in his feeling that he could better serve the cause he had at heart by remaining outside the Roman obedience. His eager arguments for Papal infallibility and for the restoration of that Temporal Power, which does not mean possession of territory, but due authority in deciding temporal causes, had sunk deeply into her mind. They led her to examine the claim of the Roman Church to the obedience of Christians. The prestige and the mission of Rome, which she regarded at first but as a means to further her husband's work in life, asserted themselves after a time as the one authority for her, the one way in which she could conscientiously advance. And to her truth and authority once recognised must be followed. Her respect, and indeed affection, for Pius IX. was gained by his breadth of justice. His ready attention to her husband's appeal while a Protestant to the authority of Rome for the re-establishment of the "Law of Nations" won her respect for him as the representative of Christian morals; while yet prejudice, and the training of her youth

spent in Ireland, held her back from full acceptance of Roman dogma. She had seen and conversed with many teachers and legislators of the Church during the winter spent in Rome, and her whole moral being confessed their power and authority to teach. Theories of human right, which her husband had preached for so many years in vain, she found to her delight recognised in the Church's canons of mediæval as of modern date. In a letter written many years later to Cardinal Jacobini, Secretary of State at the Vatican, she mentions an interesting detail of her kindly reception by Pius. The original is in French but will bear translating:—

"1884.

"When my husband was at Rome during the Council of the Vatican he laboured to gain from the sovereign pontiff, Pius IX., a formal declaration on the necessity that Christian nations should, in affairs of peace and war, conform themselves to the rules of justice which are declared in the holy canons of the Church, and to which jurists conform in their treatises on the rights of men. I am myself a witness to the personal sentiments of His Holiness Pius IX., whose memory is so venerated and cherished in our hearts, for he had the great goodness to say to me these kindly words: 'Your husband is doing very good work. I am glad to know that you are a good woman, and help him by your pen.'

"Your Eminence must know well the steps then taken at Rome in consequence of the protest, signed by several bishops, on the evil which afflicts the world by reason of the many wars which have no just cause."

We may or may not respect the causes of individual conversion to the Roman Church, but no one can doubt the solidity of Mrs. Urquhart's reasons for hers. The instincts of law and justice which had ever been strong in her, the principles and even the methods which had approved themselves to her in her husband's teaching, she found justified and embodied by the doctors of the Roman Church. Its venerable past and active present were consistent in condemnation of the practices which Mr. Urquhart had denounced. It would have been impossible for her to deny its authority under the circumstances, for she found herself and her deepest convictions in harmony with Catholic ethics. Her husband's conclusions were listened to with kindly attention, and met with respect from the higher clergy, instead of with the ridicule and opposition which they had encountered in the world of modern society. Dogmas were not difficulties to her, the intelligent acceptance of them followed from her recognition of the higher justice taught by the Church in human affairs, and by its interpretation of the Decalogue in the details of social life. Many facts which she had learned to think of as matters of experience and observation she found to be accordant to principle; as, for instance, that sanctity of the family which her friend M. Le Play had illustrated in his social statistics as the main strength of the people who maintained it—the family—as it is described in her husband's Turkish

travels, and as she instinctively regarded its ties she found the sacred centre of the Church's tradition and legislation. And so in most of the questions, which had been questions to her even when she was most vehement in her convictions of the right answers, she knew with a surprised joy to be immutably decided, and for the most part in her own sense. So she suffered but slight intellectual upheaval. The former currents of her thought followed in deepened channels, but she was spared the fever of Catholic evolution, with its cold and hot fits of intellectual doubt. So acquired, her faith was as absolute as her sense of right and wrong. It had not those misty borderlands of uncertainty which remain for many converts, and in which they half fear to stray. At once Mrs. Urquhart could apply herself to the Conduct of Life, that great science of which her Church is the special guardian. While England yields to no other country in respectable and even noble maxims of duty, she has in many ways declined from the higher ideals of conduct, though here and there the presence in most unexpected places of the "Imitation of Christ" reveals aspiration towards heights of holiness seldom perceived by average Englishmen. A dread of casuistry and a mistrust of Roman Catholic methods keep many excellent souls from following their better instincts. The air even for those who fully believe the great mysteries of Christian faith is dimmed by incessant controversy. It seems enough that they

should struggle towards mere acknowledgment of them, and too much to expect that the weary disputants can go on to perfect their own lives without fatigue of past effort to believe intellectually. But Mrs. Urquhart escaped Anglican difficulties. Her child-like confidence in absolute truth was firm ground from whence to start for that pilgrimage of perfection in which she advanced so far. The details of that advance are almost too sacred to lay before the reader; but no memoir of Mrs. Urquhart could altogether ignore what was in truth her real life for the last twelve years of it; for life must surely mean the informing spirit which gives its colour to the facts and incidents of our sojourn here, the vital power which assimilates the good of our circumstances.

In a letter to Mr. Monteith of June, 1877, she wrote of "the inexpressible comfort of being a Catholic." "What should I have done now but for this!" she exclaims, for she found full satisfaction not only for her own aspirations, but also full approval of her years of labour, and of her ardent loyalty to the husband she had just lost. Père Collet, the learned Dominican, who so long aided Cardinal Mermillod in his exile from his Diocese of Geneva, at Fernex received Mrs. Urquhart into the Catholic Church with sympathy and appreciation, and she began again the life of the Châlet des Mélèzes with a sense of that evening sunshine which is more beautiful for preceding tempest. Her

responsibilities as the guardian of Mr. Urquhart's theories, the continuer, as far as in her lay, of his work, no longer pressed on her as they had. The expression of her countenance lost its look of anxiety. She felt no longer isolated in the fight she had sustained by his side; champion she remained, but with an army at her back and sure of ultimate victory, be it in centuries to come. With exultation and gratitude she took fresh courage, and with the same persevering energy she had shown in what may be almost called her public life she entered on that "spiritual combat," which has not often been waged with the fervour and enthusiasm she gave to it. Not even her closest friends knew much of it during her life; she worked in her husband's track; she devoted herself to her children; she remained the same prudent manager of their affairs, of which Mr. Urquhart had left her complete control; the same hospitable friend and pleasant companion as ever.

"'I had not seen Mrs. Urquhart for three years,' writes a friend at this time, 'and I and my daughter accepted her invitation to the châlet with eager interest in August, 1877. The place was in its fullest charm as on a hot day we rode up the steep track by fields and pine-woods and thickets of Alpine rose, until just above us was the line of smooth sward and slope of garden I knew so well. We got off our mules and walked the last part of the way to get the full pleasure of the scene and the welcome which awaited us. Mrs. Urquhart looked very slight and worn in her widow's dress. Tears, half of

reminiscence, half of present joy, filled her eyes as she led us into the wood-lined ante-room and the drawing-room, strewed just as I had remembered it with blue-books and foreign journals. Piles of MSS. and pamphlets were on the shelves, nothing was changed; the croquet lawn was green as ever under the blazing sun; the streams from the mountains above filtered through all the cultivated ground and kept the parsley and other ferns luxuriant. A strong healthy little boy looking wisely inquisitive was practising with the balls and hoops, and very soon two fair girls came shyly to welcome the friend who had seen them last five years ago in childish frocks: very quiet good little mortals, who never interrupted father and mother in their discussions, but observed everything with wide blue eyes. They were still shy and silent till they knew my daughter better, but with the polite manners so carefully taught them by their father they kissed their old friend's hand and made us welcome.

"Mrs. Urquhart spoke little to me of her change of creed. She knew I sympathised with her, and she was always slow to speak of her private feelings, unless for some good end. But her silence, her evident peace, even under the burden of her loss, were eloquent. She spoke much of "him," "his" wishes, "his" projects, and almost always in a future sense: how she should best fulfil them; how she could perpetuate every memory of him, and spread his thoughts by every method. And then a sudden silence and inward look made me understand that she was commending his and her own efforts to higher Powers. Her being a Catholic seemed a matter of course, but she set us a good example in her attention to her Sunday duties. The descent of about three thousand feet to the village of St. Gervais, where was the nearest church, was rapid, and we allowed two hours for

the walk, if walk could be called the ladder-like, rough track down which we scrambled. Mrs. Urquhart frequently started at six a.m. to be in full time for Communion at the eight o'clock mass, and we found her finishing her early breakfast at the inn when we joined her for the principal service. To climb up again, some riding, some walking, some ignominiously holding on by the mules' tails in the steepest places, was an affair of three hours. But Mrs. Urquhart's little slight figure could endure a great deal. She had always been a good mountain walker, and many were the excursions we made, when her day's work of writing for the post was despatched, to the nearer *Cols* and lower slopes of the great shoulder from which the Aiguille and Dôme du Gouté rise to the summit of Mont Blanc. It was a life so elevated in every sense, so apart from the vulgarities, even the impact of the people of the plains and cities, that sorrow lost its bitterness. I have no reminiscence of that enchanted time which is not delightful. While we were there Mr. Monteith, with his wife and married daughter, Mrs. F. Kerr, came to Major Poore's châlet, and the conversation took an even higher tone and gained in scholarly charm and wide experience while Mr. Monteith spoke of his early days at Cambridge, where he was one of the "apostles," the close friend of Arthur Hallam, the sharer in that fine companionship of which "In Memoriam" is the record.'"

In the course of a letter to Lord Carlingford about the disposal of the property which Mr. Urquhart had left in her hands, Mrs. Urquhart writes on the 13th August of that year:—

"About my girls, I must tell you that just before we came here they came to me and told me that they wished to be taught in the Catholic religion. Up to that time

I had continued teaching them as before, avoiding reference to Roman Catholic doctrine except when they asked me whether such and such a thing was so, which they had heard people say. They also went to church. Now it is different. I then began to teach them the Roman Catholic catechism, and they will be received, I think, on our return to Montreux, by Père Collet. I think you will be prepared for this. You will be glad to hear that I am as happy as I can be under the circumstances here. It was a sore trial first coming up, when it seemed incredible not to find him here as I used to do, watching for me, as he rode or was carried while I walked. Every stone speaks of him. But time and the necessary occupations of life soften the most intense feelings. It is only at times that all the past comes back on me, which can be borne because one looks forward to the future. What becomes of those who have no hope? David tells me that almost all the young men at Zurich are absolute atheists and believe in nothing: in no life beyond this world. The hardest thing is the thought that will sometimes come of what we might perhaps have done to save him. But I know this is vain and all is well."

It was natural that Mrs. Urquhart should at least entertain the various offers to write a memoir of him made by men who had co-operated with her husband; but while some short notices approved by her were printed, she did not think that the time was come or the man was found who could paint a sufficient portrait of Mr. Urquhart, so many-sided had been his character, so wide in its sympathies and grasp had been his genius, so much knowledge and scholarship was needed for any true criticism of his writings.

She had written on June 23rd, in almost the first pain of her widowhood, to Mr. Monteith :—

"What you propose is very overwhelming. The idea of what one could do to exhibit such a life is almost too much to think of as yet. But certainly it would be better done by letters than in any other way. Someone reading them would perhaps be inspired to write on them. Someone as yet unknown, I mean. As yet I have not nearly got through kind letters to be answered, and mere business ones, most touching, from Newcastle and Birmingham to me; and at Keighley they (the members of the Foreign Affairs Committee) all attended church in honour of him, and he was spoken of in the sermon. The sermon and an article must go to you."

The faults of style in one writer, the narrowness of another dissatisfied her, but she writes to Mr. Monteith on the 7th November, 1877 :—

"My dear Mr. Monteith,

"I wish I could put into cold words the feelings which arose within me in reading your letter on my husband. It seems to me perfect. I think you have been quite inspired, and I thank God that He inspired you and procured its insertion. I had heard of it from Mr. Neill. He says the type has been broken up. But will you not have it reprinted, and with the words to which it is a reply? I assure you this will be the thing to be done. *He* would have said so did he have to decide for another. I think I told you that the monument is up, and does look well. I only wait for the correction of a slight error to have the photograph taken. All goes well with us, thank God. We all hope to go next Monday to Fernex. The good Abbé here will say Mass for them (her daughters) these next three days."

Of the reception of her girls into the Church she writes in her next letter to Mr. Monteith:—

"I must write a line to tell you of our visit to Père Collet. The way in which he spoke to the girls was most remarkable and consoling for me. He told them that the grace they had obtained was the result of their father's life of devotion to God's service, and the proof that his labours were approved of by Him; that thus the children as well as myself earned the reward for which the parent had laboured in the good faith and singleness of his breast, never seeking anything for himself, and never sparing himself. . . . He did indeed die worn out."

Though the affection and esteem of her family was never checked by Mrs. Urquhart's conversion, it did not of course pass without some questioning, as is shown by two letters written immediately after her return with her family to Grand Trait, her home at Montreux. One is to Lady Waldegrave:—

"MONTREUX,
"11*th October*, 1877.

"MY DEAREST FRANCES,

"After all I have never written to you as I intended since your letter of the 25th August. How time passes! Here we are back again, and the season quite wintry already. David left me yesterday for Zurich, where he is going up for an *extra* examination in a few days. This one is necessary if you go up for a *Diploma*, as it is called, on leaving the school, which is an advantage, but not necessary. I miss him of course very much. Before he went he settled for me the Latin inscription for the monument, which I am going to put up in Clarens Cemetery. It has required much consideration and con-

sulting with a good Latin-English scholar. The monument is a simple white marble cross with the words, 'Blessed be the name of Jesus' at the foot, and then a square block on which the epitaph will come. How well I understand what you felt on returning to Chewton. As you have spoken about my change of religion, I must tell you how unspeakably happy it makes me. It seems to me that I must say so much to one like you, so full of sympathy, and the purest and most unselfish affection. Also I feel bound (just as I would feel bound to vindicate a dear friend or rather a most dear parent) to tell you that it is really quite a mistake to suppose that Catholics are taught that they may tell lies for the sake of the Church. I cannot imagine what has given rise to this idea, which I find is very common, although I myself never entertained it when far enough from being a Catholic. I mean I never remember to have heard anything that made me suppose such a thing. I think it must be that the Catholic who is not honest and straightforward, and is fond of crooked ways, excuses himself or herself by saying it is for the good of the Church, whereas a Protestant cannot give such an excuse. But most certainly there is nothing in the religion to justify such a thing. Nothing can be more uncompromising than its moral teaching, and quite as much on the subject of lies as any other. For example, in the Catechism which the girls read with me the answer to 'Is it ever lawful to tell a lie?' is, 'No; it is never lawful to tell a lie, neither for our own, nor for another's benefit; not even in jest or need; for every lie is essentially opposed to God, who is Truth itself.' Then follow several texts on the subject. This is taken from Fander's *Catechism*, translated from a German one, which has been so much approved that it is almost the only Catechism now used

throughout Germany and in many parts of America; young girls are taught it in convents, &c.

"I asked a friend staying with me at the châlet, who had become a Catholic a good many years ago, what she had been taught on that subject. She said, to tell the truth always, and never has a word been said to her in a contrary sense by any priest. Her step-daughter was born a Catholic and taught in a convent, and she said the same. While I was at St. Gervais the Curé was going through the Commandments in his sermons. One was entirely on the 9th Commandment (according to the Anglican numeration), and he taught the same, in the most positive manner, that no lie was allowable. He spoke of different kinds of lies, but it was only to explain that all were sins. I wonder whether this idea about the Catholic religion has arisen from the division it makes of sin into mortal and venial. Perhaps people imagine that if anything is called a venial sin you may do it without much scruple or danger. But this is very far indeed from being the case. Protestants are not accustomed to this language, and so misunderstand it probably; and indeed I do remember now hearing it spoken of as one of the errors of the Catholic Church to speak of some sins as less than others. But are there no sins greater than others? If so some must be less. It seems to me that one's own common sense, unconsciously as it were, tells us that there are sins which must deprive us of God's favour and grace because they are acts of rebellion against Him. At least, we must distinguish between acts of rebellion and acts which are committed from weakness or negligence or almost unconsciously. No one can think that they are free from such faults, nor yet that such acts make God angry with us, as if we were in open rebellion against Him. It is the latter kind of sins that are called *mortal*, because we are taught

that until they have been repented of we are in a state of separation from God. Lies would be either mortal or venial according to the motives that led to our telling them; but venial sin is sin all the same, and we are to shun it most carefully. I have made this too long, and must stop. How is Chi.? It is very long since I heard from Nannie.

"Your very affectionate sister, with best love to Chichester,

"HARRIET A. URQUHART.

"P.S.—Having just found the following words in a pious book by a comparatively modern Catholic writer, S. Alphonso Liguori, about venial sin, I copy them to show what we are taught on that subject. It is a little book of counsels. 'Former la resolution de mourir plutot que de commettre un péché veniel à l'avenir.' There are the well-known words of Blanche of Castile, to her son S. Louis, that she would rather see him dead at her feet than that he should commit one mortal sin."

It is evident how the instinctive truthfulness of Mrs. Urquhart had led her to pay special attention to this item in Catholic morality. On the first intimation of her intention to join the Church of Rome Lord Carlingford had written to her with extreme kindness, and after expressing his own difficulties about dogmas equally held by Anglicans as by Catholics, he added: "As to my feeling for you this does not make the smallest change in my love." To him, therefore, Mrs. Urquhart could freely write of her faith as of all her other interests. On her birthday, November 14th, 1877, she writes:—

"My dearest Chichester,

"I should be delighted to get a Shakespeare with notes. David, I am happy to say, begins to have a decided taste for poetry. He used to like to read out Shakespeare to me when last at home . . . About the Douay Bible, the remark you make applies to the Old, but not the New Testament, which is of Rheims, and is so little different from the 'Authorised Version' that it also may be called a 'well of English undefiled.' As it is the official version I use it habitually. But I have all my old Bibles, and nothing prevents me from using them as much as I wish. The translation from the Vulgate of the Old Testament is very rugged and unpleasant at times, and I hope it will be recast some day, as I see they have published, 'under authority,' a much improved French version. You know, of course, that our Bible contains several books which are not in the other, and is always accompanied by notes, many of which would be useful and acceptable to all Christians. The Psalms is precisely one of the worst translated parts; but the Psalms one uses most are contained in the breviary, or a shorter office called of the Blessed Virgin, and these are very well translated in our Prayer-books not following the Douay. I also like the Psalms very much in the Latin. The dignity of that language seems to me to suit the elevated ideas of the sacred words. Years ago I was so struck with the Lord's Prayer in Latin that I have often used it since in that language. We have made some pleasant acquaintances here among French and Poles principally. Poles who rejoice at the Russian defeats, though they make them very poor. The rouble went down a good deal two days ago at the news of a Russian reverse in Asia. I confess I was much alarmed to see how they were getting on there. There are

young girls in two families who are good companions for Maisie and Hattie. There is a Madame de Mylo (a Roumanian name, but who have been settled in Poland for many generations). My dearest Carlingford, good-bye, and give my very best love to Frances.

"Your loving sister,

"H. A. URQUHART."

Among the friends mentioned in this letter were Mrs. Tyrrell and her sister, the Comtesse Radolinska, who became more closely united to Mrs. Urquhart by the attachment of Mrs. Tyrrell's son to Maisie, her eldest daughter, an attachment approved by her, though their marriage only took place after her death. Madame de Mylo and her daughter were also of those who could appreciate Mrs. Urquhart's rare gifts and yet rarer use of those gifts. Her husband had always befriended Poles, and the Czartoriskis and Zamoyskis of that unjustly treated nation were his firm friends, grateful to him for his loudly expressed estimate of Russian statecraft, if not always free to be open allies of his in the sight of Russian agents. Of Mrs. Urquhart's personal friends none were nobler in every sense of the word than the Comtesse Zamoyska, so long known in Paris, and so honoured in Prussian Poland.

It was a period of recovery and calm progress in that difficult reconstruction of religious life which, though less in her case than in most, is always a consequence of sincere conversion to Catholicism;

even her moral life was strengthened from the very foundations by finding herself on well-beaten tracks, and not in the labyrinth of private judgment, in which the sincerest students are bewildered, and perhaps the more so in proportion to their sincerity. Hers had never been a mind satisfied with less than the absolute in faith and morals. She had too keen a logic for compromises; indeed, in temporal matters she was perhaps too *intransigeante*. With relief from uncertainties she found herself free to push her studies along secured lines. The vagueness, the "generalities," the misuse of words which had vexed her for so many years, had become bearable in others now that she had found certitude for herself, and the authority created to meet and reform the false growths of humanity. But there were still many mental habits to be rearranged, new relations, if only of thought, to be formed with passing events, and above all greater attention to her own springs of action was necessary. Her intellectual and judicial faculties had by the exigencies of her husband's position been the most exercised. Her devotion to him and to her children had been unbounded; she could review her past years with satisfaction, yet she found new standards set before her of personal aspiration. The second "great commandment" was no longer to take the first place. The first "like unto it" was to become the law of her whole being, the law which dominated her more and more with every year, and which by

degrees drew all her actions into its own harmony. Devout friends and their examples helped to initiate her into practices of prayer and meditation. Her heart was exercised not less than her mental powers in adoration, which before had certainly not been habitual with her. There is less of external activity in her life during 1878, but she had entered what theologians term the "unitive way"; she was learning to walk in its straight paths and, to use her own words, she was "making herself little that she might pass through the narrow gate." As soon as the season permitted she and her children went up to the Châlet des Mélèzes. David was busy preparing for his career as an engineer. A letter to Mr. Monteith, dated from St. Gervais, will give an idea of her pre-occupations, though not of her inmost thoughts. They were seldom, if ever, revealed even to the closest earthly friend. After a preliminary word, Mrs. Urquhart writes on the 1st July, 1878:—

"We have our precious Mass now. Every Thursday it will be offered specially for my intention for *him*. You remember the drawing-room and the recess at the west ended by a window, and raised a slip above the room. In that recess there is space to the north, where there was a desk and shelves. This just answers for the altar, and a curtain is drawn before it. Beside that, we are putting up curtains on each side of the opening to the recess itself, and there is a carpet on it which marks it off from the rest of the room, and it is not used for any other purpose. There is one failure in the permission:

for it is not extended to our neighbours on the mountain. Hearing Mass here does not for them fulfil the obligation. The Curé here is sorry, and says he will speak to the Bishop about it, whom he expects soon to come to the baths. He tells me that I may invite the neighbours, explaining to them that though to hear Mass does not stand in place of the Parish Mass, yet it is a good work, for those who cannot go down—and there are many—on account of not being able to leave their cows and the children."

At the time Mrs. Urquhart was interested in the presentation to the Pope of a petition, in which Mr. Monteith had a large part, and which expressed some of Mr. Urquhart's political ideas. She continues:—

"I have not yet thanked you for your letter about the presentation to the Pope. I had already heard something from Père Collet. The Pope's words, as Père Collet repeated them, were: 'Ce sont bien mes idées.' Do you suppose that is correct? This is very precious to me, and one does need consolation at this time, for it is fearful to think of what is going on at Berlin. You speak of a visit to the Abbé Defourney at Beaumont. He has been turned out of it. At the end of his last letter he says, 'J'allais omettre de vous dire que je suis enfin expulsé de Beaumont sans indication d'aucun motif, ou me nomme à une paroisse équivalente.' I am now going to write to him, and will give him your address that he may communicate with you. I still hope this will not prevent your seeing him, for it would be a great consolation to him. The other parish will not be far off I suppose, should he have already left Beaumont. But what a trial! to leave his orphanage and his people.

Yet it is such a one as, if borne bravely, may lead to great graces and blessings. Will you write to him a few of your good words? His letters to me bear the impress of a tried though not a troubled spirit. I am very glad to hear of what you did in London. I had seen the petitions, but did not know of your hand in them. Abbé D. wrote to Lord Beaconsfield. I send a copy of his letter and the reply, begging of you to forward them to Mr. Rolland (to show them again the fruits of my husband's work on a just and legal mind, and what a priest may be and understand)."

The negotiations at Berlin revived Mrs. Urquhart's memories of her husband's past contentions. A letter, written with the fresh energy which the mountain air perhaps over stimulated, deserves record. She had but just returned to Montreux when she wrote to Lord Carlingford on the 23rd of October, 1878. After expressing hopes for her son David's success in finding engineer work, and a pleasant description of his capacity, she goes on :—

"As you say, about Afghanistan we cannot indeed have confidence either in Lord Lytton or Lord Beaconsfield. I should like so much to know you were considering the question of the calling into vigour of the Privy Council in reference to foreign affairs. It seems to me that the future fate of England depends upon that question; and is there any practical difficulty in respect to it other than the ideas that people entertain? I do not speak of the opposition—which of course must be reckoned on—of certain politicians who have acquired the habits of office under present circumstances. But I do think that if the

subject could be looked at from an unprejudiced and disinterested point of view it would strike people that the being forced on such momentous affairs to put confidence in anyone is an anomalous position for a country to be in. Our present system of government has been slipped into by degrees, without all the possible results having been thought out beforehand. It has certainly been initiated in reference principally to internal affairs, and the abilities by which a man attains to power through a Parliamentary majority do not at all necessarily involve either the knowledge or the talents or the character best fitted to deal with those men whom he meets, and with whom he has to deal in diplomatic transactions. I believe that the comparison has not unfrequently been drawn between what are called constitutional and despotic governments in times of difficulty to the disadvantage of the former. Would it not be something to suggest a course which would obviate a deficiency in the former without destroying its advantages? It is not the fighting part of war that I am thinking of, as you will understand, but the diplomatic proceedings which lead to war, or are the result of it.

"Look at Congresses as they are now managed, that at Berlin for example. The same persons who govern each separate country meet together and come to various decisions which affect vitally the position of each country represented, and eventually perhaps the whole human race. In such a case there is not the slightest check upon the conduct of any one of them, and nothing is really known of what has passed. There is not even the 'Instructions to the Plenipotentiaries' that formerly could have been called for, afterwards at least, for it is the Premier or Foreign Minister throughout who acts. In such a case the Cabinet itself is rendered null, and I do not know

whether the form was gone through of submitting beforehand to the Cabinet the clauses of the Berlin Treaty; but evidently it could only have been a form even had the secret memorandum not been signed already.

"I cannot see what valid argument could be used against the Privy Council (or a committee of it, provided the members of it were not in the Government) being consulted beforehand in such cases. Not the loss of time—for these late transactions lasted for weeks, even months. The Council of the Sovereign had great freedom of action. It could summon before it anyone it chose to give evidence, or information rather, on any special point. It had the advantage of secrecy combined with responsibility and control. Deliberation and action were not all combined in the same individuals; there is no alternative as things stand between publishing in the newspapers, and no one knowing anything but the persons directly concerned, and who, if things go wrong, have a direct and powerful interest in concealing the causes of it. I would not like to be obliged to choose for my housekeeper between two or three individuals, and then to have to trust her so completely that I could only have her own word for the reason of anything she did, nor know what she was going to do beforehand, I having all the time to pay the bills, and not she. Is not this the position of the country?

"Lord Chatham said on the impeachment of Walpole: 'This inquiry will produce no great information if those whose conduct is examined are allowed to select the evidence. What will they produce but accounts—obscure, fallacious, imperfect, and confused—from which nothing can be learned?'

"There is a very interesting record, published in 1767, 'The protests of the Lords from the first upon record in

the reign of Henry III. unto the present time.' A great many of these protests have been called for by motions for inquiry or for papers, having been thrown out by the Government majority. On one occasion, 28th January, 1778, a motion for an address to the Crown that the representations made by Admiral Vernon in relation to want of ships, &c., was thrown out. The *dissentients* then record a protest which is signed by 26 peers. Then they proposed to order that 'a Secret Committee be appointed to inquire into the conduct of the war, consisting of all the Lords who are of His Majesty's most honourable Privy Council.'"

Mrs. Urquhart had indeed been again overtaxing her strength. It is easy to do too much without at the time perceiving any ill effects, and soon after the despatch of her letter to Lord Carlingford she writes to Mr. Monteith:—

"MONTREUX,

"*October 26th*, 1878.

"We are all well except that I myself am not quite flourishing. I began not to be quite the thing before I left the châlet, and having written a good deal lately I believe has done me some harm. I only mention it because I think I must take a rest. Mr. Rolland asked me to write for the Committees. I did write a long letter to Singleton, which might be used, but have not yet heard if it is approved of. Of course, with reference to our present position, I propose deputations, and make it turn on the Privy Council. If printed, of course you will see it. I have also been in correspondence with. . . I have just written a long letter on Privy Council to Carlingford also, and now must try and do nothing. The doctor finds me rather low. . . ."

On Christmas Day, 1878, her tone is more cheerful. She writes to Mr. Monteith :—

"You may be sure that I have thought much of you all the day, and earnestly hope that Joe may be so much better as to give you a cheerful Christmas, even as far as this world is concerned, while when we think of the light that shone from Heaven and of Him whose birthday it is, how can we be otherwise than happy? What a world it would be if there were no Christmas Days! I send little remembrances to dear Carstairs. The card is pretty, and the little book-markers will be taken as greetings from me and all of us. Père Collet has sent us such a warm Christmas letter of prayer and good wishes. Think of us as very blessed in our faith."

Notwithstanding her own sensations and the doctor's orders, it was impossible for Mrs. Urquhart to forget her habits of labour or her husband's lessons, which she had so completely assimilated. On the 13th December, 1878, she had written to Lord Carlingford :—

"I quite understand your last letter, my dear brother, and thank you for it. As to your speech, I have cut it out of the paper, as all you say interests me, though of course I am sorry that you think we ought to have interfered, even by force, in Turkey. I believe that did we possess men who understood the Turks and their own institutions, such men could have given advice that would have been willingly accepted, and would have saved everything. But I do not think we do possess such men. I think I may say I *know* what leading Turks said about England while Ignatieff was ruling at Constantinople; for

though I did not hear with my own ears, the person who conversed with them told me, and we were also in direct intercourse ourselves then with Turks, both by letters from Constantinople and *viva voce* by visits here. I do think nothing would have been easier than to have upset his influence, put down the insurrection in Herzegovina and prevented the rising in Bulgaria, and also restored good government. Turkey has never had a chance since the men in power have been released from the old control of what may be called "the Common Law" of the empire and the principles of Islam, and then acted upon by rival Embassies. The attempt to copy French institutions had led to frightful results of oppression; the loans to great corruption. When I say rival Embassies I speak rather the received language than my own thoughts. For I believe all the advice given was so bad that Russia only pretended to consider them as rivals, well knowing (that is the clever Russians knowing) that all that was happening was to her profit. Nevertheless, the Turkish people remained a monument of sobriety, simplicity, and honesty, besides their magnificent loyalty and hospitality and bravery, as Ubicini and others have described them; as I have heard them spoken of by several French people who had lived among them in Candia, and by English who had really known them. These poor Turks who are now being trodden under foot by all, and only a few voices, whom no one will listen to, to speak for them; when even the very *Times* correspondent describes a village where he thought they were in safety because he saw them walking about in the streets unmolested, and then found that their houses were broken into at night—the rest you may imagine. What a wonderful 'dodge' is this of the 'Rhodope Commission.' Because the majority of the Commissioners did not sign a

'collective,' but only an 'identic' report, it cannot be acted upon or taken any *official* notice of!

"Certainly people in an 'official' capacity sometimes seem to cease to be human. But I must not go on. I send you my letter which I wrote just because David would wish it, and I was asked. It is only privately circulated."

The serious illness of Mr. Monteith's son awoke in Mrs. Urquhart that ardent sympathy which was ever ready for her friends. After discussing the possible remedies to be tried for his relief, she goes on to say in a letter to Mr. Monteith, dated Montreux, 18th January, 1879:—

". . . . So much for reasonable consolation, or rather human. I need not give you the gloriously superhuman and most reasonable grounds for comfort, for you have them already. But shall I not tell you that the very first words that rose to my lips when I had read of Joe's, and then of dearest Mary's illness were, 'How much God must love them!' in which I included Mary, for what a trial to her to be thus laid up, when she knew you and dear Mrs. Monteith to be so suffering, and away from all her children. You will be charitable and let me have a line very soon again about her especially; for I suppose that Joe's state will not alter much for some time; only let us pray that he does not fall back. Mr. Neill seems to be recovering from the present severe attack. His daughter continues kindly to put up the papers for me, and writes inside first that there was an improvement, and then that it continued. I want to tell you, too, that your exquisite lines on the Sacred Heart and the most Blessed

Sacrament must have touched many a soul and increased its devotion and faith, and is not that worth having lived for? I say this in answer to that depression about yourself which you sometimes express. I am thankful that they came to be printed, for how wrong it would have been to have kept them from others. Our dear Abbé Simard here is arranging a little association amongst the few Catholics with a little leisure by which each person promises to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament on one day in the week. We hope that there will be found enough to have two visits each day, which will be something. I am going to write out your lines, 'I arise from dreams of time,' for two who are English. One, by the way, is Mrs. Waterton, whom you know, I think; the other is a convert of five years ago, a Mrs. Dalrymple, married to a former Indian official. I trust that before long there will be another convert. There is a Mrs. Hall, who passed last winter here, but I only knew her at the end of it. She then asked me why I had become a Catholic (in an inquiring spirit), and now she has promised to go and see Père Collet. I have just heard from her at Geneva. She has read a good deal since, but is still not clear upon the great point of the authority of the Church. I see that the Bishop of Amiens is dead. I believe he will be much lamented. Who will be his successor? We must pray to S. Francis de Sales to have a good one sent, in spite of the Republican and anti-Catholic Government. I begin to fear that I shall not be able to have my new chapel next year, or rather this year. Although the first expense is already paid in buying and sawing the wood, I fear it will be imprudent to do more this year. I asked Père Collet whether I ought to prefer making the chapel or reprinting my husband's letters from the *Rome*. He said, without hesitation, the

latter must come first. So I am to cut them out and put them together and then go to Fernex again, that we may settle what should be omitted, &c. With best love to Mrs. Monteith and all,

"Believe me, truly ever yours,

"H. A. URQUHART."

"I recollect now that you do not refer to the young Perroud preparing to be a priest, for whom I asked some help for buying his books. As I think you probably have forgotten all about it—I do not wonder you should—perhaps you would look at my letter again. The Vicaire of St. Gervais, who had prepared him for Evian College, wrote to me since again about the difficulties of his parents, and I sent what I could. The *Messager du Cœur de Jésus* has had an appeal for prayer on the subject of the 'Vocations ecclésiastiques' falling off so terribly in France, even before the putting in force of revolutionary projects to prevent their existence. This makes one cherish any such vocation. I suppose there is no difficulty of the kind in England now, particularly with so many converts, and clergymen converts too. Pity some cannot do for France. There is the Tower of Babel difficulty."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE Abbé Defourney had been too zealous a disciple of her husband not to have endeared himself to Mrs. Urquhart, and she generously came to the rescue when her friends were depressed by the dislike and suspicion which they incurred when they restated Mr. Urquhart's ideas in any practical way. In England the surprise excited by *The Spirit of the East, The Pillars of Hercules,* the newspaper controversies, and Parliamentary attitude of Mr. Urquhart, had given place to the feeling of worry experienced by his few remaining contemporaries, because of his persistent attacks on Lord Palmerston. He was unknown, except vaguely to the younger generation, as the founder of the London Hammam. The Abbé Defourney had indeed lifted some of Mrs. Urquhart's political faiths into the higher sphere of moral law, and had been of service to her personally by so doing, for no one ever more closely connected politics with ethics than she did. Treaties, alliances, internal reform, international diplomacy, were naught if not based on the Decalogue.

The Abbé Defourney was the exponent of her aspirations. He reconciled her political faiths to the Canon Law of the Church.

The result of the Abbé Defourney's studies in Canon Law, and of the accession of Leo XIII., was a proposal from Mr. Monteith to make a personal appeal to the Pope. Mrs. Urquhart writes on the subject:—

"Montreux,
"12*th May*, 1879.

"My dear Mr. Monteith,

". . . . I answer at once as I see you are in a hurry. But I will, notwithstanding, write to-day to Père Collet, and at once send you his reply. For myself I would be guided absolutely by him. I cannot conceive of anyone so fitted as he is, both by his knowledge of the subject (there is none but the Abbé Defourney equal to him in that) and *his knowledge of Rome*. David would I am sure have referred to him. I give you now my own first impression on reading your letter, which is only strengthened by subsequent thought. It is that you ought *not* to go on 'to ask for defined application to the individual conscience,' but stop at the three points you mention,— condemnation of the existing indifference to bloodshed by Governments, and the evil of the enormous standing armies, and the necessity of the restoration of the legal and canonical procedure before war, and the recommendation of the tribunal as the means of carrying that into effect. The existence of the standing armies, rather of the obligation of military service now imposed upon all without exception in France, Germany, and Italy, at least (I am not sure about Austria), rendering the

responsibility of the Governments still more terrible as to the just employment of the lives and fortunes of their subjects. But here I would stop, not that I can believe that the objections would be made which you mention, for I never heard of such an idea, *i.e.*, that the soldier was not merely to refuse to obey an order evidently unjust, that is, to fight in an evidently unjust war, but was to resist by arms. Did we not take our stand emphatically upon the example of the Theban Legion, who preferred to be killed rather than kill unjustly? It would not be going with the others and firing in the air, but refusing to march, and allowing themselves to be shot down. Martyrs will certainly have to be found for this, as they are found for other cases when the Christian has to obey God rather than men. But the question for you now is, What is to be asked for at present at the hands of the Holy Father? Does it seem quite natural first to make an appeal to Governments to do their duty? What is evidently the duty of Governments becomes evidently the duty of all those who have any influence with Governments; which includes all the people in one shape or another, except in a country like Russia. Thus to make such an appeal would be to give a direction to the efforts of all Catholics. The Holy Father has frequently recognised the position of Catholics in reference to the Government in 'Constitutional' countries, by urging them to do all they could to have their laws brought into accordance with the teaching of the Church; as for example, in respect to marriage. It is now the same in respect to education. Leo. XIII. sees and proclaims the necessity of using the Press as a means of counteracting the evil wrought by the Press. It is the same in respect to Parliamentary Government. I do think it would not be wise to mix

up these clear and important and practical points with those of a very different order, in respect to the individual conscience. I hope I am not presumptuous in saying that there are not at present either penitents or confessors prepared, so that the tribunal of the Confessional could be made the means of stopping illegal wars. But then such a declaration from the highest authority would be the way to prepare for such. I have been using the word 'unjust war.' It ought to have been *illegal* war. As I want to send this by this post I will not now go into that subject. But though it is quite familiar to you, I would like for my own satisfaction to look over all that has been written on it by my husband and the Abbé Defourney, and in doing so I will mark special passages and mention them to you, as it may help you. I suppose the Cardinal is at Rome still; is it so? Did you see at the time the two letters he and Dr. Newman wrote, at the time the poor deluded people thought we were going to war with Russia? Each was asked by someone whether those whose conscience thought such a war unjustifiable would be bound, *even at the risk of death*, to refuse to fight. Canon Liddon was reported to have said that he being a soldier or a sailor would feel obliged to retire from the service rather than fight Russia! and the *Pall Mall* had an article upon it. At the time it struck me what an opportunity this gave us, and still the fact of the question and answer can be used surely with great effect to bring out the true case. Fancy its being raised with respect to Russia! If the *Month* or some Catholic paper would insert a good article upon it it would be a help. I will send you the two answers (both useful for us) to-morrow in case you have not got them.

"In haste yours,

"H. A. URQUHART.

"P.S.—Here is Cardinal Manning's, 'It is hardly necessary to say that no one would be justified in going forth to slay others merely to give expression *to the vindictive feelings of diplomatists* ; but this is not likely to be the object on the part of the Government of any war with Russia into which England may possibly be drawn.' That expression underlined leads to the point of legal war."

"P.S. to my letter of yesterday.

"*May* 19*th*, 1879.

"I find in one chapter of a treatise on Canon Law that those *fugientes de bellis publicis* are declared *infames.* The reference is to *Gratian Cause* VI. *quest.* i. c. 17.

"The author adds that, 'Les théologiens décident que le soldat qui prend la fuite dans une bataille commet un péché mortel, et qu'il contracte l'obligation de conscience de réparer, suivant les exigences de la justice, les dommages qui resultent de cette lâcheté. C'est là, ajoutent les théologiens, une des causes qui rendent l'état militaire périlleux pour la conscience car les soldats prennent quelquefois la fuite par mouvement irréfléchi et par panique, et par là ils se rendent responsables des immenses préjudices qui s'ensuivent. Non-seulement les soldats péchent grièvement en prenant la fuite, mais ils doivent en conscience se battre de toutes leurs forces, comme s'ils faisaient la guerre pour leur propre intérêt. Ils sont tenus s'exposer à la mort et aux plus terribles accidents pour faire triompher le prince et la cause qu'ils servent.'

"I also find another remarkable example of the qualification 'just' quoted from St. Thomas. St. Thomas is proving that it is allowable to give battle on Sunday when necessity requires it. 'Il est donc permis, les jours de fête, d'accomplir les opérations d'une guerre *juste* si la nécessité le demande.'

"But I beg you to reflect on the decision of theologians that to take flight in battle is a *mortal sin*. What a theme it would furnish, would it not, in respect to the duty of princes towards their subjects who bear arms. The question of war cannot be got rid of by saying that it has nothing to do with sin. On the contrary, the military service is one full of perils for the soul as well as the body; and this, even supposing the soldier was guaranteed against the danger of having to draw his sword in an unjust cause and thus shed innocent blood. But what does it become when no precaution whatever is taken to prevent that contingency? Above all, how is it possible to conceive that in a case where the duty of the soldier is viewed in such an awful light there should be no corresponding duty, and, therefore, no responsibility on the part of the ruler. In fact, no one will dare to deny the duty of the prince in theory. What has to be done is to oppose the reality to the theory, and then to apply that theory to the case of a country with a political constitution such as ours. The duty that the Canon Law assigns to the prince must in our case be extended, in a great degree at least, to all who can exercise influence in respect to public affairs. This idea of mortal sin committed by flight, of the obligation incurred to repair the loss they have caused by those who thus sin, has made a great impression on me, and, therefore, I cannot but think it might be worked out by your imagination with great effect. I am sure no one thinks about it nowadays.

"I have been writing all the winter to the Abbé Defourney, labouring, together with Père Collet (who generally saw my letters and sent messages from himself), to get him to write on the great subject in one shape or another."

On the very next day, the second anniversary of Mr. Urquhart's death, his wife writes:—

"MONTREUX,

"*May 17th*, 1879.

"MY DEAR MR. MONTEITH,

"What more appropriate day for writing about an appeal to the Holy Father to reteach the world the Law of Christ, where it had been thrown aside, than to-day; the anniversary of his death to whom God chose to give the first impulse to this great work? I know so well that he attached infinitely more importance to a word in that sense from Rome than to all the rest of his work, however important the objects in view. Let us rejoice as each year goes by and brings us nearer to the time spoken of by blessed St. John, 'Behold, I come quickly. Even so, come, O Lord Jesus.'

"Certainly the point about the blessing on arms to be prayed for by the bishops is a very important one. You must be right in speaking of it. But before you get this letter your interview with the Cardinal will probably be over. I could not answer before to-day. I sent to Carstairs yesterday Père Collet's answer to my letter. I think it is most necessary to ask him again, and you see there is no time. About our movements, thank you very much for your kind words. I need hardly say that it would be a great delight to me to be at Carstairs again, and the children, I believe, long to see it. But you may not be there. How uncertain all must feel to you! At present we are bound to Strawberry Hill from 15th July to August 1st, and shall not arrive in London before the 16th or 17th June, and have to be a week in London, and then visit the Poores and Mrs. Bishop, at Tunbridge Wells. August we were

to be in Ireland. We hoped to be at Father Burke's retreat for the first week. But alas! it is very doubtful whether he will give one, I am told, he was so ill a short time ago. Still, as I have not heard from himself, to whom I wrote to ask about it, that there is to be none, I still hope for it. If there is none it will give us more time and we might manage in this way. As we shall probably be at Rostrevor and Ravensdale, and want to see my nephew and niece (who were so kind and nice in Egypt, and he at the time of our trouble at Naples), who live at Banbridge, we might from thence cross over to Glasgow, and so arrive with you towards the middle of August or rather later, for I have a sister to see near Dublin. . . Above all I want to be at Ardee, where I used to live, though only for a day. It will be a comfort to visit the church, and the blessed Sacrament with the children—which I had so often passed by in ignorance and unbelief. . . But all is only *hopes*, and therefore we can only hope to be able to be at Carstairs. If you see the Cardinal again after receiving this, could you recall me to him and say that I hope to go and see him and take my children and get his blessing. The last time, he said he looked on me as a lost sheep!"

Enclosed in this letter is an interesting memorandum headed

"LAWS OF WAR."

"I find in the journal that used to be published at Brussels, *La Croix*—especially for the defence of the Holy See and for giving publicity to the Pontificial instructions—a most remarkable discourse pronounced by the Bishop of *Lescar* Marc Antoine de Noé, when pronouncing a benediction on the colours of a Regiment of Dragoons. He enters

into all the duties of a soldier, and draws a picture of a Christian soldier that is magnificent. Under the head of 'La Religion épure la Valeur: Douceur envers les ennemis,' there are these passages:—

"'Il ne faut point une effort de raison pour reconnaitre que toute guerre qui n'est point juste, que toute conquête qui n'est pas *légitime*, que toute acte de violence qui n'est pas nécessaire, est un *attentat criminel*. Mais quel est le prince enorgueilli de sa puissance, le général dépositaire de l'autorité du prince, le guerrier ayant en main la force, et se voyant l'avantage, qui veuille quand l'intérêt et la passion lui parlent écouter la voix de la raison? C'est la religion seule qui donnera à la raison le pouvoir de se faire entendre et de se faire obéir avant l'heure de l'adversité. Comme la religion arrête l'ambition du Monarque et le détourne d'une guerre injuste, la religion réforme la violence du général et du soldat dans une guerre même légitime.'"

Full of happy anticipation Mrs. Urquhart and her family, which included the tutor of her youngest boy Francis, the Abbé Froget, arrived in England in June. Maisie and Hattie looked forward to their introduction by Lady Waldegrave to London Society and London interests. The world was hardly even guessed at by them, and yet their intelligence, the conversation of their parents, the visits of remarkable personages to their father, had quickened their curiosity and attracted it to more important subjects than usually occupy young women at their *début*. But they were not without keen appreciation of pretty clothes and agreeable parties and the brilliancy of the great

world in June, to which Lady Waldegrave could so well introduce them. Mrs. Urquhart was tenderly attached to her brother, and to be with him was to her delightful. Few with such intelligence as hers are equally womanly and affectionate, and at all times her power of enjoyment was simple and fresh as a child's. She loved England and English ways, when they did not jar with her husband's ideas, and she planned her tour of visits among friends she had not seen for long with radiant anticipations for the summer and autumn. She was staying near Tunbridge Wells when she heard of Lady Waldegrave's sudden death from the effects of a chill in July, 1879. The blow to her was heavy, and she immediately joined Lord Carlingford at Carlton Gardens, of whose grief this is not the place to speak except as it renewed and intensified his sister's tenderness towards him. Their companionship became as close as in their boy and girlhood, and largely influenced Mrs. Urquhart's choice of a home in her later years. Although the tour of visits for herself and her girls was carried out during the summer, it was under very different impressions from those anticipated. In the late autumn the family returned to Montreux, leaving Francis at school in England.

CHAPTER XXV.

HENCEFORWARD the record of the events of Mrs. Urquhart's life were as difficult to analyse as the cloud shadows on a ripening field of corn, and to measure its daily change from vigorous life until it is fit for the sickle, and common vicissitudes of storm and sunshine have done their work were simply impossible. Severe illness tried her nerves and spirit painfully in the winter following, and it attacked her in a form specially trying to her faith and courage. In April, 1880, her daughter Maisie wrote alarming accounts of her mother's weakness to the author of this memoir, and it was settled that she and her daughter should travel home from Cannes by Geneva, in order that she might visit Mrs. Urquhart and try what her companionship would do in remedying the prostration of strength and spirit from which her old friend suffered. It was, perhaps, the result of prolonged strain, but it is idle to speculate on the causes of her despondency—it is a grievous trial which is sent to the strongest and happiest among us, and haply to those whose faith is most deeply rooted and who have the most consciousness of the

unseen world. Mrs. Urquhart's illness revealed a valvular weakness of the heart, and the local physician at Montreux perhaps treated it by too lowering a course of extreme abstinence. She took nothing more than beef tea and milk, and sedative drugs. It was hard for her children to realize her state—the active mother, first in every spiritual duty and sharing in all their interests, now lying inert, a victim to religious despondency, and in the physical exhaustion of its despair she seemed altogether lost to them. They watched over her with devotion, and seeing that she got weaker and weaker, it was at last resolved to risk the long journey and bring her to England. In severe illness the clash of life and death is difficult for the young to understand; besides being painful, it is perplexing and discouraging. However, the devotion of her children succeeded in bringing her safe home, and soon the results of Sir Andrew Clarke's strengthening treatment enabled Mrs. Urquhart to go for change to Tunbridge Wells. Her nervous depression was much relieved by the ministry of Father Gallwey, S.J., who knew how to restore vitality and hope to her exhausted spirit. The improvement in her strength was very gradual. It would be difficult to describe the faith and joy which followed her illness. She was, it may be well said, transcendently happy, for a great joy of humility and thankfulness filled her soul. She has often said to the present writer how,

as her weakness vanished, a strength of love and personal devotion seemed almost overpowering, and she hardly knew how best to serve and honour her Lord. She gave her utmost powers to that work, and whether in her daily meditations on Him or by her minute fulfilment of all religious duty, she had no other objects in life. The fire of love was supplied with fuel in her constant thought of Christ, and many volumes of small writing record these daily exercises of union with the sympathies and "ways" of a life she tried to make like His.

It was not new to her to be devoted, but at last she recognised the fitting alpha and omega of all Christian devotion. The reader will understand that it would be difficult to select isolated passages from pages of earnest and intimate reflections; there would be a necessary iteration of the same thought. The values of repetition have their importance. Repetition increases our sense of the worth of truth, and deepens our consciousness of its relative importance in the facts of our being, particularly in our exercises of devotion. There is fine imagination in seraphic hymns—whether sung in the paradise of Dante, or in hosannas representing the highest worship—and Mrs. Urquhart was not wanting in this rhythmical sequence in her daily offering of prayer and praise; but the iterations of daily meditation could not be cited, however devout, in this record of the facts of her life, though her regular

practice constitutes a considerable part of it. A note by her in quotation of her husband, in one of the volumes for 1884, shows the guard set on imaginative illusion or sensation—"Impressions, opinions, it is precisely upon and against these that the judgment has to be exercised. It stands as distinct from them as the cutwater of the ship from the waves it cleaves."

The Meditations are marked by profound personal humility and distrust of herself, but in them is shown the confidence and hopefulness of an extraordinary faith. She was an hourly witness to the Unseen in every, even trivial incident of her life, and its realities were at all times close at hand to her, even when she was nervously conscious of some trifling duty, such as the due economies of life; and her rarely noticeable irritability, when seen at all, was shown by any hindrance to her devotion. She was in daily companionship of the Saints, and practised in the art of lifting up her heart and rising to the heights possible to intuition, in which she caught momentary gleams of the "shining ones" as they haunted the pilgrim of the immortal "Progress." Always well-bred, a certain perfume of self-control and humility clung to her simplest action, for she spent much time in the companionship of those who had personally lived with Christ, and she largely imitated them in her prayers of praise rather than of petition. She daily used the antique forms of the "little office"—the "hours" dear to the church for so many centuries.

As we have already said, it is difficult to quote from her exercises, or to use a French expression — her *élévations;* but the remark that follows is suggestive of her methods of thought and very touching, as it applies to her frequent dread of physical depression in illness. "To overcome and persevere, what is it? To succeed in human undertaking, of which *the end is known and determined*, you have only to be sure that what you are doing is the right way to set about it, when you must succeed if you live long enough. To have a reasonable assurance of being saved we have only to be sure we are now in the right way, and then to persevere to continue day by day. No one in heaven or on earth can prevent you from persevering. A Catholic must be sure he is in the right way, as far as faith goes, by not having vague ideas in his mind, by not trifling with his faith; then by following holy practices day by day, by frequenting the Sacraments, and having a regulated life of prayer and meditation."

There was no break in this life, though she never failed in the kindly duties of her station, and in very special devotion to her brother Lord Carlingford, who needed it much, as for a time his health and spirits did not recover the death of his wife. Anxieties of many kinds beset Mrs. Urquhart, but to use Father Gallwey's expression with regard to her, "Her soul was very near to God."

It is very characteristic of Mrs. Urquhart that she felt an ardent wish to reduce the French legend of Lourdes to reasonable proof, that might convince the incredulous, and answer the cavillers who insisted that the reported cures by miraculous intervention might be fully explained by physical causes, by the moral excitements of religious fervour, by such scenes as are depicted by M. Zola in his description of Lourdes, by the forces of suggestion, and the obscure cases of nervous "cures by faith." She desired what may be called legal proof of the cures described, not in an attitude of disbelief, but because she wished that English people should accept the facts supported by reasonable common sense and without appeal to imagination, hardly recognising herself, perhaps, the large part that our imagination must play in the ordering of a complete reason, for imagination was not vivid in Mrs. Urquhart.

However, the memorandum for an article drawn up by her will so illustrate her mind that we will quote some passages from it:—

"An article appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* for November, 1882, on modern miracles, and especially on those of Lourdes, in which the names of persons are mentioned as having been cured of sores and wounds instantaneously, and also of doctors who had certified to the reality of the cures, and to the fact that they could not be accounted for by natural causes. There was an answer to this in the *Nineteenth Century* of January, 1883, which consisted mainly in this, That the

persons so mentioned were unknown to people in England, and that, therefore, the Lourdes miracles were not masses of evidence to English people, who could not be expected to believe extraordinary facts on the testimony of persons of whom they knew nothing. The rejoinder to this seemed very obvious: that they were not asked to believe, but only to examine.

"The miracles in question had happened in the neighbouring country of France, in a place close to some of those which are the resort of tourists and persons in search of health, so that nothing could be easier than for anyone who is able to travel to find out for himself whether these people really did exist or not, or were persons deserving of credit. Many engaged in scientific research spare no pains, think no trouble too great, whether in taking long journeys to ascertain some fact on the spot, or to examine minutely the habits of animals or the movements of the heavenly bodies. Why have the alleged miracles at Lourdes not excited enough interest to provoke any such research and inquiry? But before we condemn those who do not belong to our faith, or have no faith at all, we ought first to consider whether we Catholics have been blameless in this matter. It seems to me that we have not, that we have shown a most extraordinary apathy in presence of what we believe to be a most wonderful outpouring of miraculous power going on now continuously for about twenty-five years. There are several among us Catholics, several who either from having been themselves at Lourdes and witnessed some of those instantaneous cures, or from having heard of them through others whom they knew to be worthy of credit, or from having read M. Lasserre's book upon Lourdes, are entirely convinced of the reality of what is going on there, and is attracting persons from

all parts of the world. It is to those who do thus believe that I appeal to do something which would have the effect of attesting the truth of some miraculous cures in such a manner as to make it impossible to say, 'We in England know nothing of the persons you speak of, and can form no judgment as to their credibility or not.' This could be done by a certain number of Catholics, whose names are known to the world, agreeing to form a Commission of Inquiry, and also inviting others—Protestants and unbelievers—to join with them. There are fair-minded Protestants who would be excellent judges in such a matter. There are also—at least among that class of unbelievers who call themselves agnostics—those who would hardly refuse such a proposal if properly made to them, as they avow themselves anxious to believe and only cannot. Renan has said that one miracle absolutely proved would upset all his conclusions. But it is not only those outside the Church we have to think of, but those within. How many Catholics there are, even amongst the educated classes, who know nothing of the Lourdes miracles, or only in the vaguest manner, and know not what to believe about them, and would be unable to answer the scoff of an enemy of the faith! Let us consider seriously why God is allowing, and has allowed all this time, this extraordinary manifestation of His power. Must we not connect it with the times in which we live, and the manner in which ancient beliefs have been torn up? Outside the Catholic Church men see one plank of support after another carried away from under their feet; everything that belongs to the past is discredited. Formerly there were doubtless many sincere, simple minded souls who never troubled themselves about the historical or intellectual basis of their religion; but they did believe,

and being happy in their faith had an internal evidence of the great doctrines of Christianity, and did serve God according to their light. Now such must be very rare. We Catholics hope and expect that one result of this uprooting of men's minds, and this excitement on all religious subjects, will be that many will be brought into the true fold. But then have we not some duty, some responsibility ourselves, in consequence of all this? It seems to me that we have the duty, in this case of Lourdes, of putting prominently forward the fresh evidence to our faith which God has vouchsafed to give us. We have something to do which will prevent these marvellous events from being confounded with the other numberless extraordinary tales which are heard of for a time and then are forgotten. It must become impossible for anyone to class the miracles of Lourdes with the cures declared to have been effected by quack doctors or quack medicines, as the writer in the *Nineteenth Century* does.

"At present the fact of the miracles rests for the public at large on M. Lasserre's two volumes. Surely in matters of such divine import this ought not to be."

Meantime the great cause of justice among men for which her husband had so valiantly fought lived in Mrs. Urquhart's memory. In the Christian's thought the crime of national and illegal bloodshedding gained emphasis. She kept up a close correspondence with Mr. Monteith, and one of his last good works was a long and elaborate indictment, based on Canon Law, of national crime in reckless slaughter of men. By Christian instinct, not less than because her husband had trained her, Mrs. Urquhart struggled by all the

means in her power to arouse men to the crime of unjust war. In doing so she frequently ventured on paradoxes that perplexed her hearers; for instance, she inveighed against the assistance—in the time of war—of charitable neutrals, whether of the Red Cross or other Societies of apparent beneficence.

Possessing the tenderest heart and sympathies, she startled her friends by the severity of some of her judgments, if there were any religious principle even remotely attacked. In their defence she could be really angry, and the colour would rise in her pale cheeks at any instance of unfair dealing, or misuse of argument, to make the wrong seem right. She hoped much from Mr. Monteith's elaborate letter to Leo XIII.; it seemed irrefragable and in agreement with the mass of Canon Law which he cited, and it received the approbation of the Holy Father.

But the time of the millennium had not come, the cruelty and injustice of war persisted, even under forms of undisguised illegality. Notwithstanding her varied experience, her extraordinary knowledge of recent history and originality of conversation on most hackneyed subjects, Mrs. Urquhart did not command the veneration with which she should have been regarded. There was little room for small talk and conventional commonplaces in her mind. In truth, her habitual modes of thought were on higher levels than those of common mortals; even in trifles she seemed to breathe a finer air. With

her brother, Lord Carlingford, she was a strong Unionist. Among her papers I find notes of a conversation in 1883, interesting, as they convey the sentiments with which so admirable an Irishman as the famous Dominican—Father Burke—regarded the dominant Parnellism of his country. "Ireland," he said bitterly, "is such a poor, miserable, destitute country, that there is nothing to give to poor starving children of the west after we have paid our immense debt to Parnell," he stopped a minute,—"the enormous debt we have to pay him for having made us atheists and murderers." He went on, "I cannot describe to you the intense sensation of relief that came over me the morning I knew that Brady had been hanged. I prayed for the soul of the poor wretch; but we had been living in such an atmosphere of secret murder, I can only compare the relief I experienced to the feeling of an Indian village when the news spreads that a man-eating tiger had been destroyed." The energy with which he said this startled me. He went on to speak of the "poor misguided people who make of such a man a sort of hero." He said this in such a way as to give me the idea that his heart was broken by the state of things. He told us that he himself had received a threatening letter "on Holy Thursday morning, of all days in the year," because he had preached the night before in Dublin against murder. "Father Tom Burke got a threatening letter," he repeated, evidently

thinking of his former popularity, and of the change in the people. With a touch of his old humour he said, "You see one must be punctual with one's correspondent, and not leave letters unanswered. I answered that letter the same night." He had been preaching the Lent sermons, none of which were reported in the *Freeman's Journal*. Another time he said, "At the beginning of the French Revolution, when the other Orders joined the *Tiers Etat*, the country priests were received with acclamation; they were most of them afterwards guillotined." He did not make the application, but it was not needed.

The years passed without greater change than an occasional visit to her relations in Ireland, a few weeks spent in their châlet, a visit to Polish friends at Cracow, where Mr. Urquhart's name is honoured; or a spiritual retreat at Roehampton Convent—but they were not without anxieties. The condition of Lord Carlingford, who was suffering from severe nervous exhaustion, caused her much trouble, and he spent a good deal of time with her. Her daily responsibilities caused a friction which no resources of piety could remove, for she had a fragile frame, and had known much of wear and tear in her most active and unselfish life. The first serious note of illness reached the author in the spring of 1889. It is here appended:—

"27, CAMPDEN GROVE, KENSINGTON.

"MY DEAREST MARIA,

"It is true that I am laid on the shelf for the present; but Sir A. Clarke says I shall soon be all right, it is only weakness—and I wish it were not nerve weakness, for that seems a tedious thing—but he says it is the 'nerve fibre,' which means, however, that I am perfectly sound otherwise. I do not feel nervous, only weak, and I eat and sleep well. I got a very heavy cold again since my return. He approves of the châlet, and as soon as I can travel. But the first thing is to get out of town."

On the 4th of June Mrs. Urquhart wrote to the author from Brighton:—

"MY OWN DEAREST FRIEND,

"I can't say in truth that I don't generally feel very wretched. I believe I am really stronger, but certainly more nervous; all the old feelings have come back. I don't believe this is the air for weak nerves. Yesterday was so windy and sunny, it was quite too much for me; so on Friday, please God, we are going to try and get to Dudbrook; and it will also be *home*, which I long for, and shady and quiet. I am to go through, as sleeping in London would be a business, and I can get to London Bridge, and from there it is not long to Liverpool Street. I suppose I can do it. Put up a little prayer for me. I have been to confession to-day, and hope to go down in the chair to the church, which is near, to-morrow, so as to get Holy Communion at the end of Mass. I shall be leaving this at 8.15. If you get this in time remember me then. Love to Florence.

"Your most loving

"HARYET."

Her letter betrays the prostration of spirit and nerve with which it pleased God to visit her. More and more heavily it sank upon her—the pall of her bright life, for a settled despondency clouded her happy spirit. In June the present writer visited Mrs. Urquhart at Dudbrook. It was grey and rainy weather, and seemed in harmony with the dreary monotone of Mrs. Urquhart's thoughts that once flashed so brightly into spiritual light, or kindled indignantly when some ill-advised person commended injustice or any weakness of thought. No one knows, who has not experienced it, how usual tastes and habits of mind are not only dulled, but reversed by nervous exhaustion such as Mrs. Urquhart's. It is a most heavy trial to the sufferer and to all around her. In vain did she try change of scene, and all the remedies suggested by her family and friends. She came to Tunbridge Wells for a time and to Brighton, but every change seemed to steep her in more hopeless depression.

In October the long pause of anxiety was broken, and at the end, unexpectedly. A slight attack of bronchitis, which gave the doctor in attendance no particular anxiety, told on her weakened frame; and as it happened, she was alone with her trained nurse at Brighton when death came. Her eldest daughter, Maisie, was seriously ill with an attack of diphtheria, and Hatty had gone to nurse her at their house in Kensington, not apprehending any serious change for

the worse in her mother's state. But at half-past seven o'clock in the morning of October 30th (1889) a change of colour alone warned the nurse that Mrs. Urquhart's spirit had fled from its captivity. Without a groan or struggle her heart ceased to beat. Some weeks before, when she stayed at Roehampton Convent, the good nuns had had the last Sacraments administered, with kindly prevision of a sudden end, and now the cloud that had hung on her passed from her,

> "And lo! the glad surprise
> Of peace beyond surmise,
> More than in common saints, for ever in her eyes!"

when she had the vision of the Supreme Justice, and the aspirations of her life were satisfied by the final triumph of the perfect love and the perfect charity.

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